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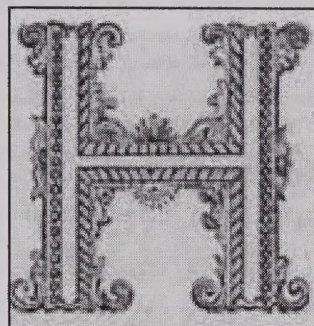






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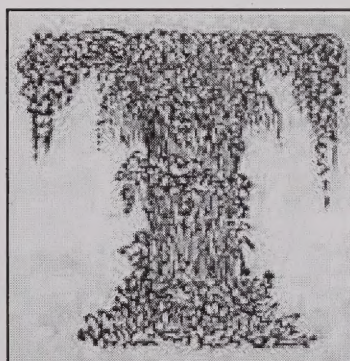
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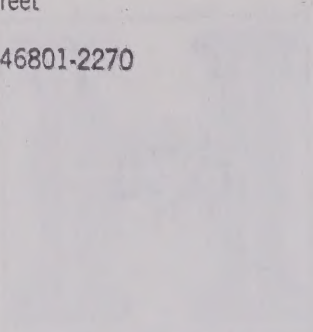
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A GENEALOGICAL MISCELLANY  
ABSTRACTED AND EXTRACTED BY  
ROBERTA HOFMANN, 2000

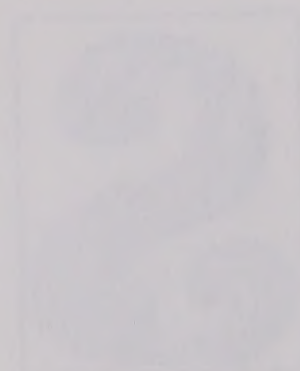


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## INTRODUCTION

This book began with a desire to type up the old journals which had been placed in my care by several elderly people. At first I decided to add transcripts of interviews I had made years ago with other elderly people. Then I thought, well, this is not very long. I had already discovered the Ebay auction site and knew that people sold all sorts of things on it. Little did I know just how many original records were available on the site. I discovered old Bibles for sale, Nazi identity cards, funeral cards, prayer cards, school rosters, and other items of genealogical interest. The genealogist in me was unable to resist the store of information that I found on Ebay. I wanted to help preserve it and make it available to others, so I began to collect and transcribe it.

Some of the records in this book are partial or incomplete. The reason for that is that not many people wished to donate their family data to this cause. Of the dozens of listers that I contacted, only a handful were willing to share what they had—perhaps 10%. As time went on, I found that, oddly enough, about 50% of them were willing to share the information they had if I did **not** tell them why I wanted it! Still, at times, I had to be satisfied with what I could get from the information in the listings, operating on the belief that some information is better than none. If no location were given in a Bible record, I turned to the IGI and the AIS census indexes to see if some indication of the family's location could be found there, and on a number of occasions, it could. I have noted whatever information came from the IGI and the AIS census indexes. It is important to realize that I have extracted, in some cases, the dates typed by the lister. That lister may have made a typing error. At other times the records were difficult to read because of the handwriting or because the record was very light. Errors are always possible in transcriptions.

I have also "lifted" pictures of items for sale for use in this book. Unfortunately, I discovered that most scans on Ebay were in jpg format which is not the best of formats for my needs. So, often the pictures are lacking the clarity that I might have liked them to have. But again, I thought even a blurry peek at an original Bible record was better than no peek.

Due to the unusual nature of this book, the content is alphabetized by the country, state, and county in which the subjects in the records lived. However, particularly in the case of the diaries, people who lived in other locations are discussed, as are other localities. A main index follows at the end of this book, and you may use the Adobe index to find any name or place as well.

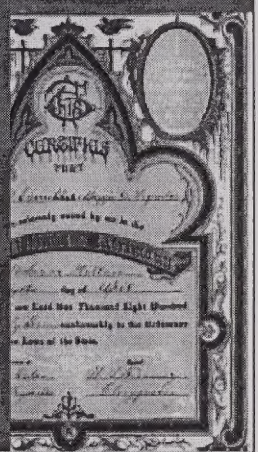
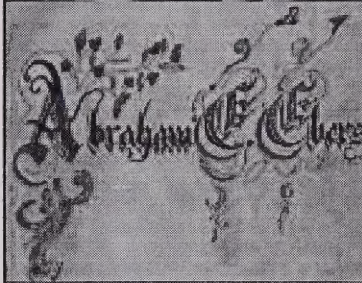
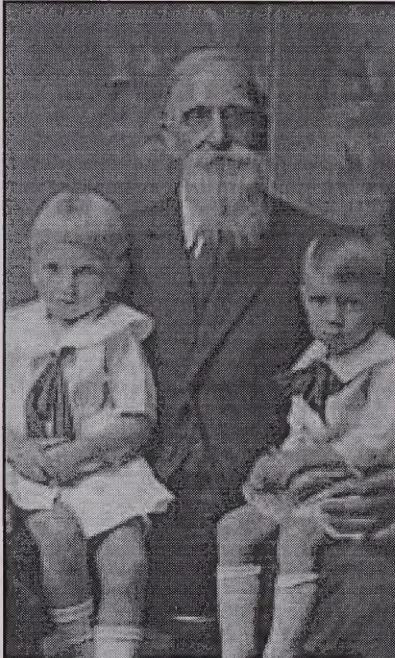
Roberta Hofmann  
May 2000











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**FRACTURS**  
**ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY BY MAIN SURNAME**

**ABEL FRACTUR: DES MOINES COUNTY , IOWA**

This fractur was sold on the Ebay auction site in February 2000.

To Charles Abel and his wife Maria F., a daughter of Miller, was born Maria Freiderick on the 9<sup>th</sup> day of August in the year of our Lord 1852 in Burlington, Des Moines County, Iowa. She was baptized by Rev. Theodor Drefsel.

**BLANKENBILLER FRACTUR: BERKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA**

This fractur was sold on the Ebay auction site in February 2000.

To Jonathan Blankenbiller and his wife Lydia (Teesse?) a son John born 9 March 1865 in Breckrock Township, Berks County. Baptized as Johannes on 3 June 1864 by Rev. Tomas T. Jeger. Godparent or witness: Selber.

**EHERT FRACTUR: CARBON COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA**

This fractur was sold on the Ebay auction site in February of 2000.

To the union of Wilson Ehert and his bride Mary Ann is born Gilbert from the city named Tarkier (?) on the 15<sup>th</sup> day of September in the year of our Lord 1872 in East Penn Township, Carbon County, Pennsylvania, in North America and will be baptized on October 6<sup>th</sup> in the year of our Lord 1872 by the honor Pastor (?) Straus and recorded by the name Ida Vitella. Baptismal witnesses were George Gilbert and his wife Annie.

**KLINE FRACTUR: BERKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA**

This fractur, which featured two red angels, various birds, and a cupid, was sold on the Ebay auction site in February of 2000.

Harvey A. Kline, a son of Ezra H. Kline and wife Eliza, daughter of William and Eliza Meller was born on the 11<sup>th</sup> day of November in the year of our Lord, 1879, in the township of Bethel, in the county of Berks in the state of Pennsylvania in North America and was baptized on the 25<sup>th</sup> day of May in the year of our Lord 1901 by the Rev'd A. Johnson Long.

**MOYER FRACTUR: BERKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA**

This fractur was sold on the Ebay auction site in February of 2000.

Emma Rebecca Moyer, a daughter of Alfred and Susan, was born in 1891 in Tilden Township, Berks County, Pennsylvania.

**REX FRACTUR: BERKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA**

This fractur was sold on the Ebay auction site in February of 2000.

A daughter, Ada Matilda, was born to George M. Rex and Matilda Gombert on September 8, 1897, in Lehighton, Carbon County, Pennsylvania.

**SHARADIN FRATUR: KUTZTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA**

This fractur was sold on the Ebay auction site in February of 2000.

David B. Sharadin married Mary Bieber in Berks Borough, Kutztown, Pennsylvania, on 4 April 1875.

The IGI says he was the son of David Sharadin and Maria Magdalena Wanner, and that Mary was the daughter of John Kemp Bieber and Annie S. Bieber.

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(The letters on page one come from an old Bible. The photograph on page two was taken in Detroit, but the people in it are not identified. The right hand top picture on page three shows a Civil War era Cleveland, Ohio, lady. None of the other photographs on that page are identified by location or name. The photograph on page four is identified on the back as the Suddaby family.)

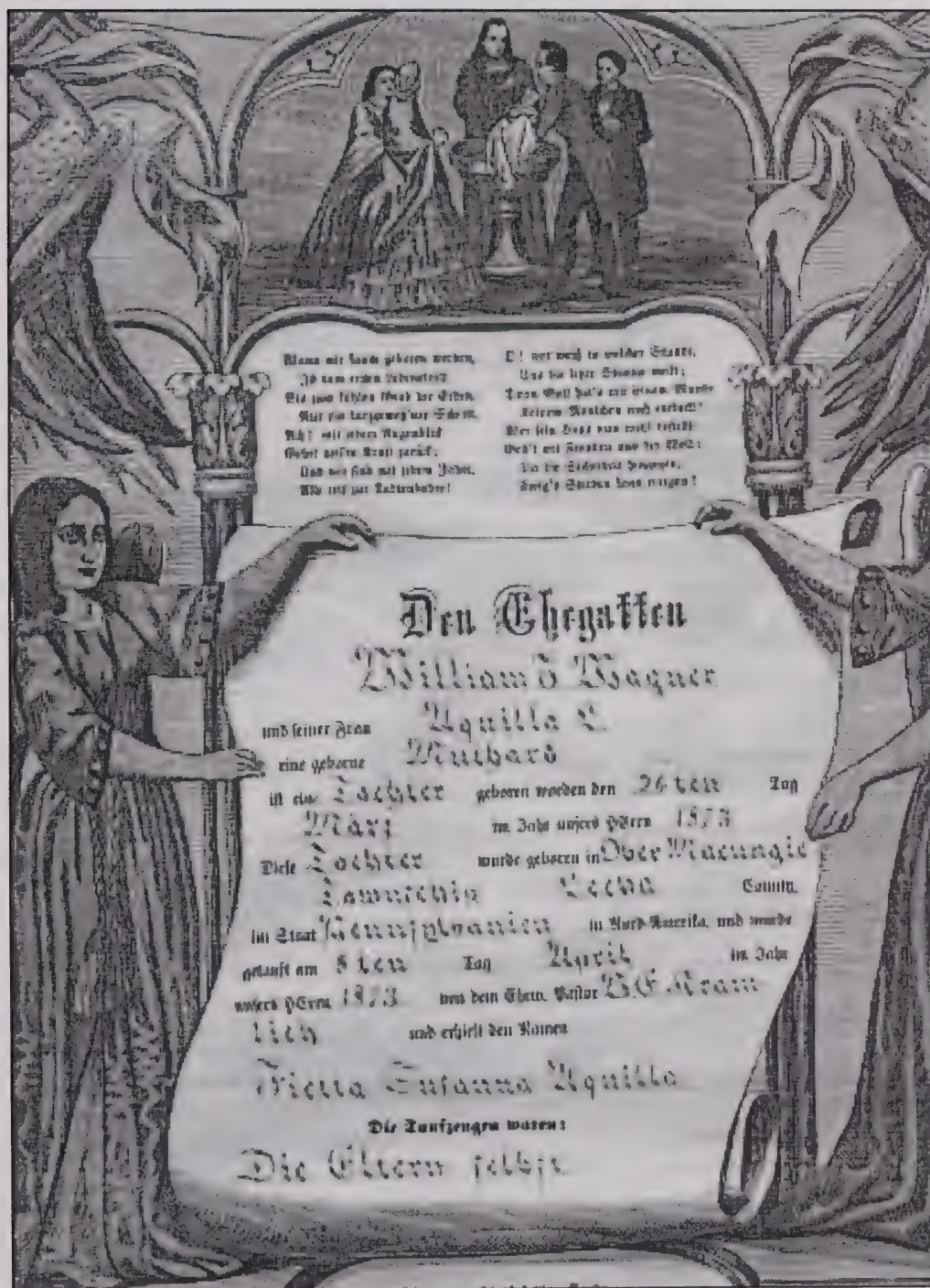




**WAGNER FRACTUR: UPPER MACUNGIE TOWNSHIP, LEHIGH COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA**  
(pictured below)

This fractur was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

William Wagner and his wife Uquilla Muthard had a daughter born March 26, 1893, and baptized as Fietta Gujanna Uquilla on April 8, 1893. She was born in Upper Macungie Township, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania.







## ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY BY MAIN SURNAME

### **ABRAMS BIBLE: NO LOCATION GIVEN**

This partial record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March 2000.

Marcy Abrams died August 13, 1865

Henry M. Abrams died September the 10<sup>th</sup> 1865

Thomas Abrams died July 7<sup>th</sup> 1862

John Abrams died June 18<sup>th</sup> 1858

### **ALEXANDER, EDWARDS BIBLE: HALIFAX AND WAKEFIELD, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in April 2000.

Disney Alexander and Mary Edwards were married by the Reverend Dr. Tonthurst? in the parish church of Halifax on July 11, 1811.

Mary Alexander died at Lufeset? Cottage near Wakefield in May of 1835.

Disney Alexander died at Lufeset? Cottage Wakefield November 2<sup>nd</sup> 1844.

The IGI says a Disney Alexander was born 28 November 1799 in Halifax, the son of a Disney Alexander who was born 4 July 1769 and was in turn the son of Robert Alexander.

### **ALLEN, POWERS BIBLE: CLEVELAND, OHIO**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March 2000.

Samuel Lyon Allen married Mary Elizabeth Powers June 10<sup>th</sup> 1869, Cleveland, Ohio

Ella Grace Allen was born on March 21<sup>st</sup> 1870 in Cleveland.

Mary Florence Allen was born on July 23<sup>rd</sup> 1874 in Cleveland.

Otis Smith Allen was born on May 7<sup>th</sup> 1875 in Cleveland

Ella Grace Allen died on July 25<sup>th</sup> 1870 in Cleveland.

### **BALDWIN BIBLE: NO LOCATION GIVEN**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March 2000. I am not sure if it is a complete record or not.

Mildred Alice Baldwin was stillborn November 18, 1920.

Lois Edna Baldwin born March 23, 1929.

Burdell Robert Baldwin born September 10, 1931.

### **BARR FUNERAL CARD: PRINTED IN CUMBERLAND, OHIO**

This card was sold on the Ebay auction site in February of 2000. It was printed in Cumberland, Ohio.

Frank T. Barr died September 14, 1890, age 71 years, 5 months, 8 days.

### **BEARDSLY, WOODRUFF, ANDREWS BIBLE: AUBURN, NEW YORK**

This partial record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March 2000. The Bible was originally sold by J.C. Derby of Auburn, New York. The copyright date is 1839.

Mary Cooke Beardsley died at Auburn, NY July 26<sup>th</sup> 1851.

Paul G. Woodruff died at Ge(neva?) August 9<sup>th</sup> 1895 age 62 years.

William W. Andrews of \_\_ died December 23<sup>rd</sup> 1897 age 61 years

Gertrude Francis Beardsly married W.W. Andrews.

Emily Powers Beardsly born \_\_\_\_\_ Auburn, NY

Gertrude Francis Beardsly born (missing)

Caroline Powers Beardsley born (missing)

The IGI says Caroline Powers Beardsly married Paul Cook Woodruff 9 February 1864, Auburn, Cayuga County, New York. Notes in the Bible indicated the family was related to Eliakin Beardsly of Southbury, Connecticut.





### **BIGGERSTAFF, GAMBLE, PORTER BIBLE: IRELAND (pictured below)**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The Bible was published in 1890 in Philadelphia which makes me think this family might have emigrated to the U.S. It also contained 7 tintypes which the lister presumed were pictures of the family members.

Joseph Biggerstaff of Maybrick County Down Ireland married Ann Jane Gamble of Loughbrickland County Down Ireland 1875

Margaret Biggerstaff married James Porter June 4 1895

Margaret born July 2 1876

Eleanor Agness born April 3 1879

Thomas John born 1881

Thomas John died age 4 years 10 months Oct 1886

Eleanor Agness died 9 years 6 months Oct 1888

Mae Ann Jane died 71 years

February 23 1914

Joseph died 71 years

November 8 1917

### **BUETTNER, MILLER, RUPP BIBLE: CLEVELAND, BEDFORD, BERLIN, OHIO**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. Inside was pasted a family history of the Morgan family, although the name Morgan does not appear in the family data pages. It is not known how these people in the Bible connect with the Morgan family.

The Morgan history begins with Colonel Morgan Morgan, born November 11<sup>th</sup> 1688, who married Catherine Garretson, born May 16, 1692. David Morgan, born May 12<sup>th</sup> 1721, married Sarah Stevens who was born October 7, 1726. Morgan Mod Morgan, born December 20<sup>th</sup> 1746, married Drucilla Pickett who was born in 1753. William Morgan married Lillie Gadd on March 24<sup>th</sup> 1893 and had children Guy, Stephan, William, and James. There is more to the Morgan data, but I do not have it. However, many people on [www.genforum.com](http://www.genforum.com) claim descent from Morgan Morgan who came from Wales in 1688 and settled in the Christiana Hundred in Delaware in 1712/13, and they have this data to share.



Actual Bible record:

Pearl Eleanor Mary Miller born August 27, 1887, in Berlin, Ohio

Charley William Buettner born October 18, 1889, Cleveland





Elenor Elizabeth Buettner born October 27, 1912, Bedford, Ohio

Deaths

Phillip F. Rupp died October 2, 1913; buried Lakeview Cemetery, Cleveland

Elizabeth Rupp Carroll died July 4, 1832

John F. Miller died February 14, 1929; buried Woodland Cemetery, Cleveland

Pearl Elenor Buettner died February 13, 1948, (buried) Lakeview Cemetery, Cleveland

A query on [www.genforum.com](http://www.genforum.com) asks for the names of descendants of Philip Rupp and states that Margaret Rupp (relationship not stated) married Rudy Lang and died in childbirth.

**BEVIER, HASBROUCK, HAWES, ROSABACK, VAN DYCK BIBLE: KINGSTON & ROCHESTER, NEW YORK**

This Bible record was sold on the Ebay auction site in February 2000. I do not have all the data from the *Bible* which was a three-volume set published in 1816. The advertisement said the volumes contained 7 pages of family data running from 1741-1912.

David Bevier was born in 1746.

Marie Hasbrouck was born in 1741.

David Bevier and Marie Hasbrouck married in 1778.

Marie Hasbrouck Bevier died in 1816.

The births and deaths of their children are recorded in the Bible.

There is also a small newspaper clipping from Schenectady in the Bible which lists the Reformed Dutch ministers of that city, and the minister who baptized some of the Bevier children is listed in the clipping.

Peter Hawes was born in 1762.

Elizabeth Rosaback was born in 1761.

Peter Hawes and Elizabeth Rosaback married in 1782.

Peter Hawes died in 1842.

Elizabeth Rosaback Hawes died in 1848.

The births of their six children are recorded in the Bible.

Lawrence Van Dyck was born in 1776.

Catherine Hawes was born in 1786.

The births of their 10 children are recorded in the Bible.

Louis Bevier was born in 1822.

Catherine Van Dyck was born in 1824.

Louis Bevier and Catherine Van Dyck married in 1847.

The births of their five children, including a set of twins, are recorded in the Bible.

**BIRD BIBLE: DENVER, COLORADO**

This record comes from a Bible which I found for sale in a Dayton, Ohio, antique mall in February of 2000.

Almina Wife of John S. Bird died 21 September 1877

John S. Bird died May 22, 1908

Almina I. Bird Scott died December 22, 1934, Denver

**BOSWORTH, RICHARDSON, HATHAWAY BIBLE: TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS (pictured next page)**

This record comes from a Polyglot Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in February 2000. The copyright date was 1834. The Bible was leather covered, with marbled edges and gilt lettering.

Hannah S. Bosworth Her Property Taunton, Mass 1834

James M. Bosworth born in March 1812 died March 1855

James M. Bosworth married Hannah S. Richardson 1835

James Madison Bosworth died March 21<sup>st</sup> 1855 age 42 years 16 days

Randall Hathaway married Hannah S. Bosworth October 16, 1856





Randall Hathaway died October 11<sup>th</sup> 1886 aged 77(?)\_\_

#### **BRAER BIBLE:**

This record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in February 2000.

Victor Lewis Braer was born 1872

Cora Bell Braer was born 1872

Myrtle Rose Braer was born  
1896

#### **BROWER BIBLE RECORD: JACKSON COUNTY, MICHIGAN**

This record comes from a Bible  
sold on the Ebay auction site in  
March of 2000. The copyright  
date of the Bible was 1865.  
Inside the front cover was the  
inscription *N.D. & P.S. Brower.*

##### **Births**

Nathan D. Brower was born  
August the 24<sup>th</sup> 1806.

Prudence Sanders was born  
March the 28<sup>th</sup> 1806.

Alfred the son of Prudence and  
Nathan Brower was born Feb-  
ruary the 12<sup>th</sup> 1833.

Lucy Ann the daughter of  
Prudence and Nathan Brower  
was born September the 20<sup>th</sup>  
1834.

Porter the son of Prudence and  
Nathan Brower was born March  
the 22<sup>nd</sup> 1837.

Loisa Jane the daughter of Prudence and Nathan Brower was born July the 17<sup>th</sup> 1839.

Nathan Daniel the son of Prudence and Nathan Brower was born August 25<sup>th</sup> 1848.

##### **Marriages**

Nathan Brower and Prudence Sanders were married September the 11<sup>th</sup> 1831.

##### **Deaths**

Loisa Jane the daughter of Prudence and Nathan Brower died August the 21<sup>st</sup> 1841.

Nathan Daniel the son of Prudence and Nathan Brower died June the 5<sup>th</sup> 1849.

Prudence the wife of Nathan Brower died March the 16<sup>th</sup> 1870.

Lucy Ann Coolbaugh the daughter of Prudence and Nathan Brower died May the 15<sup>th</sup> 1872.

The IGI states that Lucy Ann Brower married Benjamin H. Coolbaugh 29 December 1852 in Jackson (County?), Michigan.

#### **BROWN BIBLE RECORD: CATOCIN MOUNTAIN; LUCKETTS, VIRGINIA**

This partial record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000. The Bible was published in 1811.

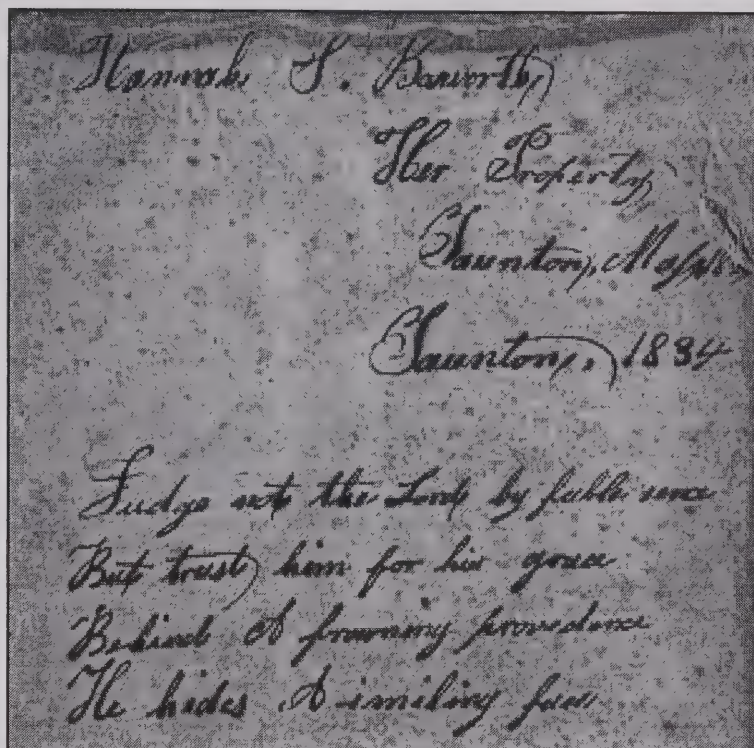
Henry Brown was born 8 May 1720.

William Brown married Hannah Steere 22 August 1804.

John Vandevender Brown was born 9 September 1805 west of Catocin Mountain at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Mary Steer Brown was born \_\_ September 1807 near midnight.

Asenath Stock, wife of John Brown, was born 11 January 1818 and departed this life 3 August 1898.

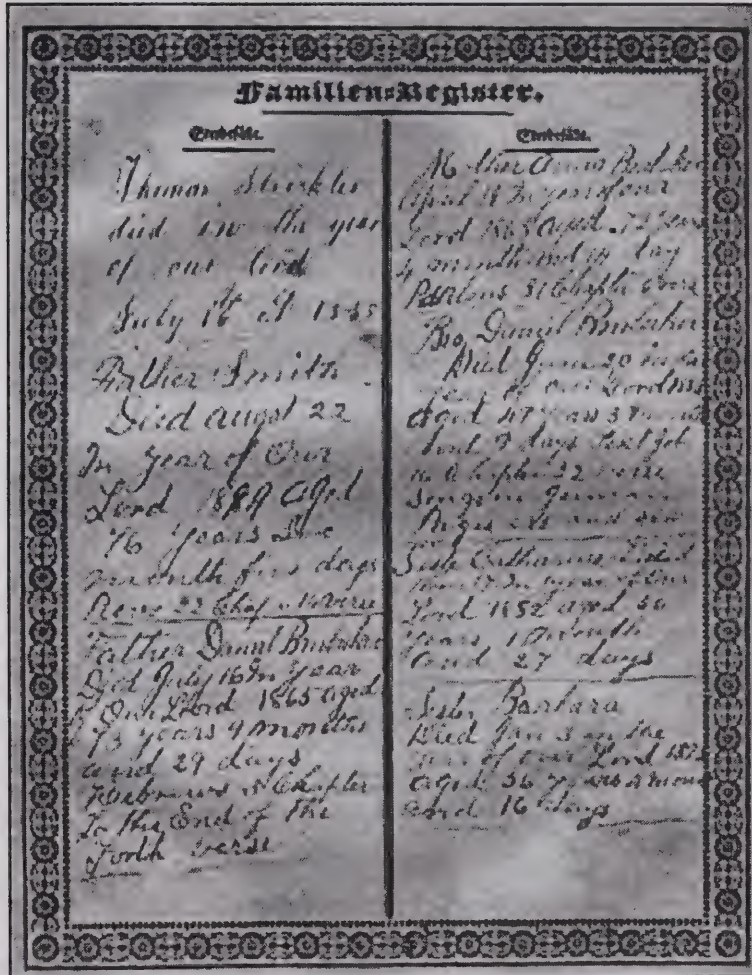






Roberta Ellen, daughter of John and R\_\_ Brown departed this life 27 March 1936, aged 78 years, 2 months, 2 days

There was an obituary in the Bible which was for a Stephen S. Brown who died in Lucketts, Virginia, 26 August 1828, aged 74.



There were 25 pages of genealogical notes in this Bible, including a family tree of descendants of Ellen Steer and John Brown. Names on it include Albeila Titus and Mildred Mitchell.

#### BRUBAKER BIBLE RECORD: KRALLTOWN, YORK COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA (pictured to the left)

This partial record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000. This Bible was published in German in Philadelphia in 1850. The lister stated there were 3 pages of family records in the Bible.

Thomas Strickler died in the year of our Lord July the 16 1855

Father Smith Died Augst 22 In the Year of Our Lord 1889 Aged 76 years Six month five days Revs 22 Chap. 16 verse

Father Daniel Brubaker Died July 16 in Year of Our Lord 1865 Aged 73(78?) years 9 months and 29 days

Hebrews 3 Chaper to the End of the Forth Verse

Mother Anna Brubaker Died

April 18 in Year of Our Lord 1863 Aged 72 years 4 month and 14 days

Psalms 31 Chapter 6 vers

Bro Daniel Brubaker died June 20 in the Year of Our Lord 1885 Aged 49 years 3 months and 9 days.

Text Job 16 Chapter 32 Verse Songs in german Pages \_\_ and 464

Sister Catherine died November 17 in the Year of Our Lord 1882 Aged 56 years 1 month and 27 days

Sister Barbara Died January 3 in the Year of Our Lord 1872 Aged 56 years 4 months and 16 days

The IGI shows a Catherine Brubaker born 20 September 1825, Kralltown, York County, Pennsylvania; died 17 November 1881, Florin, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, as the daughter of Daniel and Anna Farrer Brubaker. Her siblings include David, Daniel, Barbara, Maria, Anna, Elizabeth, and Catherine.

#### BRUNE, ULRICH BIBLE RECORD: LAHR, NEW YORK

This partial record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The Bible was written in the German language. The lister stated that some of the Bible records are placed in Lahr, New York.

Louis Ulrich born June 27, 1856

Charlotte Ulrich born March 25, 1860





Wilhelm Heinrich Brune born April 1,  
1880  
William Brune born June 15  
Johann Brune born February 17  
Emma Ulrich born June 13-August  
1886

**BULGER, DOWER BIBLE:  
COUNTY WATERFORD, IRE-  
LAND; ALBANY COUNTY, NEW  
YORK; SARATOGA COUNTY,  
NEW YORK (pictured at right)**

This record comes from a Bible which  
was sold on the Ebay auction site in  
April of 2000.

Catholic entry: Michael Welch married  
Mrs. Mary Connor? August 15, 1860

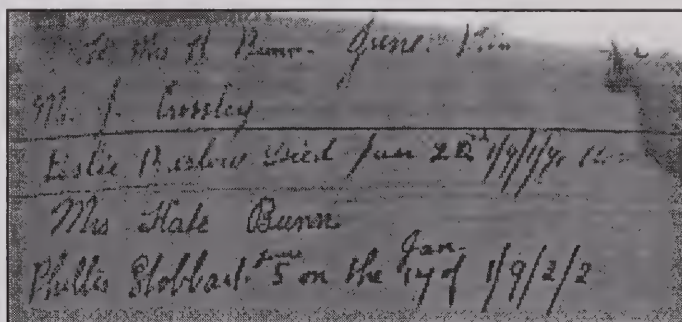
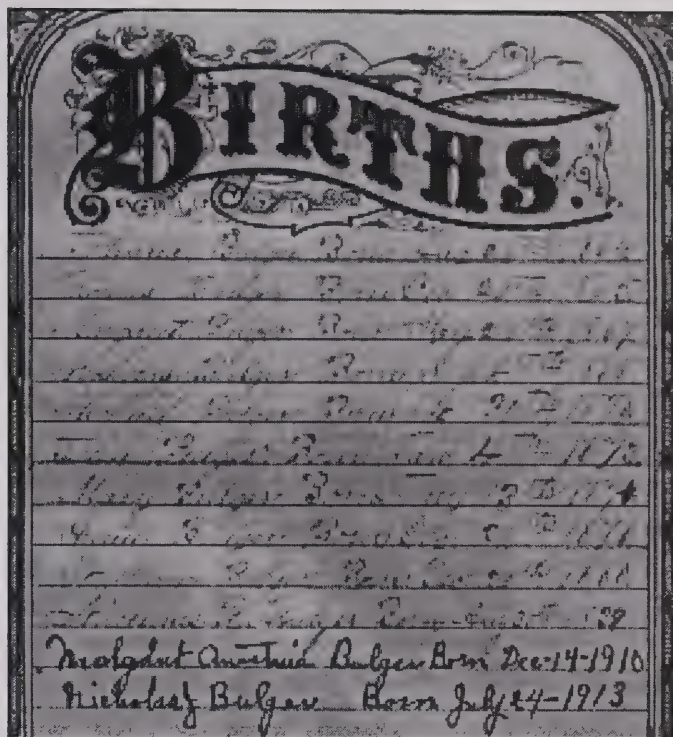
Nicholas Bulger and Bridget O'Neale  
married August 15, 1863  
Nicholas J. Bulger and Anastasia  
Dower married June 30, 1908

The two last entries were made in a  
different handwriting.

Johanna Bulger born Aug 26<sup>th</sup> 1864  
Thomas Bulger born Dec 20<sup>th</sup> 1865  
Margaret Bulger born May 26<sup>th</sup> 1867  
Nicholas Bulger born Sept 5<sup>th</sup> 1868  
Michael Bulger born Oct 30<sup>th</sup> 1870  
John Bulger born Jan 4<sup>th</sup> 1873  
Mary Bulger born July 13<sup>th</sup> 1874  
Annie Bulger born Dec 20<sup>th</sup> 1876  
William Bulger born Dec 20<sup>th</sup> 1880  
Nicholas R. Bulger born Aug 30<sup>th</sup>  
1829  
Margaret Anastasia Bulger born Dec-  
14-1910  
Nicholas J Bulger born July 24-1913

Antonia E. Dower was born at Ballston?,  
Saratoga County, New York on Novem-  
ber 19<sup>th</sup> 1878 daughter of Margaret  
McCarthy and Maurice Dower born in  
County Waterford, Ireland.  
Nicholas J. Bulger born in Gren\_\_\_,  
Albany County, New York  
Margaret A. and Nicholas J. Bugler\_\_\_

The last 3 entries in this column are  
written in 3 different handwritings.  
Johana Bulger Died Dec 22<sup>nd</sup> 1867  
Thomas Bulger Died Dec 21<sup>st</sup> 1865  
Margaret Bulger Died May 27<sup>th</sup> 1867  
John Bulger Died Oct 22<sup>nd</sup> 1873



BIRTHS		BIRTHS	
George Barlow	born April 1864	John Barlow	
Louise Barlow	born July 20 1862	Louise Barlow	
Sarah Ann Barlow	born June 21 1861	Mary Barlow	
Edna Barlow	born Aug. 4 1861	Louise Barlow	
John Barlow	born Sept. 21 1861	Albert Barlow	
George Barlow	born Feb. 21 1861	Harry Barlow	
Harry Barlow	born Oct. 30 1861	Amey Barlow	
Annie Barlow	born March 26 1861	Elizabeth Barlow	
Nicholas Barlow	born July 20 1861	Mary Barlow	
William Barlow	born April 24 1861		
Richard Barlow	born April 23 1861		
Frederick Barlow	born Feb. 11 1861		





Michael Bulger Died Oct 20<sup>th</sup> 1876  
 Mary Bulger Died Dec. 25<sup>th</sup> 1877  
 Annie Bulger Died Nov. 25<sup>th</sup> 1879  
 William Bulger Died Dec 18<sup>th</sup> 1883  
 Nicholas R. Bulger Died Aug 8<sup>th</sup> 1893  
 Bridget Bulger Died April 15<sup>th</sup> 1908  
 Nicholas J. Bulger Died Aug. 27. 1922  
 Anastasia Bulger Died Oct 22 1965

**BUNN, BARLOW BIBLE RECORD: WORCESTER, REDDITCH, RIDDERMINSTER, MASSACHUSETTS; FLORIDA (pictured at left)**

This record is from a Bible that was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The longest page of entries was extremely difficult to read. Although cities were given where the couples were from, it was not possible to read most of them.

Inscription page:

To Mrs. H. Bunn June 1<sup>st</sup>  
 M.J. Crossley

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Leslie Barlow died Jan 22 1919 Florida  
 Mrs. Hale Bunn  
 Phillis Stoddard 5 years on the 17 Jan 1922

Another page:

Births		ages are at 1919
George Barlow	April 1	64
Caulone? Barlow	July 20	62
Susannah Barlow	June 29	43
Eliza Barlow	August	41
Kate Barlow	September 28	40
George Barlow	February 22	38
Harry Barlow	October 30	36
Annie Barlow	March 26	34
Richard Barlow	July 20	33
Alfred Barlow	April 24	30
Beatrice Barlow	April 23	26
Ledreck Barlow	February 13	24
John Bunn		
Louis Bunn		
Mary Bunn		
Lizzie Bunn		
Albert Bunn		
Harry Bunn		
Amy Bunn		
Eliza Bunn		
May Bunn		

Another page:

Catherine \_\_\_s to George Barlow  
 Susannah Barlow to Bertram Crisp?  
 Kate Barlow to Alfred Bunn  
 George Barlow to Alice Charles both of Ridderminster  
 Harry Barlow to Edith Taylor of Redditch  
 Anna Barlow to Thomas Cline? Eliot? Both of Ridderminster  
 Alfred Barlow to Polly Mc? of R  
 Led Barlow to Olive  
 Richard Barlow to Mary Hargery of Worcester, Mass. May 27, 1922





### **BURNS BIBLE: HARRISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, AND OREGON**

This record is from a family Bible belonging to William Burns, son of Garret Burns and Polly Mock of Harrison County, Kentucky. William Burns was a grandson of Rudolph Mock. The Bible record was sent to me by Evelyn Carrothers, a descendant of William.

William Burns and Rachel Ford  
married in Illinois December 14<sup>th</sup> AD 1826  
Mary Jane Burns and Albert Alderman  
Married in Oregon March 6<sup>th</sup> AD 1850  
John Burns and Susan Hicklin  
Married in Oregon December 14<sup>th</sup> AD 1853  
Margaret D. Burns and James T. Yeater  
Married March 24<sup>th</sup> AD 1854 in Oregon  
Rachel M. Burns & Benjamin F. Smith  
Married in Oregon October 4<sup>th</sup> AD 1864  
David N. Burns & Martha J. Tetherow  
Married in Oregon January 1<sup>st</sup> AD 1865  
Maria C. Burns & William C. Whittall  
Married in Oregon July 4<sup>th</sup> AD 1866  
William E. Burns & Drucilla M. Johnston  
Married in Oregon October 4<sup>th</sup> AD 1866  
Annice F. Burns & James M. Staats  
Married in Oregon December 5<sup>th</sup> AD 1867  
Sophia A Burns and Amen Glory Hallelujahrum (There was a cross in front of Sophia's name. But she lived til 1941.)  
Married Sept 5<sup>th</sup> 1873 at 10 oclock AM  
James H. Burns & Phosa James  
Married in Oregon November 30<sup>th</sup> 1876

According to the IGI William J. Burns was born 3 January 1797 in Bourbon County, Kentucky. He married Rachel Ford on 14 December 1826 in Peoria, Illinois, and died 3 December 1876 in Gilroy, Santa Clara, California. His children were largely born in Polk County, Oregon.

### **BURNS RECORD: LAMAR COUNTY, TEXAS (pictured at right)**

This record was kept by my great grandmother Nancy Alice Fulton Burns on a small piece of paper.

John Martin Burns was born May the 8 1860  
Nancy Alice Burns was born July the 21 1863  
John Martin Burns and Nancy Alice Fulton was married in the year of 1881 Oct the 12  
Rufus Orville Burns was born July the 24 1882  
Bertha DeAlva was born April the 16 1884  
Myrtice Evalena was born June the 3 1886  
Horace Greely was born Sept. the 17 1888  
Eula DeMintra was born Jan. the 27 1891  
John Adrian and Jesse Raymond were born May the 21 1893  
Laura Eunice was born April the 11 1896  
Byron Eustace was born Sept the 14 1898  
Bertha Burns and Cole Higgs was married Dec. 18 1904  
Horace Burns and Sallie Carroll was married July 13 1908  
Myrtice Burns and Malcome Lincoln March 4 1913  
Eunice Burns and Carl Broyles was married June 27 1916

My great grandfather John Martin Burns was born in Harrison County, Kentucky, the son of Orville Burns and Sarah Krammer. Nancy Alice Fulton, my great grandmother, was the daughter of Rufus Fulton and Ann Hannah Barnes, who was born in Mississippi.







(left) John Martin and Nancy Fulton Burns with their daughters Bertha and Eula

(bottom) Their complete family.  
 Back row: Horace Greeley, Jesse Raymond, John Adrian, Rufus Orville  
 Middle row: Myrtice Evalina, Laura Eunice, Byron Eustace, Bertha DeAlva, Eula Dementra  
 Front row: John Martin and Nancy Alice Burns







### **CAMPBELL BIBLE: BEDFORD AND SALEM, ROANOKE COUNTY, VIRGINIA**

This partial record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. It was copyrighted in 1859. This is only a tiny portion of the records that were contained within it. The scan of these records was very poor. I have placed question marks beside the dates or names that I was unsure of.

Joseph Campbell was born 2 October 1800  
Mildred S. Hurt was born 2 January 1804 (?)  
Robert Campbell was born 15 December 1828  
William D. Campbell was born 19 November 1810 (?)  
L. (?) James Campbell was born 20 October 1812

Jos. Campbell married Mildred S. Hurt 9 January 1827  
Jos. Campbell married Ann Miller Noell 5 September 1849  
Philip Reed married Luraney Jane Campbell 1 November 1852

The IGI says the two marriages for Joseph Campbell took place in Bedford, Virginia, and that the marriage for Philip Reed took place in Salem, Roanoke County, Virginia. It also states that Luraney Jane Campbell was born 20 October 1832, in Salem, Roanoke County, Virginia.

### **CARY BIBLE: ANDROSCOGGIN, SAGADAHOC, TOPSHAM MAINE**

This record was found in a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in February of 2000. It was written in a leather-bound Bible which was printed in 1870. The locations were not given in the Bible; I found them in the IGI.

#### **Births**

Seth Staples Cary born Feb 5<sup>th</sup> 1810  
Susannah F. Hildreth, his wife Born May 30<sup>th</sup> 1809 (The IGI says her middle name was *Fletcher*.)  
Susan Perkins their Daughter Born Feb 21<sup>st</sup> 1835  
Henry Sandford and George Alfred Born May 7<sup>th</sup> 1837 (These two names are yoked together as "their sons.")  
Priscilla Purington their Daughter Born June 8<sup>th</sup> 1839  
Seth Franklin their son born March 10<sup>th</sup> 1841  
Frances Jane their Daughter Born Jan 21<sup>st</sup> 1843  
Samuel Page their son Born March 18<sup>th</sup> 1845  
Hosea Hildreth their son Born Aug 9<sup>th</sup> 1847  
Mary Ella their Daughter Born Oct 21<sup>st</sup> 1849  
Daniel Herbert their son born Aug 21<sup>st</sup> 1853  
Lucy Patten, their Daughter Born Oct 13<sup>th</sup> 1856

#### **Marriages**

Seth S. Cary and Susannah F. Hildreth were Married April 22<sup>nd</sup> 1834 (in Civil, Lewiston, Androscoggin, Maine)  
their son  
Henry S. Cary and Rosa Smyth were Married Dec. 30<sup>th</sup> 1866 (in Sagadahoc, Maine)

Hosea Hildreth Cary and Hattie A. Pray were Married July 26<sup>th</sup> 1873 (in Kennebec, Maine)  
Mary Ella Cary and Gilbert M. Gowell were Married Nov. 3 1875 (in Sagadahoc, Maine)  
Samuel Page Cary and Mary F. Curtis were Married Nov. 10 1875 (in Sagadahoc, Maine)  
Seth Franklin Cary and Sarah W. Robinson were married Feb. 7 1877 (in Sagadahoc, Maine)

#### **Deaths**

Seth Staples Cary, Died May 28<sup>th</sup> 1857 Aged 47 years 3 m 18 days  
Priscilla P. Cary, Died April 8<sup>th</sup> 1861 Aged 21 years 9 m  
Fannie J. Cary Died Jan 8<sup>th</sup> 1868, Aged 19 years 11 m  
George A. Cary Died July 5<sup>th</sup> 1875 Aged 39 years 2 m.  
D. Herbert Cary Died May 31 1876 aged 22 years 10 m.  
Mrs. Susannah F Cary Died May 7 1886 age 76 yr 11m 7d  
Henry S Cary Died Nov 7 1890 age 53 years 6 m  
Lucy P. Cary Died Feb. 20-1893 age 36 years 5 m

#### **Loose items in the Bible:**

Rosa Cary Died September 17— 1912 age 72 yr 5 mo  
Buried Sept 19-in Rogers Cemetery Rev. Mr Quint (?)





Sept. 17, 1922  
Susan P Cary  
Buried Sept. 20 87 y 7m

Feb 16— 1930  
Sarah R Cary died this morning at ten oclock.  
Buried Feb 19— in Rogers Cemetery Geo Powers minster

Howard S Cary  
died Feb 3— 1933  
age 65  
born Oct 6— 1867  
buried Feb 5— 1933  
Rev Mr Ashby  
Rogers Cemetery

There were also recipes for brown bread and sweet pickle, the latter signed by Rosa Cary, Topsham.

**CHURCHILL, DRUMMOND, GATES, SNOW BIBLE: ATTICA, NEW YORK, AND OSBORN HOLLOW (pictured on the next two pages)**

This record comes from a very beautiful Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

page one:

Joseph T. Churchill and Maggie A. Reynolds were married at Osborn Hollow on the 6<sup>th</sup> day of April 1887  
In the presence of Elbert M. Calor? And Emma J. Reynolds. Clergyman W.B. Kinney

page two:

Copied from the bible belonging to Samuel Stoddard Churchill  
Samuel Churchill my father born Sept. 16— 1790  
Sally Churchill my mother born Oct 13— 1790  
Sister born Oct 11— 1818  
Mercy Churchill my sister born Nov 12— 1819  
Stephen Churchill my brother born July 10— 1821  
Newcomb C. Churchill my brother born Sep 22— 1823  
Samuel S. Churchill my brother born Aug 18— 1820 married to Emily Drummond March 29— 1851 and to  
Louisa Gates December 10— 1857  
William H. Churchill my brother born April 17— 1827  
Sister born Feb 24— 1831  
Jedediah my brother born June 5— 1832  
Emily Drummond wife of Stoddard C. born Mar. 25— 1824  
Louisa Gates wife of S.S. Churchill born June 27— 1825 Married Dec. 10— 1857  
Sarah Alice Churchill daughter of S.S.C. born July 25— 1852  
Esther Helen Churchill daughter of S.S.C. born June 1<sup>st</sup> — 1856  
Frederick Epinetus son of S.S.C. born Sep. 13— 1859  
Augustus Churchill son of S.S.C. born Dec. 4— 1860  
Joseph Tracy Churchill son of S.S.C. born Dec. 22— 1863

page three:

name	place of birth	date of birth	date of marriage	date of death
Samuel S. Churchill		Aug. 18. 1825	Mar. 29. 1851 and Dec. 10. 1857	Mar. 30. 1889
Louisa J. Churchill	Attica N.Y.	June 27. 1825	Dec. 10. 1857	July 21? 1871?
Joseph Tracy Churchill	Osborn Hollow	Dec. 22. 1863	Apr. 6. 1887	May 18. 1927?
Margaret A. Reynolds	Osborn Hollow	Aug. 22. 1862	Apr. 6. 1887	
Myron Lawrence Churchill	Osborn Hollow	Oct. 30. 1890	May 29. 1921?	March 12. 1943
Mabel Snow Churchill	Port Crane	Dec. 8? 1889?		Nov. 17. 1930
Myron L. Churchill				





page four:

Children of Samuel S. Churchill and Emily Drummond

Sarah Alice Churchill Osborn Hollow July 25, 1852

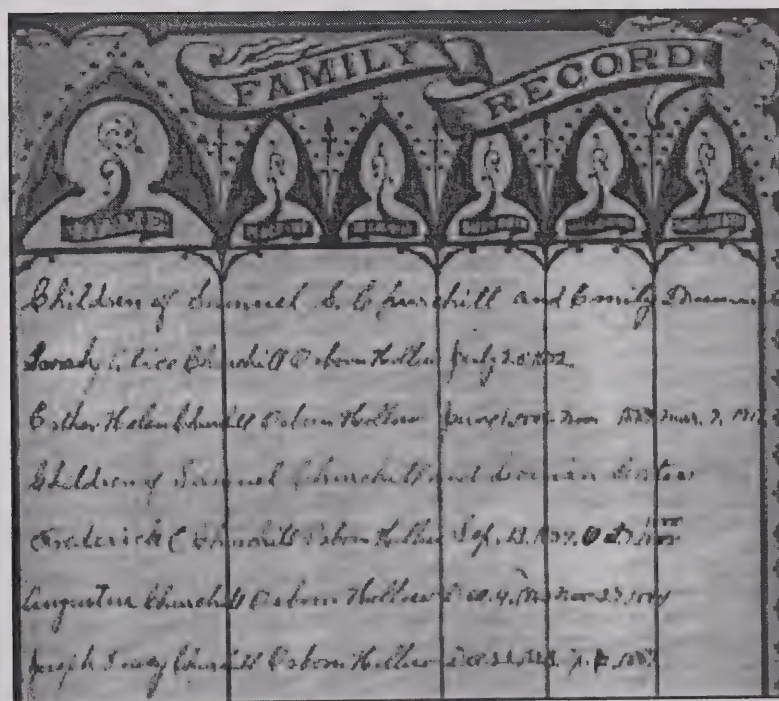
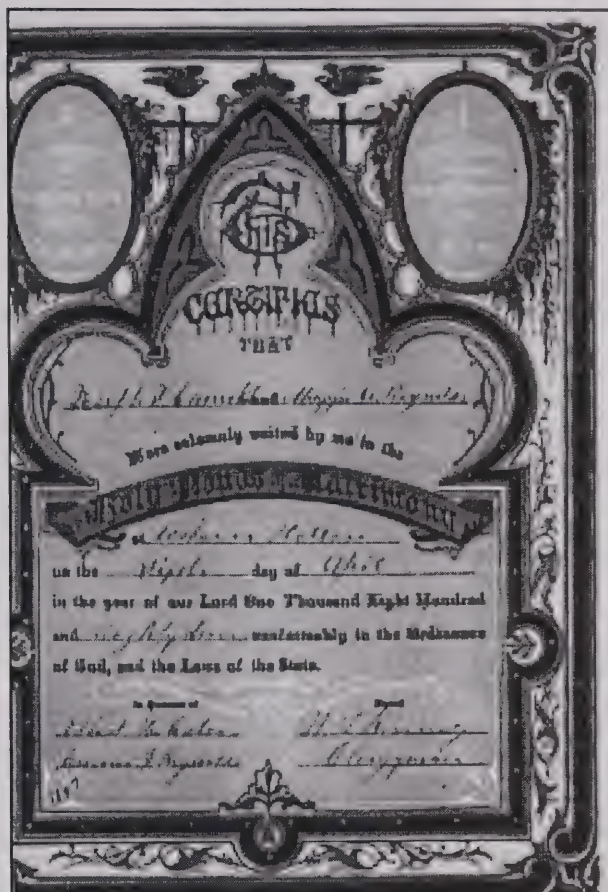
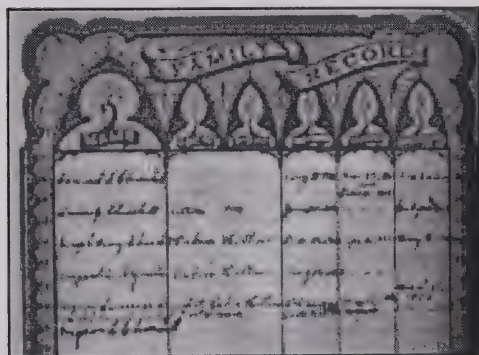
Esther Helen Churchill Osborn Hollow June 1, 1856; married Nov. 1887; died Mar. 7, 1917

Children of Samuel Churchill and Louisa Gates

Frederick E. Churchill Osborn Hollow Sep. 13, 1859; married Oct 7, 1885

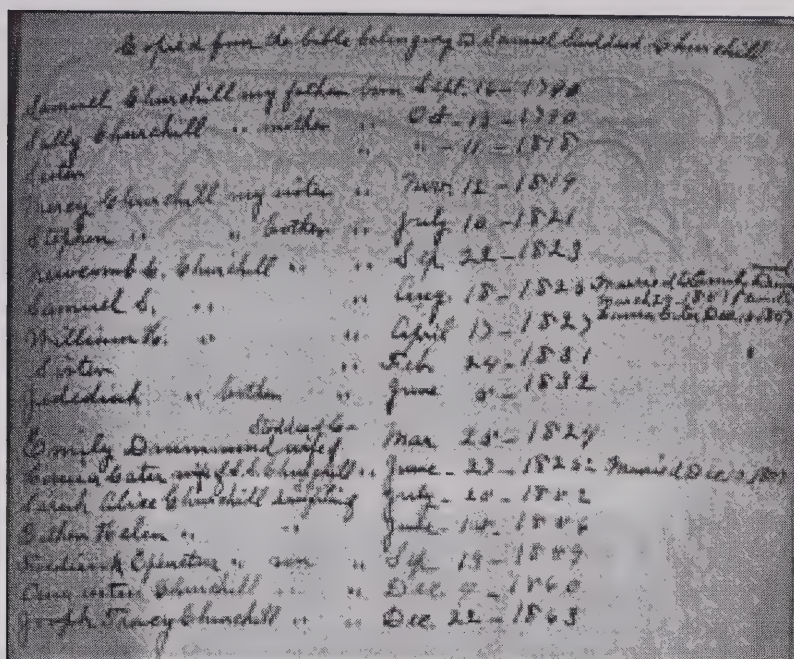
Augustus Churchill Osborn Hollow Dec. 4, 1860; married Nov. 27, 1884

Joseph Tracy Churchill Osborn Hollow Dec. 22, 1863; married April 6, 1887









#### COE BIBLE: OHIO

This partial record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March 2000. The Bible contained a bookmark with the name Minnie Loofbourrow in cross stitch. Minnie Loofbourrow was born ca. 1868 in Ohio, according to information submitted to Ancestry.com, the daughter of Otho W. and Malvina L. (Loofbourrow) Loofbourrow. So it is possible that the parties whose marriage is given in this Bible were from Ohio.

Almirron Coe married Mary Anderson in 1868

#### COWENHOVEN,

#### CONOVER, PERRIN BIBLE: OLD TENNANT, MONMOUTH COUNTY, NEW JERSEY

This partial record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000. The Bible was published in 1827.

Joseph Cowenhoven born the 11<sup>th</sup> day of January 1782  
 Gertrude Cowenhoven born the 19<sup>th</sup> day of July 1777  
 their daughter Rachel was born the 10<sup>th</sup> day of March 1808  
 their daughter Mary was born the 8<sup>th</sup> day of January 1813  
 their son Charles was born the 21<sup>st</sup> day of April 1815

William Perrin was born the 30<sup>th</sup> day of August 1818  
 Mary Perrin was born the 8<sup>th</sup> day of January 1813  
 their daughter Gertrude was born the 28<sup>th</sup> of December 1840

The IGI says that Joseph L. Cowenhoven was born in Old Tennant, Monmouth County, New Jersey, as were his children and wife. It says he married Gertrude Conover there 3 March 1807, and that she was the daughter of John Conover and Mary Atkins. Joseph himself was the son of Lewis Cowenhoven and Rachel Scott. The IGI also shows a marriage between William Rue Perrin and Mary Conover in Old Tennant, Monmouth County. The names Cowenhoven and Conover are interchangeable in the IGI.

Also there is a christening record for Rachel Cowenhoven 15<sup>th</sup> October 1808 in Old Tennant (Scotch Presbyterian) Church.

#### CRONEH, COREY BIBLE RECORD: LIBERTY, MICHIGAN (pictured on the next page)

This miniature Bible record comes from one sold on the Ebay auction site in February 2000. The Bible was 3 inches x 4½ inches x 2 inches in size.

1848 Nathaniel Cronch, Liberty, Michigan  
 grandfather Ernes Corey





"The Bible won the prize of 3 glasses for being the smallest Bible in contest in the year 1940 Oct 4 at the Nazarene Church, Shirgin, Michigan." (Pictured below is this inscription and the Bible itself.)

*This bible won the  
prize of 3 Glasses  
for being the smallest  
bible in contest in  
the year 1940 Oct 4  
at the Nazarene  
Church Shirgin*





**CROWELL, KITTEMAN BIBLE: SPRINGFIELD AND OTTAWA, PUTNAM COUNTY, OHIO; GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

The following was typed on a sheet of paper headed *St. Luke's Evangelical Lutheran Church*:

This copy of the Baltzer and Rebecca Kitterman Crowell Bible was given to my father by his Aunt Justina Magdalena Crowell Pomeroy, widow of Doctor Guy Pomeroy of Ottawa, Putnam County, Ohio, and was given by Father Edwin Mortimer Crowell, son of John Leshy Crowell to Harvey Edwin Crowell some years before his death in 1929.

Baltzer Crowell and Rebecca Kitterman Crowell were the parents of the following children.

1. John Leshy Crowell was born December 20<sup>th</sup> 1822.
2. Sarah Ann Crowell Ayers was born March 27 1824.
3. Mary Elizabeth Crowell Clark was born October 12<sup>th</sup> 1826?
4. Louisa Crowell Parker was born December 7 1827
5. Justina Magdalena Crowell Pomeroy was born September \_\_, 1830.

Baltzer Crowell died and was buried in an old abandoned cemetery in Kalida, Ohio, September 29, 1853. Rebecca Kitterman Crowell died at her son John's home in Center Township September 6, 1854. Buried at Trinity Reformed Cemetery. This family Bible is to go to John L. Crowell Senior if living when I am through with it. To his son, John Junior or to nearest surviving relative who cares for it. Harvey Edwin Crowell D.D. Springfield, March 26, 1882.

Our father died September 29<sup>th</sup> 1853 aged 54 years

Henry Ayres Died May 3, 1894; born April 2<sup>nd</sup> 1820

Sarah G. Crowell Ayers was born March 27<sup>th</sup> 1824; died June 28<sup>th</sup> 1894— aged 70 years 3 months and 1 day

Our mother died September 6 1864— aged 57 years

Our brother died February 19<sup>th</sup> 1877 aged 54 years

(No name) died June 28<sup>th</sup> 1894 aged 69 years 3 months and 1 day

Henry Ayres died May 3<sup>rd</sup> 1894 aged 74 years 1 month and 1 day

A query posted on [www.genforum.com](http://www.genforum.com) stated that Baltzer was born in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, 2 May 1799.

**CULLINANE BIBLE: ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI**

This record comes from a Catholic Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in February of 2000.

Catherine (Katy) Ryan married Thomas Cullinane at St. Bridgets Church in St. Louis Missouri, on 6<sup>th</sup> of Aug. 1876.

**Births**

Joseph Cullinane born 27<sup>th</sup> Aug 1878 St. Louis

Mary Cullinane born 25<sup>th</sup> March 1880 St. Louis

Thomas Cullinane born 1<sup>st</sup> Sept 1883 St. Louis

Catherine Cullinane born 24<sup>th</sup> Dec 1886 St. Louis

Ellen Cullinane born 11<sup>th</sup> Oct 1888 St. Louis

**Deaths**

Mary Cullinane died 22<sup>nd</sup> June 1881

Catherine Cullinane Steger died 28<sup>th</sup> Nov 1941

Nellie Cullinane Combron died 22<sup>nd</sup> Mar 1964

Joseph X. Combron died 5<sup>th</sup> May 1968

Rosemary Combron Bowers died 6<sup>th</sup> Feb 1972

**CUNNINGHAM, FLANAGAN BIBLE: NEW YORK AND BOONTON, NEW JERSEY**

This record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The copyright date of the Bible is 1858.

Patrick Cunningham was born May 3, 1825.

Ann Flanagan was born April 3, 1825.





Richard J. Cunningham was born September 15, 1847.  
Cornelius Cunningham was born August 21, 1849.  
Cecilia Cunningham was born October 7, 1851.  
Ellen May Cunningham was born May 22, 1853.  
Edward Cunningham was born October 1, 1856.  
Robert J. Cunningham was born May 21, 1861.  
William P. Cunningham was born March 23, 1865.  
William P. Cunningham was born in 1930.

Patrick Cunningham and Anne Flanagan 1846 November 26 in the Transfiguration Church in New York by Father McClelland.

Cornelius J. Cunningham and Ann McMahon 30 November 1882 Boonton, New Jersey

William P. Cunningham and Elizabeth (unreadable) 6 November 1889

Cecilia Cunningham died November 3, 1855.  
Robert J. Cunningham died January 18, 1866.  
Richard Flanagan died September 15, 1869.  
Bridget Flanagan died June 28, 1894.  
Ellen Gorvrie  
Patrick Cunningham died Feby 22, 1887.  
Lavinia Flanagan died December 27, 1884.  
Richard Flanagan died March 7, 1895.  
(Another unreadable record follows.)

#### **CURTIS BIBLE: HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE; LEEDS, SACO, WALDO, MAINE**

This partial record is from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

Sebbeus Curtis was born September 20, 1789  
His wife Betsy Tibbets was born April 18 (?), 1793  
Samuel Curtis was born October 31, 1813  
Sebbeus Curtis Jr. was born April 7, 1816, and died in 1880.  
Ebenezer Curtis was born October 7, 1817  
Benjamin and Horatio Curtis, twins, were born in Leeds, Maine, in 1820. Benjamin died at age 11.

The IGI shows a marriage record for a Sebbeus Curtis who married Jane Porter June 27, 1841, in Waldo, Maine.

#### **CURTISS RECORD: NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, AND ROCHESTER, NEW YORK**

This record was found in a Rochester, New York, attic inside a Bible. The names and dates were recorded alongside 14 locks of hair and one empty space where the lock of hair was lost. At the bottom of the paper it said, "Lucky 13 children." The paper with the record and the locks of hair were sold on the Ebay auction site in February of 2000. The lister stated that it appeared the record was kept by a person who was a member of the same church as the Curtisses, rather than the Curtisses themselves.

Titus Curtiss, born December 22, 1779  
Rhoda Curtiss, born December 9, 1783  
Sally Curtiss, born November 16, 1803  
Lucy Curtiss, born January 22, 1806; wife of Nathan Butler  
Hiram Curtiss  
Ora Elias Curtiss, born 1813  
Mary A. Curtiss, born April 3, 1814  
Polly Curtiss, born April 19, 1816  
Samuel Curtiss, born May 31, 1818  
Rhoda Curtiss, born December 4, 1820

#### **CURTISS, TAYLOR, BEARDSLEY, ROOTS, MCMILLEN FAMILY BIBLE: NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, AND NEW YORK**

This Bible was sold on the Ebay auction site in February of 2000. Notice it relates to the same family as the locks





of hair above, but it was sold by a different vendor. The publication of the Bible was 1837, and it was printed in Cooperstown, New York. All of the births appear to have been written in one hand and at the same time. Some of the deaths were written in that same hand. Notice all of the listings with add AD were written by that person and that the person spells *Curtis* with only one S.

#### Births

Titus Curtis was born Dec the 22<sup>nd</sup> AD 1779  
Rhoda Taylor was born Dec the 4<sup>th</sup> AD 1783  
Sally Curtis was born Nov the 16<sup>th</sup> AD 1803  
Lucy Curtis was born Jany the 21<sup>st</sup> AD 1805  
Hiram Curtis was born Dec the 16<sup>th</sup> AD 1807  
Lydia Curtis was born Sept the 26<sup>th</sup> AD 1809  
Clarke T. Curtis was (born) Dec the 26<sup>th</sup> AD 1811  
Mary A. Curtis was born April the 3<sup>rd</sup> AD 1814  
Polly Curtis was born April the 19<sup>th</sup> AD 1816  
Samuel Curtis was born May the 31<sup>st</sup> AD 1818  
Rhoda M. Curtis was born August the 27<sup>th</sup> AD 1820  
William T. Curtis was born Sept. the 24<sup>th</sup> AD 1822  
Julia E. Curtis was born March the 8<sup>th</sup> AD 1825  
Levi Curtis was born August the 31<sup>st</sup> AD 1828  
Henry G. Curtis was (born) April the AD 15<sup>th</sup> 1831  
Daniel Taylor was born January 15<sup>th</sup> AD 1751  
Anny Taylor was born May 29<sup>th</sup> AD 1755  
John Taylor was born January 21<sup>st</sup> AD 1774  
Ruth Ann Taylor was born August 29<sup>th</sup> AD 1775  
Patty Taylor was born February 7<sup>th</sup> AD 1782  
Rhoda Taylor was born December the 4<sup>th</sup> AD 1783  
Susanah Taylor was born February 21<sup>st</sup> AD 1787  
Permelia Taylor was born December 29<sup>th</sup> AD 1789  
Abiah Taylor was born March 4<sup>th</sup> AD 1793  
Adonyah Roots was born December 30<sup>th</sup> AD 1730  
Anna Roots was born May 29<sup>th</sup> AD 1755  
Children of Anonijah and Anna  
Ruth Roots was born July 25<sup>th</sup> AD 1759  
John Roots was born October 9<sup>th</sup> AD 1757  
Adonijah Roots was born July 14<sup>th</sup> AD 1761  
Abiah Roots was born December 26<sup>th</sup> AD 1763  
Eunice Roots was born December 24<sup>th</sup> AD 1765  
Naomi Roots was born June 29<sup>th</sup> AD 1768  
Daniel Berdsley was born January 11<sup>th</sup> AD 1773  
Abiah Roots was born March 24<sup>th</sup> AD 1775

#### Marriages

Titus Curtiss and Rhoda Taylor was married August the 1(?) 1802  
Alexander McMillen and Sarah Curtiss was married March 18<sup>th</sup> 1819  
Nathan Butler and Lucy Curtiss was married (no date given)  
Aron Butler was married to Lydia Curtiss (no date given)  
Hiram Curtiss was married to Eunice Thorp (no date given)  
Cyrus B. Todd was married to Polly Curtiss February the 6<sup>th</sup> 1843  
Leonard J. Whitney was married to Mary A. Curtiss (no date given)  
Samuel Curtiss was married to Sarah A. Parks March (date not completed)  
William Perrin was married to Rhoda M. Curtiss March the 11<sup>th</sup> 1849  
William T. Curtiss was married to Caroline E. Briggs October the 17<sup>th</sup> 1850  
William N. Carter was married to Julia E. Curtiss October 20<sup>th</sup> 1850  
Henry C.(?) Curtiss and Ann Saunders were married October 19, 1854  
William Curtiss and Mary Perrin were married November 11<sup>th</sup> 1863

#### Deaths

Levi Curtis Died Sept the 14<sup>th</sup> AD 1828  
Hiram Curtis Died February 7<sup>th</sup> AD 1855



Sally McMillan Died Oct. 30<sup>th</sup> 1859  
Titus Curtiss Died Nov. 12<sup>th</sup> 1859  
Caroline E. Curtiss Died Jan 21<sup>st</sup> 1863  
Lucy B  
Anonijah Roots died March 9<sup>th</sup> AD 1806  
Anna Roots died August 24<sup>th</sup> AD 1799  
Abiah Roots died June 24<sup>th</sup> 1770

From the IGI:

The IGI lists Titus Curtis as born in Waterbury, New Haven, Connecticut, son of Benjamin Curtis and Content Pond.

The Adonijah Root who was born in 1730 was born in Woodbury, Litchfield, Connecticut, son of John Root and Ruth Hitchcock.

The Adonijah Root who was born in 1761 was the son of Adonijah and Ruth Lake Root and was born in Woodbury, Connecticut. The marriage of Adonijah Roots and Ruth Lake took place at Woodbury, Connecticut, on September 25, 1754.

Naomi Roots was born in Woodbury.

#### **DANIELS BIBLE: NO LOCATION GIVEN**

This partial record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000.

Josiah Daniels was born 1835.  
Josiah Daniels married Francis Brown in 1858.  
Francis Brown Daniels died in 1859.  
Josiah Daniels married Phebe Brown in 1862.

Ellen F. Daniels born March 1859  
Maurice Daniels born August 26, 1863  
Robert Daniels born January 10, 1868  
Minnie Daniels born March 1870/90

#### **DAVENPORT, MINKLER BIBLE: FRANKLIN COUNTY, NEW YORK; GREEN LAKE COUNTY, WISCONSIN**

This partial record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000.

Peter B. Davenport was born in 1788.  
Catherine Davenport, daughter of Peter B. and Hannah Davenport, was born June 23, 1836.  
Peter Davenport married Hannah 29<sup>th</sup> March 1811.  
Names which appear in the Bible, according to the lister, are John, Sarah, Hannah, Delia, Peter, Abigail, Marriann, and Catherine. The lister commented that there were several names he could not read.

The IGI says that Peter Burr Davenport was born 2 April 1788, the son of Jonathan D. and Philomena (Culver) Davenport. He married Hannah Minkler in Burke, Franklin County, New York, and that their children were as follows:

Permelia, born 19 February 1813; Burke  
Laura A., born 11 December 1814; Burke  
John C., born ca. 1814; Burke  
Emeline, born 5 November 1817; Burke  
Adelaide, born ca. 1817; Burke  
Sarah Ann, born 29 July 1819; Burke  
Hannah, born 26 April 1821; Berlin, Green Lake County, Wisconsin  
Delia Marie, born 10 April 1823; Chateaugay, Franklin County, New York  
Peter Minkler, born 1 March 1824; Chateaugay  
Abigail, born 24 June 1829; Chateaugay  
Mary Ann, born 12 April 1832; Chateaugay  
Kathryn, born 23 June 1836; Chateaugay





**DAVIS CERTIFICATE: BOULDER, COLORADO**

This record comes from a teacher's certificate sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000.

Margaret May Davis of Boulder, Colorado, was granted a teacher's certificate in 1916.

**DEARNALEY BIBLE: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA**

This record was found in a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in February of 2000.

John and Lizzie Dearnaley were married December 25<sup>th</sup> 1850

Mrs. Lizzie Dearnaley died December 11, 1910, at the Hollenbeck Home in Los Angeles; buried in Los Angeles, Evergreen Cemetery

**DELONG, APLER BIBLE: READING, BERKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA (pictured below and on next page)**

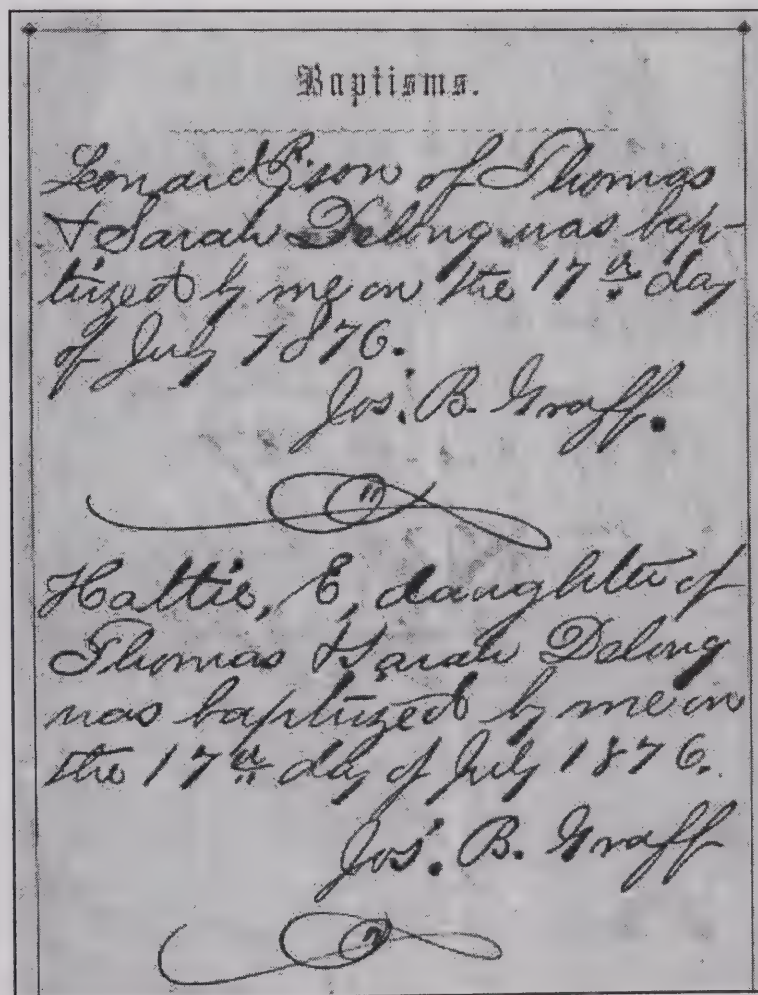
This record comes from 3 pages torn from a Bible and sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

This is to certify that on the 20<sup>th</sup> day of September 1853 I have solemnized the Rites of Matrimony between Thomas Roberts Delong and Sarah Apler according to law. Witness my hand J.H. Brown Minister of the Gospel.

The following information was written on a receipt for the purchase of glass in Reading, Pennsylvania, from the store of Thomas Lancar.

Rachel died 4 June 1876

Eelebeth died 10 June 1876



**Baptisms**

Leonard R. son of Thomas and Sarah Delong was baptized on the 17<sup>th</sup> day of July 1876. Jos. B. Graff

Hattie E. daughter of Thomas and Sarah Delong was baptized on the 17<sup>th</sup> day of July 1876. Jos. B. Graff

**Deaths**

**Thomas R. Delong** son of Thomas Roberts and Sarah A. DeLong departed this life on the 22<sup>nd</sup> day of August 1858 age 7 months and a day  
**Mary Roberts Delong** Departed this life on the 20 of Noveber 1863 Age 3/8 years 1 month and 1 week

**Rachel Delong** Dauther of TR and S Delong Departed this life on the 4 of June 1876 age 8 months and 5 days

**Hanah Lausico** Dauther of TC and Sarah Delong Departed this life the 12 of September 1874 age 3 months 2 weeks and 2 days

**Elebeth** Dather of T.R. and Sarah Delong Departed this life on the 10 of June 1876





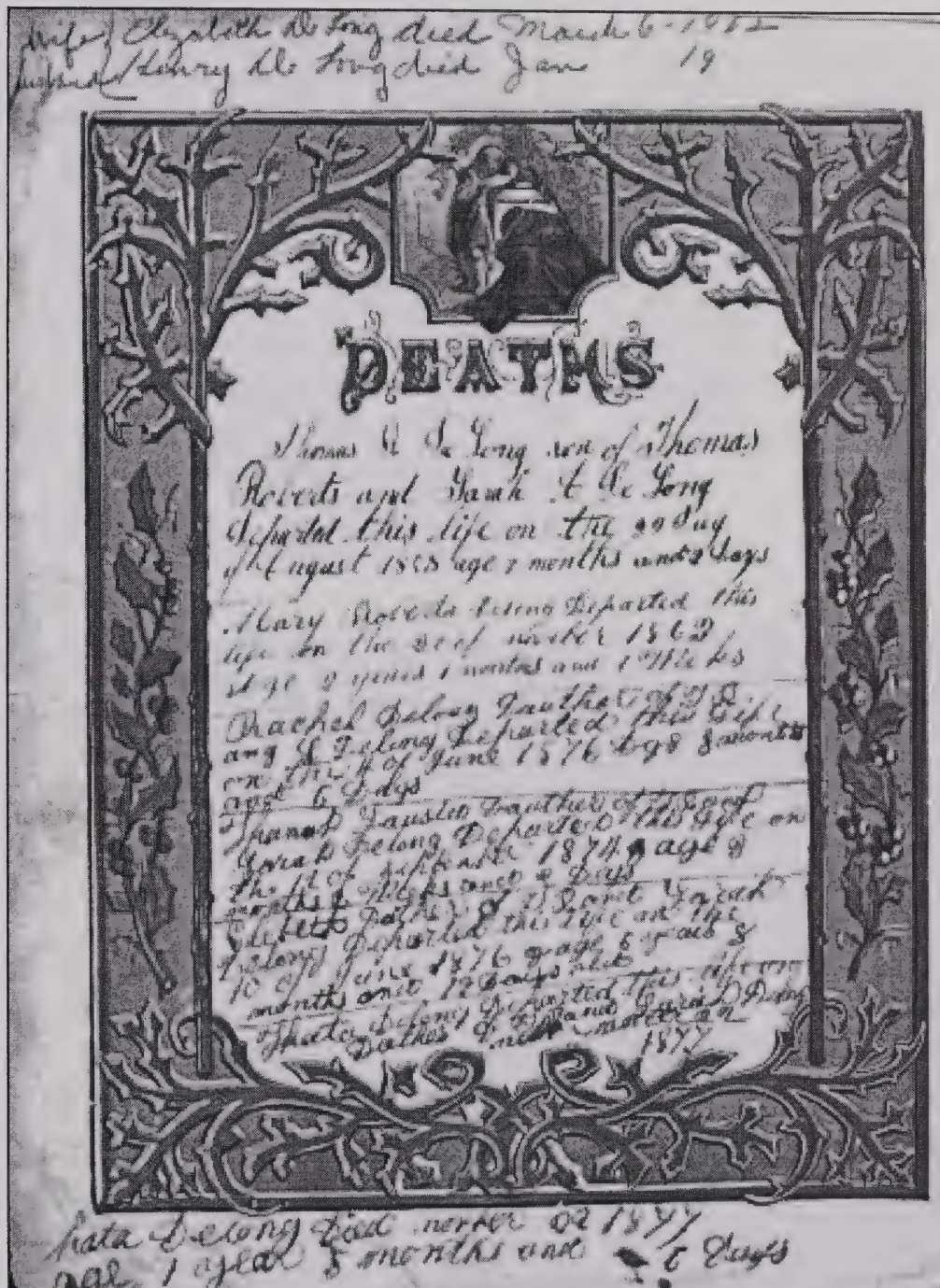
age 5 years 8 months and 19 days old

Hata Delong Departed this life Dather of T.R. and Sarah Delong novber 22 1867 age 1 year 5 months and 6 days

At the top of the page was written

wife Elizabeth De Long died March 6— 1962

husband Henry De Long died Jan 19







**DERBY, SMITH BIBLE: SALEM, ESSEX COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS**

This Bible was sold on the Ebay auction site in February of 2000. I do not have all the entries which appear in the Bible. The front flyleaf is signed *Henry E. Derby, March 1846*.

## Births

Nicholas L. Derby	July 23 <sup>rd</sup> 1808.
Mary E. Derby	August 7 <sup>th</sup> 1809.
Mary Eliza Derby	October 3 <sup>rd</sup> 1832.
Lucy Ann Derby	May 3 <sup>rd</sup> 1835
Ellen __ Derby	September 16 <sup>th</sup> 1837
Lucy Ellen Derby	March 31 <sup>st</sup> 1841
Anna Eunice Derby	November 24 <sup>th</sup> 1847
(Father) Francis Smith	March 8, 1766.
(Mother) Jane Elliott Smith	December 8, 1771.
Eunice Smith	May 12, 1791.
Francis Smith	August 28, 1793.
Elliot Smith	January 10 <sup>th</sup> 1795
Simeon Smith	April 18 <sup>th</sup> 1798
Amos F. Smith	November 7 <sup>th</sup> 1804
Mary Elliot Smith	August 7 <sup>th</sup> 1809
Lucy Leavett Smith	May 28 <sup>th</sup> 1813

## Marriages

Nicholas L. Derby to Mary E. Smith November 28<sup>th</sup> 1831. (The IGI says they married in Salem.)  
Henry Varney to Anna E. Derby October 31<sup>st</sup> 1866.  
Amos F. Smith to Martha H. Dwindle November 5<sup>th</sup> 1829.  
Elias W. Ashby to Mary Elizabeth Derby January 1<sup>st</sup> 1856.  
James Trow to Eunice Smith to Eunice South January 10<sup>th</sup> 1819.  
Elliot Smith to Nancy Loris April 23<sup>rd</sup> 1821.  
Simeon Smith to Abigail Humball? Kimball? July 26<sup>th</sup> 1829.

FAMILY RECORD.	
BIRTHS.	BIRTHS.
<i>Nicholas L. Derby</i>	<i>July 23<sup>rd</sup> 1808</i>
<i>Mary E. Derby</i>	<i>August 7<sup>th</sup> 1809</i>
<i>Mary Eliza Derby</i>	<i>October 3<sup>rd</sup> 1832</i>
<i>Lucy Ann Derby</i>	<i>May 3<sup>rd</sup> 1835</i>
<i>Ellen Jane Derby</i>	<i>September 16<sup>th</sup> 1837</i>
<i>Lucy Ellen Derby</i>	<i>March 31<sup>st</sup> 1841</i>
<i>Anna Eunice Derby</i>	<i>November 24<sup>th</sup> 1847</i>





#### Deaths

Lucy Ann Derby died February 20<sup>th</sup> 1840.  
Nicholas L. Derby died June 21<sup>st</sup> 1856.  
Mary Elliot Derby died February 10<sup>th</sup> 1861.  
Ellen Jane Derby died March 1<sup>st</sup> 1840.  
Lucy Ellen Derby September 2<sup>nd</sup> 1852.  
Mary Eliza D. Ashby died January 24<sup>th</sup> 1860/1866 (?)

(Brother) Francis Smith died May 30<sup>th</sup> 1818.  
(Father) Francis Smith died February 25<sup>th</sup> 1820.  
(Brother) James F. Smith died September 12<sup>th</sup> 1833.  
Jane Smith died September 21<sup>st</sup> 1837.  
Elliot Smith died July 23<sup>rd</sup> 1841.  
Lucy Leavett Smith died October 17<sup>th</sup> 1887.  
Eunice Trow died August 18<sup>th</sup> 1858.  
Simeon Smith —

Four other marriages were recorded in the Bible.

#### DETTERTMAN DEATHS: LEIPSIC, OHIO

These deaths were found on separate funeral cards which were printed in Leipsic, Ohio. No indication is given of where the deaths took place.

Mrs. Sophia Detterman; born October 12, 1837; died July 30, 1916; age 78-10-18  
Arabella J. Detterman; died June 12, 1924; age 66.

#### DIEDRICH(S) BIBLE: BUCKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

This record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in April 2000.

Charly Diedrichs

I was married to the wife of my brother on the 3rd of July 1849

Charly Diedrichs

I was born the 21 of August 1818 in \_\_\_ Schoppenstadt in Hartgogtum Braunschweig

My wife Mary Ann was born on the 5th of September 1809. Her maiden name was Mary Ann Ott born in Haycock Township Bucks County

Charles

Was born 20 Of November 1850

Departed this life the 9th of January 1851, aged 1 month, 3 weeks & 2 Days

Henry

Was born the 18th the month of October 1836

Theodore

Was born the 26th the month of December 1838

Louisa

Was born the 15th the month of April 1840

Emma

Was born the 8th of February 1842 & departed this life the 16th of November 1842 Aged 9 months and 8 days

Franklin

Was born the 25th ? January 1845

Charles

Was born the 28 of September 1846 and departed this life the 9th of October 1849 aged 3 years & 11 days

My brother Henry Diedrichs

Was born the 22nd ? of April 1802 and departed this life the 28th of February 1847 aged 45 years 5? months & \_\_\_

The following was written in another handwriting:

Charles Diedrich departed this life November 5, 1882 at the age of 64 years.

Henry Diedrich departed this life December 3, 1887 at the age of 50? 51?

Theodore Diedrich departed this life March 1\_, 1888 at the age of 50





Diedrichs Mary Ann, was born September 5th 1809. Departed this life the 23rd? November 1889 between 7 and 10 AM

Franklin Detrichs departed this life April 22nd, 1910 at the age of 65 between \_\_\_\_.

#### **DOUGLAS BIBLE: NO LOCATION GIVEN**

This record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in April 2000. It was copyrighted 1882 and the name *Walter Douglas* was stamped in several places in the book.

Duncan Douglas Sr. and Nellie Douglas (Drone?)

Parents of

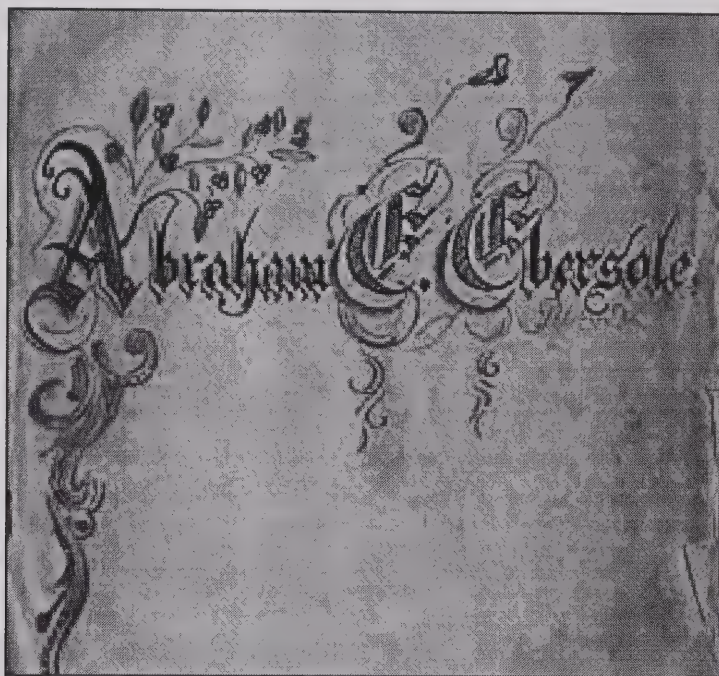
James Walter Douglas

Anna Bell Douglas

Duncan Douglas Jr.

Alfred R. Douglas

Janey Douglas



This Ebersole nameplate was found in a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

#### **ELMORE BIBLE: VIRGINIA**

This record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in February 2000. The Bible was copyrighted in 1852. There were only two inscriptions in the Bible, but there were also several notes inside it.

James Elmore was born September 25, 1825.

Mary Elmore was born January 17, 1814.

March 25 1864 at Richmond— Lewis return from prison the 15<sup>th</sup> of March the yankeys kept him 18 month and one day he got home the 26

Thomas L. Murphey and Wallace H. Tansell started to Mosbey Command Saturday the 18<sup>th</sup> of March 1865

Jack Hammitt went to the yankeys about the 1<sup>st</sup> of March— Albert Abel about the last of February

Mr. Arlen Abel departed this life the 25<sup>th</sup> August 1868— Rachel Abel departed this life the 13<sup>th</sup> of September 1868

Thomas L. Murphy was taken sick Friday morning the 11 of September and died the 23<sup>rd</sup> of September he was born July the 16<sup>th</sup> 1830 he was 30 years 2 months 7 days old

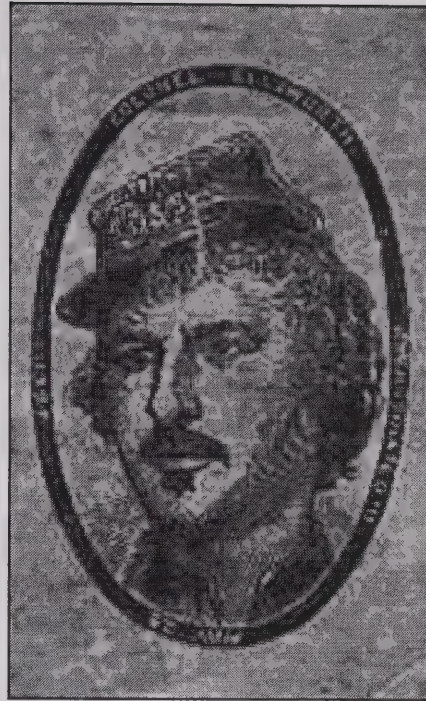
September 15<sup>th</sup> 1870 Willie H. West died



**ELLSWORTH FUNERAL CARD: HALF MOON, NEW YORK (pictured at right)**

This card was sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000. It was found inside an old Bible. Ellsworth's name and the fact that he was assassinated is written in the black ring around his picture: *Colonel Ellsworth was assassinated on 24 May 1861.*

According to an amazing number of web sites and queries, Colonel Ephraim Elmer Ellsworth was the son of Ephraim Daniel Ellsworth and Phoebe Denton and the grandson of George Ellsworth and Sarah Reynolds. He was the first officer killed in the Civil War and was a personal friend of Lincoln. He was killed by a hotel keeper who had been flying a Confederate flag which was removed by Ellsworth. The colonel was only 24 and unmarried when he died. His brother Charley also died young, in 1860, of smallpox in Chicago, unmarried and without issue. Colonel Ellsworth's parents died in 1889. The family is buried together in Hudson View Cemetery in Half Moon.



**ENGEL, WOLFE BIBLE: NO LOCATION GIVEN**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000. The lister stated that this German Bible was published in New York in 1849.

Jacob Engel was born in 1825.

Catherine Wolfe was born in 1833.

Jacob Engel and Catherine Wolfe married in 1854.

James Paswell Engel was born in 1855.

William Asmer Engel was born in 1857.

Aenis Catura Engel was born in 1858.

Abraham Tinken Engel was born in 1861.

Isabella Engel was born in 1863.

Cora Weleta Engel was born in 1870.

Henry Grand Engel was born in 1873.

**ENSIGN, HATHEWAY BIBLE: WEST HARTLAND, POQUONOCK, CONNECTICUT**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in April 2000.

Robert E. Ensign was born in West Hartland, Connecticut, 25<sup>th</sup> February 1834.

Emma Anne Hatheway was born in Poquonock, Connecticut, 20<sup>th</sup> December 1835.

Robert E. Ensign and Emma Anne Hatheway were married in Poquonock 14<sup>th</sup> September 1859 by the Rev. Ogden Hall.

**Births**

Robert Morris Ensign was born 21<sup>st</sup> May 1861.

Harriett Booth Ensign was born 1 April 1863.

Mary Niles Ensign was born 12<sup>th</sup> April 1865.

Alice Goddard Ensign was born 6<sup>th</sup> June 1868.

Thomas Hatheway was born 24<sup>th</sup> June 1874.

All the children except Thomas were baptized on 6<sup>th</sup> June 1869 by Reverend Frederick Holcombe.

**Deaths**

Mary Niles Ensign died 23<sup>rd</sup> February 1873.

Alice Goddard Ensign died 2<sup>nd</sup> March 1873.

Harriet Booth Ensign died 5 October 1907.

Robert E. Ensign died 29<sup>th</sup> March 1909.

The IGI records are riddled with mistakes for this couple, so I will not even write them here other than to say the





middle name of Robert is given as *Eleazer*.

A query about this family was placed at the Ancestry.com site which stated that Emma's name was Alma and that her parents were George Hatheway, born 8 August 1797 in Suffield, Connecticut, and Almy Booth, born 18 October 1804 in Dartmouth, Massachusetts.

#### **FAHNER FUNERAL CARD: CREDITON**

This card was sold on the Ebay auction site in February of 2000.

Tobias Fahner died in Crediton on June 1, 1903, age 83 years, 7 months, and 15 days. He was buried in Crediton Cemetery on June 3, 1903.

#### **FIELD, LOVEJOY BIBLE: CAYUGA AND WAYNE COUNTIES, NEW YORK**

This record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in February 2000. The Bible was copyrighted 1864.

##### **Married**

Nathaniel J. Field to Ellen Lovejoy September 21<sup>st</sup> 1865

##### **Births**

Nathaniel J. Field was born in the town of Sterling, Cayuga Co NY September 15<sup>th</sup> 1843

Ellen Field was born in Rose Wayne County NY July 10<sup>th</sup> 1846

Charity Lillian Field was born in the town of Wolcott Wayne Co NY May 6<sup>th</sup> 1867

Nellie Theresa Field was born in the town of Wolcott Wayne Co NY July 13<sup>th</sup> 1869

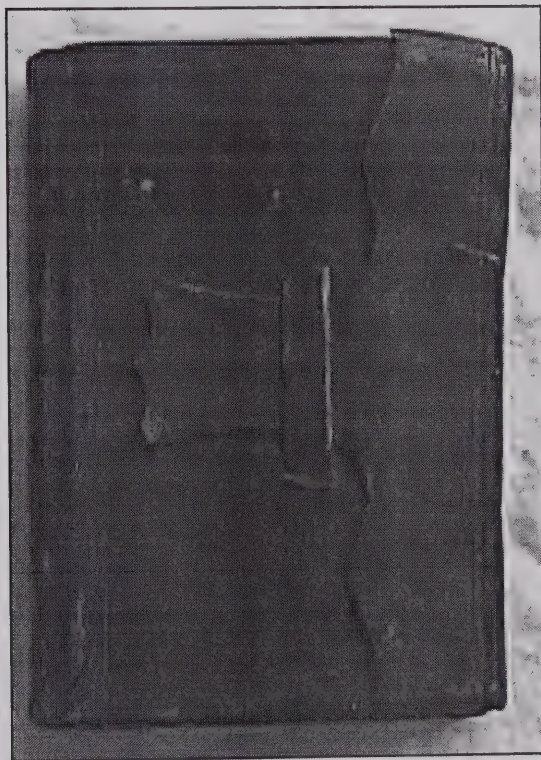
Hattie Field was born in North Wolcott December 19<sup>th</sup> 1878 Town of Wolcott— Wayne Co NY

Nelson J. Field was born February 10<sup>th</sup> 1882.

Simeon Field was born May 21<sup>st</sup> 1806

Harriet Field was born September 10<sup>th</sup> 1811

Nelson Lovejoy was born June 14<sup>th</sup> 1823



Charity Lovejoy was born March 31<sup>st</sup> 1818

##### **Deaths**

Lillian Field died in the town of Wolcott Wayne Co NY August 17<sup>th</sup> 1877

Hattie Field died in the town of Wolcott Wayne Co NY September 26<sup>th</sup> 1878

Nellie Field died March 14<sup>th</sup> 1879

Ellen Jane Field died January 23<sup>rd</sup> 1922

Nathaniel J. Field died January 26<sup>th</sup> 1924

Simeon Field died January 17<sup>th</sup> 1880

Harriet Field died November 14<sup>th</sup> 1882

Nelson Lovejoy

Charity Lovejoy died December 9<sup>th</sup> 1907

#### **FORTUNE, JACKSON BIBLE: VIRGINIA (pictured to the left and on next page)**

This partial record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The Bible was copyrighted in 1861 and belonged to William Jackson Fortune of Company E, 11<sup>th</sup> Virginia Regiment. The lister stated that the Bible contained many notes and dates in it.

Ernest. E. Fortune wife of William Fortune born Oct the 3<sup>rd</sup> 1839

William Fortune and Elizabeth Tyne married Nov the 18<sup>th</sup> 1857

Mary Elizabeth Shrice born August the 10<sup>th</sup> 1868





Willie J. Fortune  
Ausstina Jackson Fortune  
Willie Jackson Fortune  
son and daughter of William and Ernest. E. Fortune

William Jackson 2 born of William and Elizabeth Fortune born May the 14<sup>th</sup> 1861  
Ausstina Ardealia depart this life Oct the 21<sup>st</sup> 1860  
William Jackson departed this life July the 2<sup>nd</sup> 1861

William Fortune born September the 18<sup>th</sup> 1835

Willie J. Fortune  
Ausstina Ardealia Fortune  
Willie Jackson Fortune  
son and daughter of Wm and  
Ernest E. Fortune

William Jackson 2 born of  
William and Elizabeth Fortune  
born May the 14<sup>th</sup> 1861  
Ausstina Ardealia.  
depart this life Oct the 21<sup>st</sup>  
1860  
William Jackson departed the  
life July the 2 1861



**FRANCISCO, STUMPF BIBLE: SHELBY COUNTY, ILLINOIS; TUSCARAWAS COUNTY, OHIO  
(pictured below)**

This record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in March 2000. The inscription in the front of the Bible reads, "Presented to Mary and Otis Stumpf by Peter Francisco."

Peter Francisco born July 25 1841  
Nancy Elizabeth Francisco born March 11 1840  
William Albert Francisco born March 5, 1863  
Mary Ann Francisco born December 11 1866  
Elizabeth Francisco born July 15 1868  
Jacob Francisco born February 5 1870  
Gertie May Francisco born March 5 1882  
Charles Willis Francisco born August 20 1885  
Denis Francisco died August 6 1861  
Elizabeth Francisco died July 16, 1868 (one day old)

Otis E. Stumpf born September 3, 1863  
Mary A. Francisco born December 11 1886  
Otis Stumpf married Mary Francisco April 7, 1887

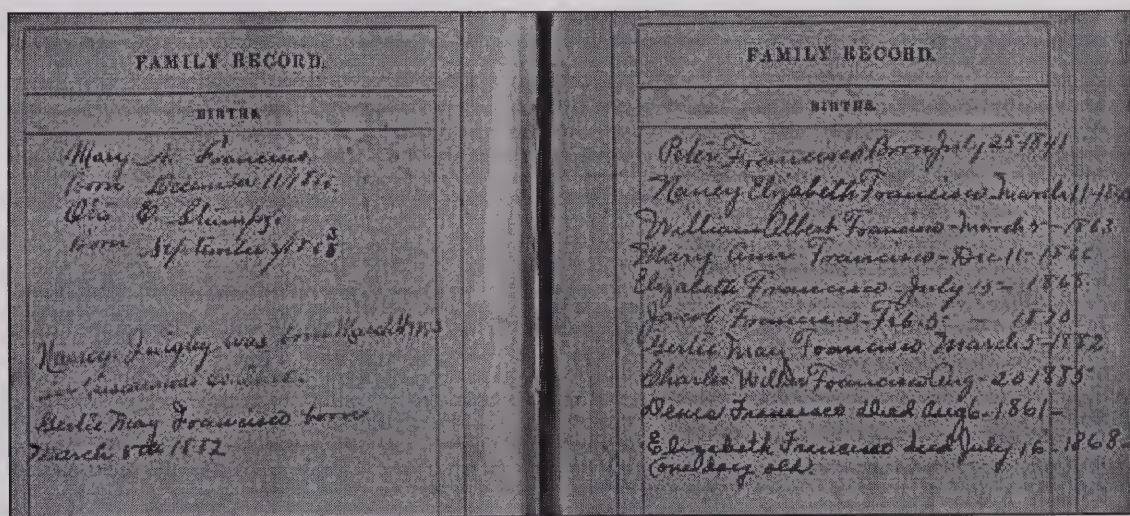
Nancy Quigley was born March 11 1883 in Tuscarawas County, Ohio  
Gertie May Francisco was born March 5, 1852

The IGI shows a marriage between Otis Stumpf and Mary Francisco taking place in Shelby County, Illinois. It also states that Peter Francisco was the son of Daniel Francisco and Charity Cates Virden and that he was born in Shelby County, Illinois. Several more generations of Peter's ancestors are given in the IGI as well as other information about him.

The IGI states that Nancy Quigley was the daughter of Eugene and Mary Quigly, that she married Peter Francisco February 4, 1866, in Shelby County, Illinois, and that she died November 9, 1897, in Moultrie County, Illinois, where she is buried in Wright Cemetery. Peter is also buried there.

The IGI states that Otis Stumpf was the son of Daniel and Elizabeth Russell Stumpf of Fairfield, Ohio. Two more generations of Otis' genealogy is given in the IGI.

Some dates and names differ in the IGI from what is in this Bible.







**FULLER, SHAW, MEAD, SHAVER, FITCH, YOUNG BIBLE: DELAWARE COUNTY, NEW YORK**

This record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in February 2000.

**Births**

James W. Fuller	Jan 26 1845
Augusta Fuller	July 2, 1851
Ferdinand Fuller	Jan 29, 1872
Jennie Fuller	Sept. 1, 1870
Blanche Fuller	Oct. 24, 1875
Juanita Fuller Shaw	Nov 15, 1897
Oakley Shaw	Mar. 31 1900
Helena Fuller Mead	Feb. 15 1901
Grace Fuller Shaver	May 4, 1903
Elizabeth Shaver Fitch	June 2, 1923
Virginia Shaver Young	Nov. 22, 1924
Jill Karen Young	Sept. 13, 1949
Deborah Ann Fitch	Apr. 22, 1953
Richard Mead	Dec. 9, 1928

**Deaths**

James Fuller	Jan 1 1925
Augusta Fuller	Aug. 26, 1939
Ferdinand Fuller	Oct 16, 1936
Blanche Fuller	Mar. 15, 1933
Lillie Shaw	Apr. 18, 1938
George Shaw	Aug. 25, 1948 (birth 4/16/1864)
Wm. Hardenbaugh	Mar. 14, 1940
Cornelia Shaw Garrison	Nov. 14, 1940
Jennie Fuller	Jan. 21, 1947

**Marriages**

Nathan Fuller and Annis Purdy	Oct 14, 1843 (7-23-1906, 8-24-1907 died)
James Fuller and Augusta Tiffany	June 19 1867
Ferdinand Fuller and Blanche Lindsley	Nov 27, 1895
Vernon Shaver and Grace Fuller	Nov 27, 1922
James Mead and Helena Fuller	Sept. 1, 1925
Oakley Shaw and Juanita Fuller	July 6, 1926
Olan Fitch and Elizabeth Shaver	Sept. 3, 1942
Richard Mead and Aneilia Blowers	Sept. 26, 1948
Edwin Young and Virginia Shaver	Oct. 3, 1948
Ferdinand Fuller and Effie Sickler	Aug. 16, 1935

This record may have been copied from another, as all the entries are in the same hand and appear to be in the same ink even. It looks as if it were all copied at the same time into a very elaborate Masonic Bible.

**GANDY BIBLE: WEST VIRGINIA**

This record comes from a handmade book which was sold on the Ebay auction site in February 2000. The Bible was found in Iowa.

**Family Record of**

Amos Gandy

who was the father of Samuel Gandy  
and grandfather of Lemuel J. Gandy

Susan was born July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1805

Amos was born April 28<sup>th</sup>, 1807

Sallie was born April 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1809





Samuel was born April 11<sup>th</sup>, 1811  
 Betsy was born March 28<sup>th</sup>, 1813  
 Owen was born May, 1815  
 Otho was born March 4<sup>th</sup>, 1818  
 Mary Ann was born October 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1820  
 Matilda was born March 11<sup>th</sup>, 1826  
 Nancy was born November 14<sup>th</sup>, 1828  
 George W. was born October 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1829  
 Clayton was born 1831

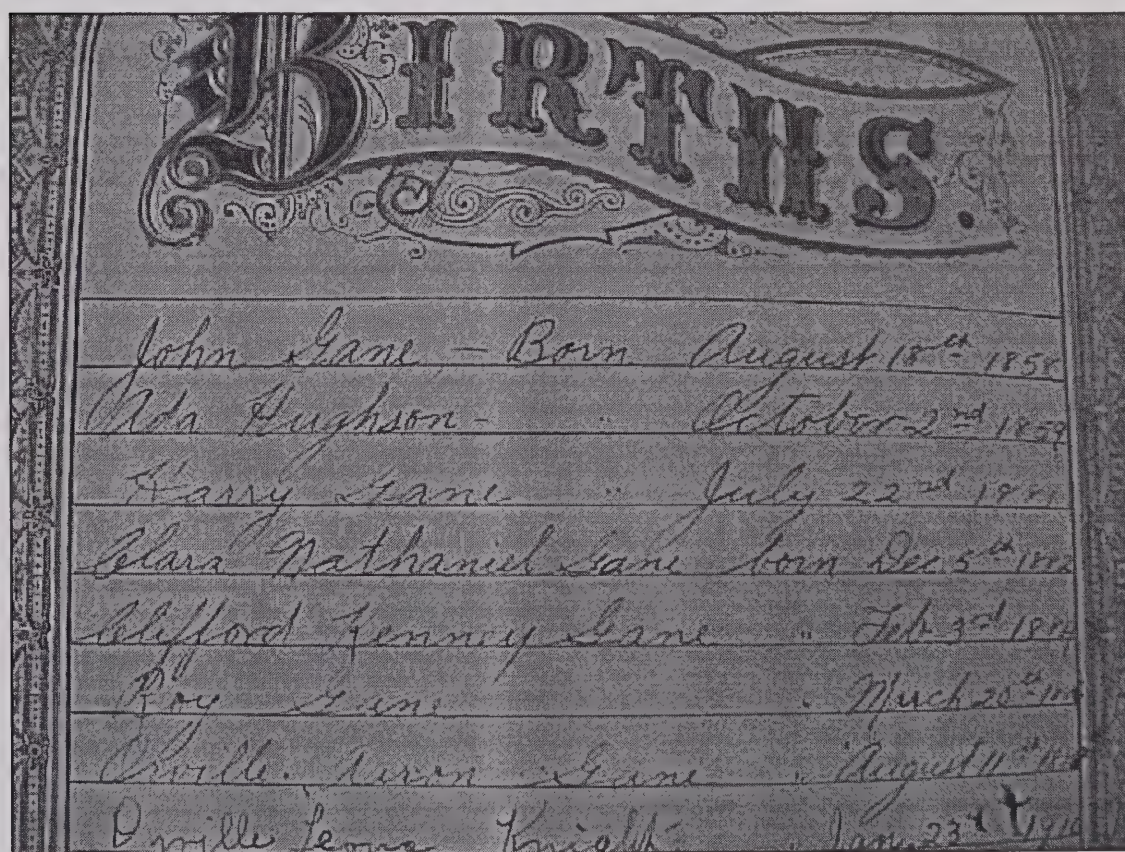
The IGI shows the children of Amos and Mary Menear Gandy as having been born in Preston County, West Virginia

# **GANE, KNIGHT BIBLE: NO LOCATION GIVEN**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000.

## **Births**

John Gane was born August 18th 1858.  
 Ada Hughson was born October 2nd 1859.  
 Harry Gane was born July 22nd 1881.  
 Clara Nathaniel Gane was born December 5th 1882.  
 Clifford Kenney Gane was born February 3rd 1884.  
 Roy Gane was born March 20th 1886.  
 Orville Aaron Gane was born August 11th 1888.  
 Orville Leona Knight was born January 23rd 1910.  
 Gordon Kenney Knight was born August 18th 1911?  
 William Charles and Orville Richard Knight were born at 11AM and 11:12 AM on August 13th 1942.





### Marriages

John Gane and Ada Hughson married on October 20th 1880.  
Clifford Kenney Gane and Madrid Leona Richardson married on June 2nd 1907.  
Clara Nathaniel Gane and William Knight married on March 31st 19\_\_  
Orville Gane and Vida Folster married in May of 1913.  
Gordon Kenney Knight and \_\_ were married \_\_\_\_

### Deaths

John Gane died December 14th 1927.  
Ada Gane died November 21st 1943.  
Harry Gane died October 10th 1882.  
Clara Gane Knight died July 23rd 1947.  
Clifford Kenney Gane died August 13th 1909.  
Roy Gane died March 21st 1886.  
Orville A Gane died June 30th 1967 (cremated).  
William Knight died November 9th 1931.  
William Charles Knight died 11:15 PM August 13th 1942.  
Orville Richard Knight died 5:15 PM August 14th 1942.  
Lelia Partin Knight died August 19th 1942.  
Gordon K. Knight was killed in action on Leyte Island in the Phillippines on November 30th 1944.

### **GARDNER, GALVIN BIBLE: CHARLESTOWN, DORCHESTER, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS; GALVESTON, TEXAS**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000. This leather-bound, quarto Bible was published in New York in 1807.

Inscription: *The Gift of Joseph W. Jenkins to Mary Gardner, Dec. 13<sup>th</sup> 1807*

Abner Gardner of Charlestown born November 28<sup>th</sup> 1787; died March 29<sup>th</sup> 1818

Mary Niles of Dorchester born July 18, 1790

Their children

Joseph Henry born August 19, 1808

Clementina Beach born December 26, 1810

Charles Augustus born January 27, 1813

George Theodore born February 1, 1815; died at 40 days

Mary Caroline born March 20, 1816

Mary Gardner married George J. Galvin (born December 13, 1795; Falmouth or Westbrook) on November 25, 1818.

Mary Galvin died August 9, 1819.

"George J. Galvin departed this life Oct. 26<sup>th</sup> 1839 on Galveston Island in Texas at 10 A.M. after a lingering illness of more than one year; the original of which was a Rheumatic affection, bothe of the limbs and nerves, which left him almost entirely helpless for the whole time, & for the restoration of his health he had left Calais(?) for Texas in July '39. Age 45."

### **GRAY, SHEPARD BIBLE: MONKTON, VERMONT**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in February 2000. It was almost unreadable; errors may be present in the transcription.

Stephen G. Gray was born November 16<sup>th</sup> 1838 and died May 11<sup>th</sup> 1879

Hannah Gray was born April 29<sup>th</sup> 1890 and died June 27, 1891 (?)

Clara E. Gray was born November 23<sup>rd</sup> 1865

Jobe (?) Gray was born September 5 1868 and died January 6 1890

Fred Gray was born June 19<sup>th</sup> 1872

Raff (?) and Rufus Gray was born February 18<sup>th</sup> 1874

Agnes Grey was born October 7<sup>th</sup> 1877

Pat (?) Gray died June 8<sup>th</sup> 1945 age 71 years February 18<sup>th</sup> 1874





James G. Shepard of \_\_\_\_\_ was married to Clara B. Gray of Pennsylvania \_\_\_\_ September 11<sup>th</sup> 1882  
 Edith H. Shepard was died October 4<sup>th</sup> 1884  
 Emma M. Shepard died September 18<sup>th</sup> 1886  
 James Shepard died March 8<sup>th</sup> 1902  
 Clara E. Shepard wife of J.A. Shepard died November 6<sup>th</sup> 1936 age 68 years 11 months 17 days Born in Minnesota November 13, 1865  
 James Shepard died October 10<sup>th</sup> 1917  
 Lewis \_\_\_\_ born July 16<sup>th</sup> 1799 died November 8<sup>th</sup> 1858  
 Mary Truman (?) born February 18<sup>th</sup> 1819 died March 20<sup>th</sup> 1911  
 James A. Shepard was born June 7<sup>th</sup> 1889  
 James Allen Shepard died February 11<sup>th</sup> 1947  
 Clara E. Grey was born November \_\_\_\_ 1891(?)  
 Edith A. Shepard was born April 21<sup>st</sup> 1881  
 Eddie Shepard was born June 21<sup>st</sup> 1918  
 Eddie Shepard married Florence Rogers March 12<sup>th</sup> 1913  
 James Shepard was born 1920  
 Fred Shepard was married to Kat (?) Torey (?) March 13<sup>th</sup> 1918  
 Clara May Shepard was born April 23<sup>rd</sup> 1919 (?)  
 Lewis R. (?) Shepard was married to Carolina \_\_\_\_ December 24<sup>th</sup> 1920  
 Lewis R. Shepard was married to \_\_\_\_?  
 Lewis R. Shepard was born February 11<sup>th</sup> 1931  
 Alice Emma Shepard was born \_\_\_\_ 1936

The remaining few entries are unreadable.

#### **GYDE, BUDDING, TWINNING BIBLE: PAINSWICK, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, ENGLAND; U.S.**

This record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000. It was found in an old trunk in a home in Connecticut 30 years ago. It is unknown if some member of the family moved to the United States or not, as it is unknown how the Bible came to be here.

William G. and Sarah Gyde were married 6 July 1774.  
 Daniel Gyde was born and baptized 18 June 1775.  
 Mary Gyde was born and baptized 10 November 1776.  
 William was born and baptized 6 September 1778.  
 John Gyde was born 5 June 1780 and baptized 18 June 1780.  
 Thomas Gyde was born and baptized 17 March 1782.  
 Samuel Gyde was born 8 May 1784 and baptized 30 May 1784.  
 Sarah Gyde was born 24 June 1788.

William, son of Daniel and Ester Gyde was born 27 June 1795.

The IGI shows that William Gyde married Sarah Budding 6 July 1774 in Painswick, Gloucester, England; all of their children were also born and baptized there. It also shows that Daniel Gyde married Hester Twinning in Painswick on 30 November 1794 in Painswick, just 7 months before their son William arrived. The IGI says that William was christened 16 August 1795. Further, the IGI says that Daniel and Hester went on to have more children after William: Mary Ann, christened 22 September 1799; Thomas, born ca. 1802; Mary, christened 9 August 1807; and John, born 24 December 1809.

#### **HAINES BIBLE: HAMBURG, BERNVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA; MONTGOMERY COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA (pictured on the next page)**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000. The copyright date of the Bible was 1890. Pictures were included in the Bible.

Parents of Lewis Haines

Henry Haines son of Jacob and Mary Haines nee Lindemuth was born in Hamburg Pa. April 24.1827





My wife

Charlotte Haines daughter of Jacob and Catherina Warner nee Sebold was born in Pottsgrove Township Montgomery Co. Pa. January 11.1827

My beloved father Henry Haines died: August 30 A.D. 1892  
aged: 65 years 4 months 6 days

My beloved mother Charlotte Haines died: November 3d A.D. 1899  
aged: 71 years 9 months 22 days

Interment of above parents Bernville Cemetery

A drawing of a twig with leaves was hand drawn under the last statement.

Also on a scrap of paper was written:

Charles died Aug 14— 1955

Martha last Tues in Sept 1955

Lewis died May 26— 1956

Also on a cut-out of a hand was written: (pictured on the next page)

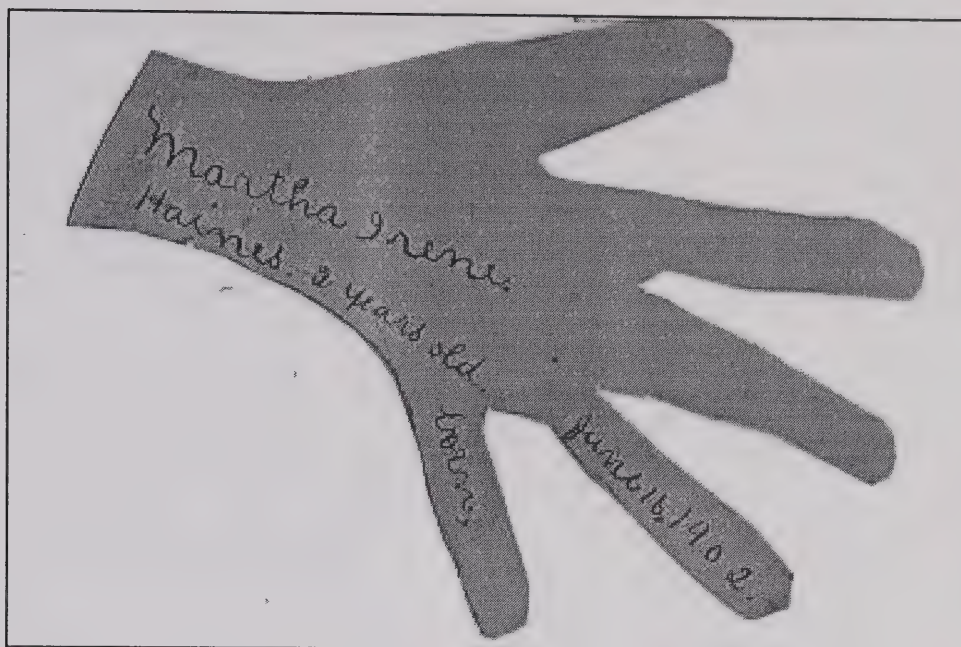
Martha Irene Haines 2 years old June 16 1902

Two of the photographs which were found in the Haines Bible:









**HAMES FUNERAL CARD: GREENFIELD, INDIANA, PRINTING**

This card was sold on the Ebay auction site in February of 2000. The card was printed in Greenfield, Indiana

Mary Hames, died age 48, May 25, 1891.

**HANSCHAL FUNERAL CARD: LEIPSIC, OHIO, PRINTING**

This card was sold on the Ebay auction site in February of 2000. It was printed in Leipsic, Ohio.

Fred Hanschal died age 70 on October 10, 1904.

**HARRINGTON BIBLE: BUTTE, MONTANA**

This partial record comes from a posting of a Bible for sale on the Ebay auction site February 2000.

Jeremiah Harrington died December 31, 1949; age 82 years, 1 month, 24 days

**HASKELL, BYRNES, GUY, CLARK, STURDIVANT BIBLE RECORD: HAMPSHIRE AND BERKSHIRE COUNTIES, MASSACHUSETTS**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The inscription inside the Bible read, "Grandma Lydia Haskell, Hinsdale, Massachusetts January 6, 1876." A news clipping was in the Bible which dealt with the death of Mrs. William Clark who died at age 99. The copyright date for the Bible was 1873. The lister indicated that there was Clark data in the Bible as well as Haskell data.

John Bryan Haskell born October 21, 1849

Harriet Marie Williams born March 22, 1857

Clayton Williams Haskell born March 15, 1877

Hattie Belle Haskell born August 16, 1878

Richard Bryan Haskell, son of Clayton, born June 29, 1912

John Bryan Haskell married Hattie Harriet Marie Williams January 6, 1876

Clayton Williams Haskell married Ella Violette Guy September 6, 1905

Hattie Bell Haskell married George Atherton Sturtivant May 28, 1914

The IGI says that John and Hattie Marie married in Richmond, Berkshire County, Massachusetts. It also states that Hattie was the daughter of John Williams and Amanda Marie Clark and that she was born in Middlefield, Hampshire County, Massachusetts.





**HASTINGS BIBLE: WATERTOWN, BOSTON, AND MEDWAY, MASS. AND WOLF, CALIFORNIA**  
(pictured below)

This record comes from a posting about a Bible for sale on the Ebay auction site February 2000.

**Births**

Samuel Hastings, born February 22, 1750, at Watertown  
Benjamin Hastings, born June 8, 1783  
Samuel Jarves Hastings, born October 10, 1813  
Samuel Jarves Hastings, Jr., born July 20, 1840 at 11:15 p.m.  
Catherine Hastings, born June 15, 1845 at 7:30 a.m.  
an infant, born November 16, 1848

**Marriages**

Samuel Hastings married Nancy Lush  
Benjamin Hastings married Sally Jarves, August 4, 1811  
Samuel Hastings married Lydia Towne, June 11, 1839  
Joseph H. Towne married Eliza Wiley, May 1, 1833  
Deming J. Hastings married Lucia Daniels, November 22, 1839  
Sally Ann Hastings married John Dwight  
Elizabeth S. Towne married Benjamin Field, August 11, 1840  
Mary Ann Towne married George Baker, October 7, 1860  
Ezra F. Wood married Lucy J. Towne, September 18, 1862

**Deaths**

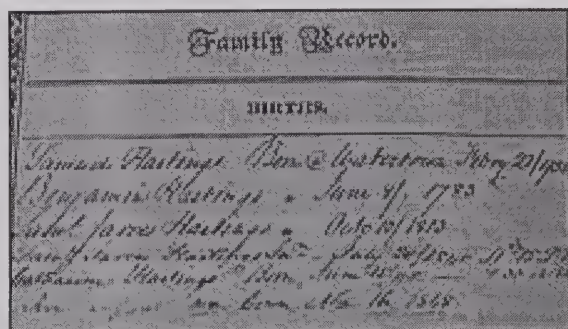
Samuel Hastings, died December 24, 1834  
John Jarves, died August 29, 1823, age 77  
Benjamin Hastings, died July 1836  
Solomon Towne, died June 27, 1835, on board Brig *Congress* on the coast of Sumatra  
Infant child of Samuel J. Hastings and Lydia T. Hastings, died Nov. 12, 1848, aged a day and 1/3  
Samuel Jarves Hastings, died June 26, 1849, on board ship *Serampore* of Boston, when two days from Realejo, for New York. Received the news of his death Decr 27. Aged 25 years.  
Samuel Jarves Hastings son of Samuel J. Hastings died Dec 21 1858. Aged 18 years 8 months  
Catherine Hastings daughter of Samuel J. Hastings and Lydia Hastings died Dec 19, 1861, aged 16 years 6 months  
Lydia T. Hastings wife of Samuel Jarves Hastings died Aug 7, 1876  
George Baker husband of M.A. Towne Baker died Aug. 1878  
Lydia G. Towne wife of Solomon Towne died Sept. 16 1863  
Esra Forrestell Wood husband of Lucy J. Towne died March 20<sup>th</sup> 1877  
Lydia Towne wife of Samuel J. Hastings died Aug. 7, 1876  
Benjamin F. Field husband of Elizabeth S. Field died Feb. 27<sup>th</sup> 1893  
Joshua Towne, died May 24, 1892, in Wolf, California  
Samuel Jarves Hastings, died December 21, 1858  
William H. Towne, died October 4, 1896  
Mary Ann Towne Baker, died July 12, 1894  
Eliza W. Towne, died September 18, 1896  
Elizabeth Field, wife of Benjamin, died March 28, 1875

Note: The IGI shows the following information:

Samuel Hastings married Nancy Lush, August 2, 1778, Boston, Suffolk County, Massachusetts.  
Benjamin Harves married Sally Jarves, August 4, 1811, Boston, Suffolk County, Massachusetts  
Deming Hastings married Sally Arnold Daniels, November 22, 1839, Norfolk County, Massachusetts  
Sally Ann Hastings married John Dwight, April 14, 1837, Medway, Norfolk County, Massachusetts

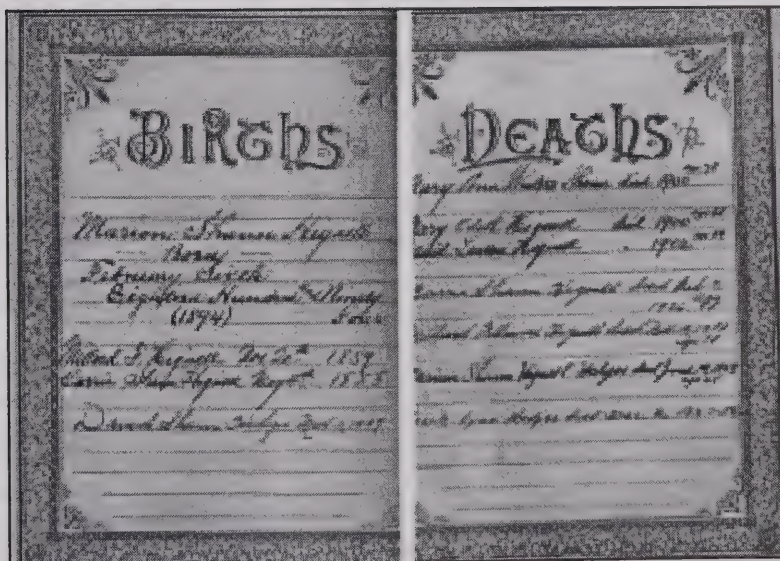
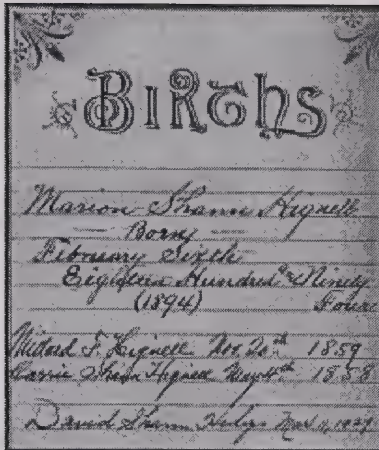
**HEMINGER, ROBERTS, BAKER BIBLE:  
APPLETON, BIRNAMWOOD, CICERO,  
SARCOXIE, WISCONSIN**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay









auction site.

Inscription: Miss Betty Bradigan born 22 June 1885 Cicero Wisconsin  
More pages:

Bob Heminger and Mildred Ploger were united by me in Holy Matrimony on Jan 9<sup>th</sup> 1944 at Sarcoxie, Wisconsin, in accordance with the Laws of the State of and then signed by Reverend Proffit, Methodist minister and witnessed by Cody Heminger and Lila Lee Heminger.

Garland Hunter Roberts Baker born June 8, 1912 at Appleton, Wisconsin

Newton Dale Baker born September 29, 1918 at Birnamwood, Wisconsin

Michael Heminger born June 20, 1945

Roy Heminger born October 6, 1947

Terrance Lee Heminger born June 16, 1951

Maureen Patricia Heminger born June 21, 1953

Casey Ann Heminger born March 7, 1957 (or 1967)

#### HIGNELL, SHANN BIBLE RECORD: NO LOCATION GIVEN (pictured to the left)

This partial record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in March 2000. It was published in Philadelphia in 1890. All entries appear to have been made by the same person.

#### Births

Marion Shann Hignell born February 6<sup>th</sup> 1894

Millard Hignell born November 20<sup>th</sup> 1859

Carrie Shann Hignell born May 4<sup>th</sup> 1858

David Shann Hedges born March 11<sup>th</sup> 1929

#### Deaths

Mary Ann Winters Shann died 1900 age 78

Mary Odell Hignell died 1900 age 68

Daniel Lawson Hignell died 1902 age 69

Carrie Shann Hignell died February 9, 1936 age 78

Millard Fillmore Hignell died November 10, 1938 age 78

Marion Shann Hignell Hedges died June 14, 1959 age 65

Frank Lynn Hedges died December 6, 1967 age 78

The lister noted that there was an envelope in the Bible which contained the title page of an 1854 Bible. On the back of the page were 4 Higgins births 1858-1867 written on it. There was also a scrap of paper with 3 Darragh births 1827-1839 written on it.





### HILL BIBLE: NO LOCATION GIVEN

This partial record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in April 2000.

Sidney M. Hill was born April 18, 1854.

Louisa Swinley Hill was born September 27, 1855.

Robert M. Hill was born December 29, 1879.

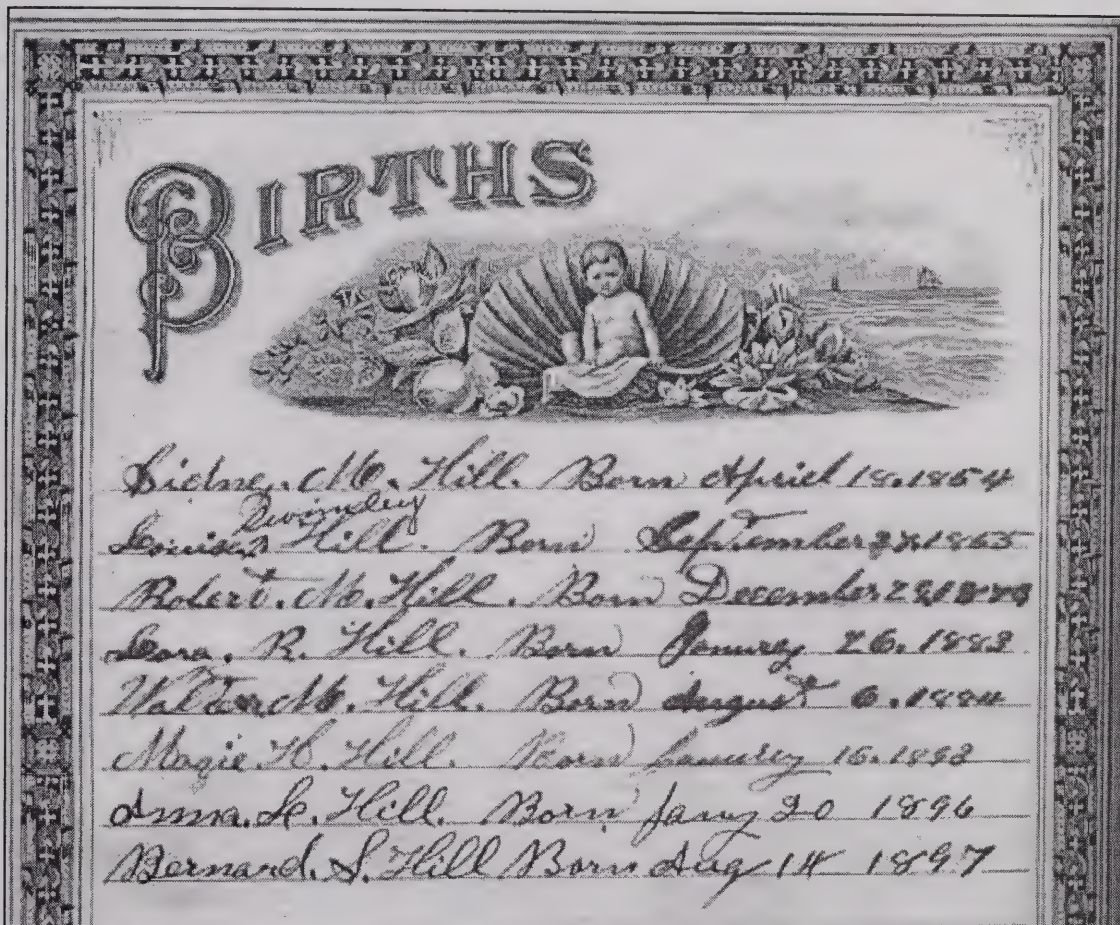
Lara R. Hill was born January 26, 1883.

Walter M. Hill was born August 6, 1884.

Magie H. Hill was born January 16, 1893.

Irma Hill was born January 20, 1896.

Bernard S. Hill was born August 14, 1897.



### HODSDON, WARREN, SMITH, BRADBURY BIBLE RECORD: YORK COUNTY, MAINE?

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000.

#### Births

Timothy Hodsdon was born February 29, 1780.

Mary Donnell was born November 27, 1780.

Eunice H. Hodsdon was born January 31, 1807.

Martha Hodsdon was born May 22, 1809.

Mary Hodsdon was born December 15, 1811

Hannah Hodsdon was born July 20, 1815.

Humphrey Smith was born July 10, 1818.

Amanda Ellen Smith was born April 8, 1845.

Thomas Warren was born June 20, 1810.

Abbie H. Warren was born October 5, 1809.





Lizzie H. Warren was born September 9, 1839.  
Martha A. Warren was born September 11, 1846.  
Albert E. Ross was born June 19, 1839.  
Onsville W. Ross was born February 14, 1869.  
Charlie Bradbury was born March 22, 1844.

#### Marriages

Timothy Hodsdon married Mary Donnell December 29, 1805.  
Mary Hodsdon married Humphrey Smith May 30, 1841.  
Thomas Warren married Abbie Warren December 10, 1838.  
Albert E. Ross married Lizzie A. Warren February 25, 1865.  
Charlie Bradbury married Martha A. Warren November 26, 1868.

#### Deaths

Timothy Hodsdon died November 17, 1821 aged 41  
Mary Smith died April 5, 1835 aged 54  
Martha Bradbury died May 9, 1840 aged 30  
Hannah E. Hodsdon died June 14, 1834 aged 18  
Mrs. Martha Loch (Loeb?) died August 2, 1889 aged 92  
Onsville W. Ross died May 22, 1934 aged 66  
Humphrey Smith died September 1, 1847 aged 29  
Amanda Ellen Smith died May 22, 1847 aged 2 years 2 months 14 days  
Henry Smith died January (no year or day) aged 8 days  
Mary Smith died February 28 (no year) aged 60  
Capt. Thomas Warren died January 26, 1871 aged 60  
Lizzie A. Ross died September 20, 1883  
Mrs. Thomas Warren died April 4, 1884  
Charles Bradbury died June 13, 1903  
Albert E. Ross died August 20, 1910 aged 71 years, 2 months, 1 day

#### **HOLZER BIBLE: PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA**

This record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site February 2000.

Edgar Hartley Holzer of Philadelphia married Cora Frankinfield of Headquarters, Pennsylvania, on 28 March 1894, at the home of the bride.

#### **HOOVER FUNERAL CARD: PRINTED PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA**

This funeral card was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. No place of death was given, but the card was printed in Philadelphia.

J. Willis Hoover died January 15, 1892, age 39.

#### **HUFF BIBLE: GERMANY; PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA**

This partial record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March 2000.

father Christopher Huff was born in Wurtemberg, Germany on June 11, 1828.  
mother Christena Huff as born in Schonbuch?, Germany on May 26, 1835.  
Christopher and Christena Huff married May 22, 1858  
Gottlieb Huff was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, August 22, 1859?  
William Huff was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, July 18, 1861  
Anna Huff was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in December of 1863  
Frederick Huff died February 26, 1912.

The lister stated that the names of the 11 children of Christopher and Christena were written in the Bible.

#### **JACOBS BIBLE: MT. VERNON, CHATHAM, OHIO**

This partial record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in February 2000. The copyright date is 1874.

Thomas S. Jacobs of Mt. Vernon Ohio was born 1812





Mary A. Sarkin of Chatham Ohio was born 1825  
Thomas S. Jacobs married Mary A. Sarkin December 10, 1854  
Winfield Scott Jacobs born 1855  
Ida May Jacobs born 1858  
Anna M. Jacobs born 1860  
Thomas Jacobs died 1865

**JETT BIBLE: KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE**

I found this Bible record in an antique mall in Northville, Michigan. The Bible was published in 1926.

William G. Jett, born June 3, 1866, Knox County (Tennessee)  
died May 19, 1954, Knoxville, Tennessee  
buried Greenwood

Sarah J. Jett, was born February 5, 1868, Knox County, Tennessee)  
died June 30, 1955  
buried: Greenwood

They were married in Pedigo, Tennessee, January 12, 1882



The nameplate from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in February of 2000.

**JOHNSON, LOOMIS BIBLE RECORD: HARFORD, CORTLAND COUNTY, NEW YORK**

This partial record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000. The owner of the Bible was Miss Effie Johnson of Harford, Cortland County, New York.

**Births**

Daniel Loomis 1821  
Laura Loomis 1825  
Their children Lucina, Benjamin, Clerrissa, Ella, Willie  
Philo Johnson 1818  
Mary Ruth Johnson 1820  
Their children Lucitna, Theron, Willis, Effie, Oscar, Frankie, Carrie, Mason  
"Some later births as well."

**Marriages**

Daniel W. Loomis to Miss Laura M. Hodges 1843  
Philo Johnson to Miss Ruth Lincoln  
Philo Johnson to Miss Carolina Semour 1863



Benjamin Loomis to Miss Effie Johnson 1870  
Merton W. Loomis to Miss Cora B. Gutchis 1893  
Carlton Loomis to Miss Eva? A. Tucker 1902

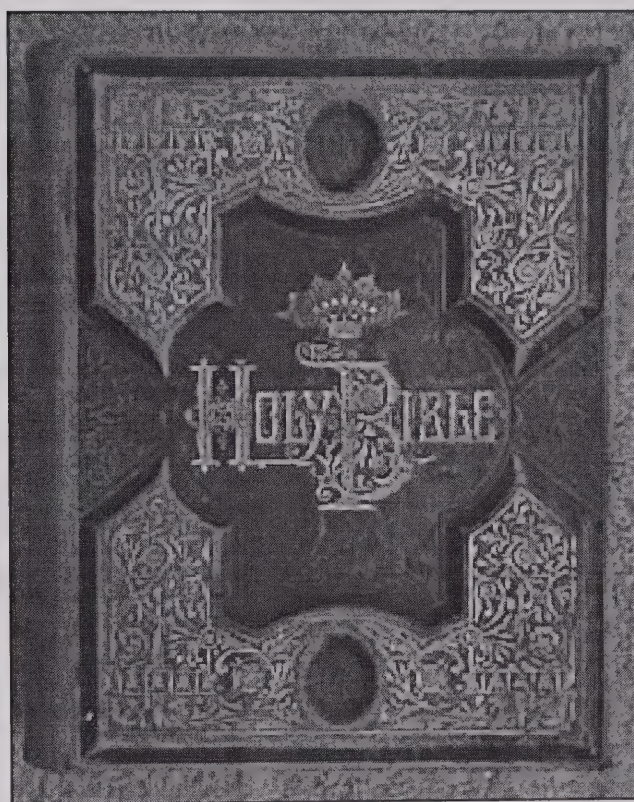
Deaths (no dates given)

Ruth Johnson  
Lucinda Loomis  
Clerrissa Beardslee  
Ella Hibbard  
Caroline Johnson  
Philo Johnson  
Licetna Rimmer  
Effie Loomis

#### **KAHLER, KEESLER BIBLE RECORD: ARABIA, ELMIRA, NEW YORK**

These records come from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The Bible was copyrighted 1877.

George Kahler came to the United States from Germany in 1866.  
George Kahler married Senia Keesler in Arabia, New York, 1867.  
Their children were Effie, Rena, Oscar, Anna, and John.  
Effie died at age 10.



There were other items in the Bible. His naturalization papers, a receipt for land Kahler rented in Elmira, New York, in 1893 for \$250., and a NYC association of towns badge for 1949.

#### **KIBLER, HUMBERT BIBLE RECORD: TONAWANDA, ELLICOT CREEK, BARESWAMP, NEW YORK (pictured to the left)**

This record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The inscription inside the Bible says, *Gotlieb Kibler received this Bible on September 17<sup>th</sup> 1892.*

Gotlieb Kibler was born March 12<sup>th</sup> 1849, in Ellicot Creek, New York.

Addie Humbert was born August 28<sup>th</sup> 1848, in Bareswamp, New York.

Gotlieb Kibler married Addie Humbert in Tonawanda, New York, December 14<sup>th</sup> 1875. Simon Bellinger was the witness to the marriage.

Gotlieb Kibler died April 4<sup>th</sup> 1893.

Addie Kibler died August 9<sup>th</sup> 1923.

Cora F. Kibler was born April 20<sup>th</sup> 1876 in Bush's Bridge, New York.

Nellie M. Kibler was born April 14<sup>th</sup> 1883 in Bush's Bridge, New York.

Cora F. Kibler died August 14<sup>th</sup> 1923.

Nellie M. Kibler died March 21<sup>st</sup> 1933.

#### **KIMPTON BIBLE RECORD: QUEBEC, CANADA**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The lister said he bought the Bible from a dealer who said an 82-year-old lady sold it to him in Granby, Quebec.





William A. Kimpton married Algie E. Mclean at Milton, Quebec October 3, 1873

William Kimpton married Matilda A. McLean(?) August 27, 1886?

Charles Peter McDonald married Joy Beatrix Kimpton June \_\_, 1909

William Keith Meredall ? married  
\_\_\_\_ Elizabeth McDonald March 1,  
19\_\_

Charles McDonald married \_\_\_\_  
Davis October 28, 1941

**KINSEL, TELFER, REDFERN  
BIBLE: NO LOCATION GIVEN  
(pictured to the right)**

This partial record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The Bible was a pocket-sized one.

Lelah Ruth Kinsel born October 16,  
1889

Orvin Lee Kinsel born November  
21, 1891; died December 2, 1891

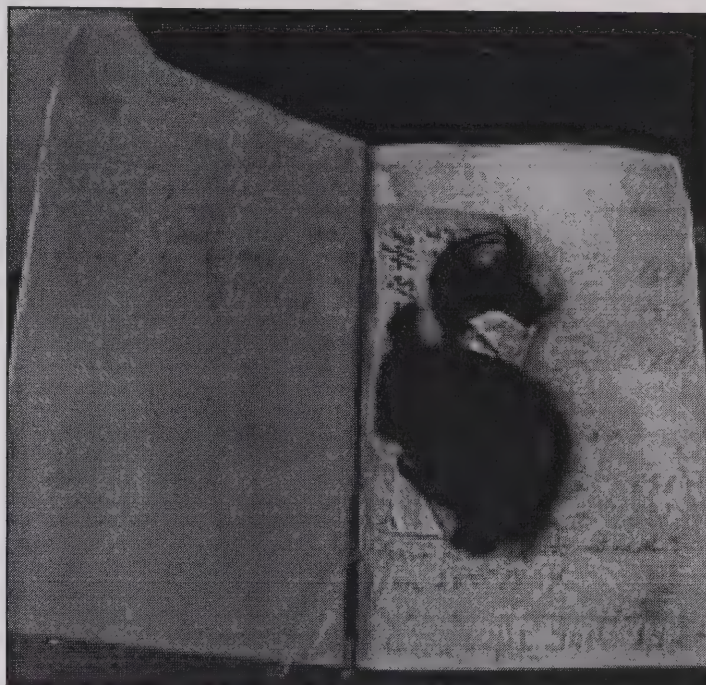
Hermon Kinsel died March 1926

Helena Telfer died January 21, 1931

Ruth Redfern died July 6, 1946

Levi H. Kinsel died January 20,  
1904

Janie Kinsel died September 24,  
1924



The lister stated that a lock of hair bound in pink ribbon and obituaries for George M. Redfern and Alice Telfer (of Raton) were inside the Bible.

**KLEPPER FUNERAL CARD: EARLING, IOWA**

This funeral card was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

Joseph Klepper was born July 14, 1891, in Earling, Iowa. He died December 21, 1918, in Earling, Iowa.

**KNEISLEY BIBLE: HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND, AND PENNSYLVANIA (pictured on the next page)**

This Bible record comes from a Civil War soldier's Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

The inscription says:

J.H. Neisley  
Co. K 135 P.V.  
Joseph H. Kneisley's  
Bible  
Enlisted March the 7<sup>th</sup> 1865  
for the 79<sup>th</sup> Regiment P.V. for one year

Vernie Meg Kneisley born Feb. 13<sup>th</sup> 1879; died May 18<sup>th</sup> 1954

Minnie Mildred Kneisley born Nov. 14<sup>th</sup> 1880

Daisy Irene Kneisley born Nov. 13<sup>th</sup> 1882; died Jan. 19— 1941

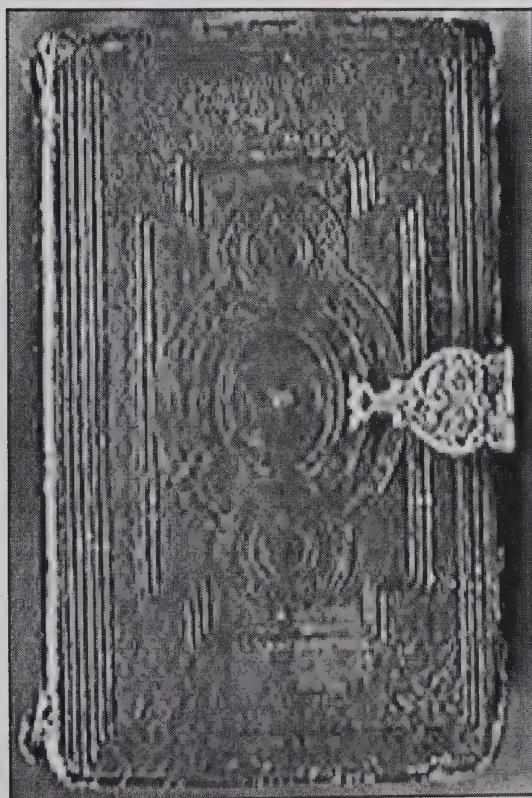
The IGI lists 6 children— Frank, Virginia B., John L., Mary L., Susan K., and Vernie M.— born to Joseph H. Kneisley and his wife Adaline Cover, daughter of Jacob Cover and Margaret Stimmel. Jacob Cover's ancestry is also given.

The IGI also states that John Kneisley was born in 1845 in Pennsylvania, that his wife was born about 1840 in Maryland, and all of his children were born in Hagerstown, Maryland, between 1868 and 1879.





**J.H. NEISLY.**  
**Co. K. 135. P.V.**  
*Joseph H. Neisly*  
*Bill*  
*Enlisted March*  
*7th 1865 for the*  
*7th Regiment I'll*  
*for one year.*



*Ulrich Wenz Knisch*  
*Born Feb. 13th 1879*  
*Minnie Mikela Knisch*  
*Born Nov. 14th 1880*  
*Daisy Irene Knisch*  
*Born Nov. 13th 1882*  
*died Jan. 19th 1941*



**KNIFFEN BIBLE RECORD: NO LOCATION GIVEN**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The copyright date was 1802.

Caroline Kniffen was born May 8, 1836, and married in 1858.

L.H. Kniffen married March 18, 1858.

L.H. Kniffen was injured by a fall on January 10, 1912, and died on February 8, 1912.

George B. Kniffen was born July 13, 1861, and died July 9, 1896.

**KOONS FUNERAL INVITATION: EAGLEVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA**

This card was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

Reinerd G. Koons, son of R.K. and the late Laura Koons, Eagleville, Pennsylvania. The funeral was to be held on August 1, 1911, at the Providence Presbyterian Church.

**LAVF BIBLE: NO LOCATION**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000

Inscription: To Ella Lavf A present from the Sunday School October 16, 1873

Other pages: Sophie Lavf died August 18, 1879

Sophie Lavf died July 11, 1890 (sic)

Sven Lavf died 1979

Infant born February 17, 1901; died February 17, 1901

Alice Evelyn Williams born March 15, 1902

Lesley Elsworth born September 18, 1874

Grace Evelyn born December 24, 1879

**LANE, SLACK, WILLIAMS BIBLE: FANNIN, HUNT, LAMAR COUNTIES, TEXAS (The tombstones of Isaac Slack and his wife are pictured to the right. Pictures of Emma Slack Lane was elsewhere in this book.)**

This record comes from the Bible of my great, great grandmother Emma Slack Lane.

Daniel Slack died 10 February 1847, Fannin County, Texas. Buried on Bois D'Arc River

Daniel Slack married Harriet E. Bush, daughter of Isaac and Hetty Bush, on 17 October 1827, Woodville, Wilkinson County, Mississippi.

Harriet E. Bush was born 25 December 1809 and died 4 November 1847 in Lamar County, Texas.

Isaac Bush died 17 July 1827 in Wilkinson County, Mississippi.

Hetty Bush died 17 September 1827 in Wilkinson County, Mississippi.

Isaac Slack, son of Daniel and Harriet, was born 11 November 1830 in Wilkinson County, Mississippi

Isaac Slack died in January 1871.

Jane Slack, daughter of Daniel and Harriet, married Richard Beal.

Jane, daughter of Daniel and Harriet, died 10 February 1846.

Isaac Slack married Elizabeth Mary Ida Williams on 28 June 1849 in Texas.

Elizabeth Mary Ida Williams was born 31 May 1829 in Pittsylvania County, Virginia.

Elizabeth Mary Ida Williams Slack McCombs died 30 August 1899.

The children of Isaac Slack were

Richard, born 10 February 1851, died young.

Pleasant Epps, born 8 January 1852, died young.

Emma, born 8 January 1854, married Rufus Kidwell Lane 20 November 1873, Hunt County, Texas

Ida, born 18 February 1856, married Romulus Frank Sanders 3 January 1872.

Lora, born 9 March 1858, married Clinton Terry 6 July 1876.

Mollie, born 8 September 1860, married Dr. J.F. Harris 20 April 1880.

Charles, born 20 January 1863, died within the year.

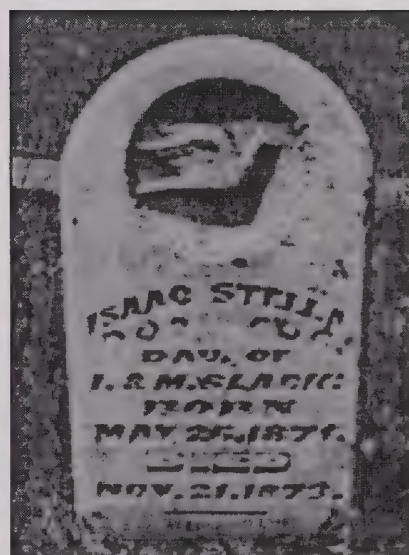
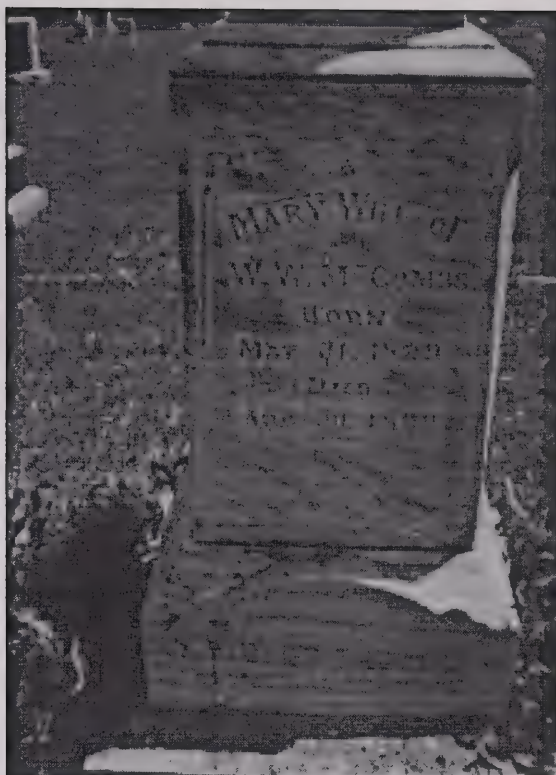
Alice, born 24 February 1865, died within the year.

Julia, born 16 November 1867, died 30 March 1899, married Alexander Douglass 9 March 1888.

Note: Another child is not mentioned in the Bible but is remembered in family discussion and is buried in the family plot: Isaac Stella, who was born and died shortly after her father's death. The widowed Elizabeth Mary Ida Slack married William W. McCombs, a friend of her husband's.











### **LEIGHTON, WRIGHT FAMILY REGISTER: ADDISON, WASHINGTON COUNTY, MAINE**

This framed family register was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

John Leighton was born in Columbia the 27<sup>th</sup> of January 1805.

Eunice Leighton was born in Addison the 14<sup>th</sup> of April 1810.

John and Eunice Leighton were married in Addison on the 10<sup>th</sup> of January 1828.

Joel Leighton was born in Addison the 1<sup>st</sup> December of 1828

Uriah Leighton was born in Addison the 10<sup>th</sup> of August 1830 and married the 19<sup>th</sup> of August 1852 in Addison.

Rebecca was born in Addison the 8<sup>th</sup> of June 1832.

Elvira was born in Addison the 9<sup>th</sup> of December 1834 and married the 9<sup>th</sup> of October 1852 in Addison.

John was born in Addison the 12<sup>th</sup> of July 1837 and died the 23<sup>rd</sup> of February 1854 in Addison.

Isaac was born in Addison the 29<sup>th</sup> of December 1839.

George was born in Addison the 4<sup>th</sup> of January 1842.

Daniel was born in Addison the 19<sup>th</sup> of March 1844

Priscilla was born in Addison the 30<sup>th</sup> of April 1846.

Horace was born in Addison the 16<sup>th</sup> of May 1849.

The IGI lists three of the above children— Rebecca Drisko, Priscilla, and Elvina (sic) as the children of John C. Leighton and Eunice Wright. A different Rebecca Drisko Leighton was also born in Addison in 1840, the daughter of Naham and Phoebe Parker Drisko Leighton. It seems likely they are all related.

### **LEWELLIN BIBLE RECORD: NO LOCATION GIVEN**

This record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site February 2000.

Family of Porter and Emmeline Lewellin:

#### **Births**

Porter Lewellin Jr born 24 May 1859

Alden Lewellin born 13 October 1860

Orin Lewellin born 12 July 1862

James Lewellin born 29 April 1864

Charles Lewellin born 29 December 1865

Myston George Lewellin born 29 April 1869

Lillian Idova Lewellin born 12 July 1873

True Lewellin born 5 September 1874

Iva Belle Lewellin born 15 June 1884

#### **Deaths**

Mrs. Emeline Lewellin died 8 September 1874

Baby True Lewellin died 12 October 1874 age 38 days

Porter Lewellin Jr. died 18 October 1893 age 34 years

Myston Lewellin died 14 August 1894 age 25 years 3 months 15 days

Iva Belle Lewellin died 7 October 1884

Porter Lewellin died 20 April 1896 age 73 years 3 months 20 days

### **MCCRACKEN BIBLE: ROME, IOWA**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000. It was published in 1887. The Rome, Iowa, connection is a receipt dated April 4, 1938.

D.L. McCracken was born April 30, 1853.

D.L. McCracken was married to Nancy Judy on May 29, 1886.

D.L. McCracken died March 28, 1942.

Sarah Jane and Mary Elizabeth McCracken were born on January 7, 1882.

Arthur R. McCracken was born March 8, 1883.

George William McCracken was born September 26, 1884.

Nancy Keller? McCracken was born January 18, 1886.

Harriet Lucretia McCracken was born September 18, 1887.

Laura Onja McCracken was born October 15, 1894.

Ruth Ann McCracken was born September 5, 1947.



**MARTIN FUNERAL CARD: NO LOCATION GIVEN**

This card was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

Mrs. Georgia Martin died January 11, 1889, age 34 years, 2 months, 4 days.

**MATTHEWS / MARTZ BIBLE: AUGUSTA AND ROCKINGHAM COUNTIES, VIRGINIA**

This record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site February 2000.

Daniel Matthews was born Mar 7<sup>th</sup> 1779.

Esther Shaw was born Dec 9<sup>th</sup> 1776.

Hiram Martz was born Oct 11<sup>th</sup> 1800.

Agnes V. Matthews was born Feb 25<sup>th</sup> 1802.

Hannah A. Matthews was born Nov 12<sup>th</sup> 1803.

Benjamin F.A. Martz was born Mar 24<sup>th</sup> 1830.

Adaline E.S. Martz was born Oct 20<sup>th</sup> 1832.

Addison B. Martz was born Oct 28<sup>th</sup> 1834.

An 1842 newspaper article was in this Bible. It concerned the death in Augusta County of Cornel Daniel Matthews "formerly of Rockingham but recently of Augusta County, Virginia, in his 63<sup>rd</sup> year."

**Died**

---

***Mrs. Margaret Strawhacker Miller***

At the family home, near Attica, Ohio, Sunday  
noon, April 23, 1916, aged 88 years, 5  
months and 24 days

---

**Funeral Services**

The funeral services will be held from the  
M. E. Church, Republic, Ohio, Wednesday after-  
noon, at 2 o'clock, standard time, conducted by  
Rev. M. Weaver.

The remains will be laid to rest in the Sugar  
Creek cemetery.

**MENDENHALL FUNERAL CARD: NO LOCATION GIVEN**

This card was sold on the Ebay auction site in February of 2000.

Thomas C. Mendenhall died November 2, 1895, age 65 years, 6 months.

**MILLER FUNERAL CARD: ATTICA, OHIO (pictured to the left)**

Mrs. Margaret Strawhacker Miller died at the family home near Attica, Ohio, April 23, 1916; aged 88-5-24. Her funeral service was held at the M.E. Church in Republic, Ohio, and she was buried in Sugar Creek Cemetery.





#### **MILLER, WRIGHT BIBLE RECORD: NEW YORK (pictured to the right)**

This is a partial record from a Bible knowledge book sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The copyright date of the book was 1869. The lister said it contained 8 full pages of family records, 3 pamphlets related to the Cayuga, New York, chapter of the DAR from the 1920's, and several newspaper clippings including one relating to the death by drowning of John R. Miller, who died in 1927, age 10. The lister wrote that some of the records in the Bible related to events taking place in the Finger Lakes area of New York.

John R. Miller enlisted in the Civil War Jan 4<sup>th</sup> 1864. He was wounded at Cold Harbor between 1<sup>st</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> June 1864. Regiment 16<sup>th</sup> New York artillery.

Isaac Wright born 1864 (the writer's great grandfather) was a fifer in the Revolutionary War under Capt. Daniel in Col. Benjamin Synod's Regiment and marched to the alarm at Berkshire, 1780.

Isaac's wife was Sarah Douglas Wright whom he married March 11, 1784.

Their children, born in the 1790's were Charles W. Wright, Mary Stone Wright, Charles Lewis Wright and more.

The lister stated that the following names were given for relatives who were born in the 1850's and 1860's and that there were more: John R. Miller, Juliet Stevens, Frank E. Miller, Cora Elizabeth Wright, Sarah Parker, Herbert Miller.

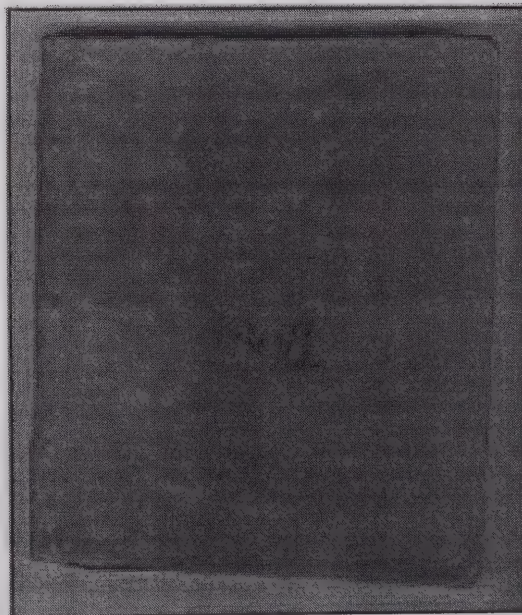
The lister stated that the following names were given for relatives who were born in the 1870's to about 1900 and that there were more: Chancy Miller, Prudence Edbert, Alta Miller, Joe McCarty, Phebe O. Wright, Seth O. Sanford, Charles W. Wright, Myrtle Jordan, Willard T. Wright, Katherine Hotchkins, Fred L. Sandford, Orie C. Wright, Charles Warren Wright, Ethel Mae Wright, Marion G. Wright, Frank Carleton Miller.

She stated that about 20 marriages were recorded, dating from 1784 to 1926, and that two full pages of deaths were recorded.

#### **MITCHELL ACCOUNT BOOK AND FAMILY RECORD: NEW DURHAM, NEW HAMPSHIRE (pictured to the right and on the next page)**

This record comes from an account book which belonged to Daniel S. Mitchell, a farmer in New Durham, and was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The account book had a leather cover with the date 1808 written on the cover. It included an accounting for a Samuel Mitchell, as well as for Daniel. Accounts in different handwriting were written between the years of 1808 and 1840. A notation is made in the book that there was an eclipse of the sun on June 16, 1806. The following family record was written in the account book as well.

Thomas E. Mitchell July 5, 1831-March 1, 1904  
Lydia A. Perkins May 8, 1833-March 14, 1907  
William P. Mitchell May 25, 1855  
Samuel J. Mitchell June 16, 1867  
Caroline O.? Mitchell May 27, 1859  
Lizzie Mitchell August 27, 1865?  
Walter T. Mitchell September 28, 1867  
Ellen E. Mitchell June 26, 1871  
Sarah A. Mitchell April 9, 1873  
Sarah A. Mitchell June 28, 1875







MISCELLANEOUS.

John R. Miller enlisted in  
the Civil War Jan. 4, 1864.  
He was wounded at Cold  
Harbor Dec. 1<sup>st</sup> 1864  
Regiment 16<sup>th</sup> New York  
Heavy Artillery.

Thomas C. Mitchell July 3, 1831.  
March 1, 1864

Lydia A. Perkins May 3, 1833.  
March 4, 1877

William H. Mitchell May 23, 1835.

Samuel J. June 1, 1837

Caroline C. May 27, 1837

Elizabeth Aug. 27, 1833.

Walter T. Sept 4, 1834

Ellen C. June 16, 1837

Frank A. April 9, 1833

Sarah June 28, 1833



### **MITCHELL, BILLINGS, KENDALL, TOBEY BIBLE: KITTERY, YORK COUNTY, MAINE**

This record comes from a Bible that was about to be offered on the Ebay auction site. The gentleman sent me the record (as he had two others) and asked me to see if I could learn where the family was from before he listed it. The publication date of the Bible is 1840.

#### **Births**

Horace Mitchell born October 5, 1819  
Mary Elizabeth Mitchell born April 18, 1825  
Samuel Tobey born June 9, 1828  
Mariam Mitchell born July 1, 1844  
Elizabeth Jane Mitchell born December 18, 1848  
Jessica May Billings born December 8, 1897  
Charles H. Billings born September 13, 1866  
Jesse E. Billings born December 1, 1871

#### **Marriages**

Horace and Mary Elizabeth Mitchell married June 15, 1842  
Mariam Mitchell married to Robert B. Billings September 8, 1861  
Lizzie Bernard married to Jesse E. Billings March 18, 1896  
Waldo M. Hilliard married to Jessica M. Billings August 16, 1923.

#### **Deaths**

Mariam Tobey the mother of Mary Elizabeth Mitchell died January 16, 1839.  
Col. Paul Lewis died August 20, 1843  
Merriam Lewis wife of Col. Paul Lewis died October 12, 1843  
Capt. Charles Mitchell died July 12, 1850.  
Hattie Mitchell died September 21, 1865.  
Olive Kendall died October 1, 1888, aged 72 years  
Olive Mitchell died February 13, 1864  
Rueling Mitchell died August 30, 1893  
Horace Mitchell died July 11, 1889, aged 68 yrs. 9 mo.  
Mary Elizabeth Mitchell died February 13, 1918, aged 93 years  
Robert B. Billings died June 13, 1923; aged 51 years  
Miriam Billings died May 24, 1926; age 82

The IGI shows a Horace Mitchell to be a son born in Kittery, York County, Maine, to Charles Mitchell and Olive Ingersoll. The IGI Charles' death is given as 23 July 1850, rather than the 12<sup>th</sup> as the Bible says, but as the IGI is riddled with errors, I believe this to be the Charles in the Bible. The Charles and Olive Mitchell in this Bible are the approximate age to be his parents and to be the Charles and Olive in the IGI. Also there is a Samuel Tobey of the right age listed in the 1860 AIS census index of Kittery to be the Samuel Tobey in this Bible.

The IGI shows Charles and Olive having 7 children born between 1814 and 1824: Hannah, Sally, Olive, Charles Jr., Horace, and Reuben, though half of the children are listed as being born in the 1700's instead of the 1800's—another error. Both parents's names are the same. Charles Mitchell is shown as the son of Walter Mitchell Jr. and Susannah Foy.

### **MONROE, STAGGS, BURLINGAM BIBLE: MADISON, OHIO (pictured on the next page)**

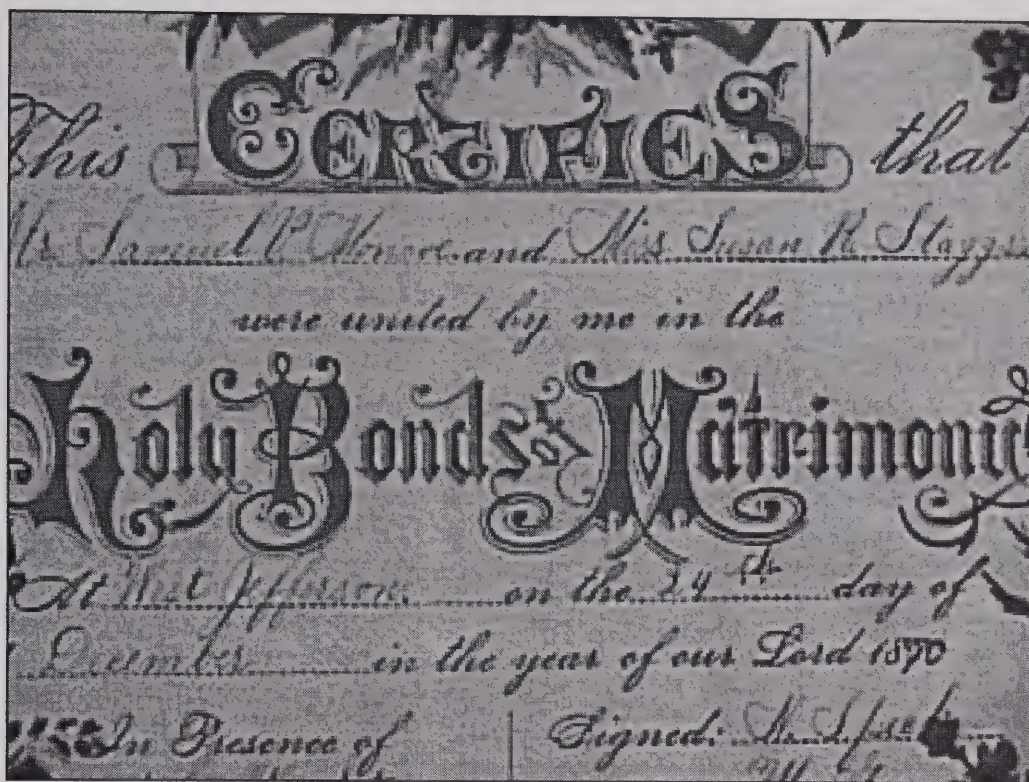
This partial record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in March 2000.

Samuel Vierce Monroe born July 25, 1845  
Samuel P. Monroe married Susan R. Staggs on December 24, 1870, in West Jefferson, (Ohio).  
Annie Everetta Monroe born 18<sup>th</sup> of May 1872  
David Eugene Monroe born 21<sup>st</sup> of September 1873  
Mary Eunice Monroe born 27<sup>th</sup> April 1876  
Ben Burlingam married Anna Monroe.

The IGI says Samuel Monroe married Susan R. Staggs in Madison, Ohio.







#### **MOUNTZ BIBLE: NO LOCATION GIVEN**

This partial record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000. The Bible from whence it came was printed in Germany in 1844.

John Mountz was borne June 7 in 1823 in the year of our lord and savour Jessu Christ.

Amanda Mountz was borne in the year of our lord and savour Jessu Christ December 10. 1847.

Sarah Mountz was borne in the year of our lord and savour Jessu Christ December the 13th 1848.

Agnes Mountz was borne in the year of our lord and savour Jessu Christ November 14<sup>th</sup> 1855.

Ann Demley Mountz was borne in the year of our lord and savour Jessu Christ December 9 1853

Lousy Mountz was borne in the year of our lord and savour Jessu Christ February 27 1860.

#### **ODEN BIBLE: MUSKINGUM COUNTY, OHIO? (pictured on the next page)**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000. Inside the Bible were many letters written from the 1850's through the early 1900's, as well as obituaries and other newspaper clippings. No clue as to the parentage of these children was in the Bible.

William B. Oden was born Jan. 29<sup>th</sup> 1846.

Joseph D. Oden was born Nov. 17<sup>th</sup> 1847.

Elias H. Oden was born May 17<sup>th</sup> 1850.

Hamilton S. Oden was born Oct. 11<sup>th</sup> 1852.

John Wesley Oden was born July 30<sup>th</sup> 1859.

Alfaretta Marinda Oden was born October 8<sup>th</sup> 1862

The IGI shows a birth record for a Hamilton Oden who was born in October of 1852, in Muskingum County, Ohio; son of Josiah Oden (born 1814 Muskingum, Ohio) and Mary Ann Crickett (born 1810, Delaware County, Pennsylvania). Several other children were given as their children but none of the children listed in this Bible, other than Hamilton, if this is the same Hamilton.





BIRTHS.

William B. Oden was born  
Jan. 29<sup>th</sup> 1846.

Joseph D. Oden was born  
Nov. 17<sup>th</sup> 1847

Elias H. Oden was born  
May 17<sup>th</sup> 1850

Hamilton S. Oden was born  
Oct. 11<sup>th</sup> 1852

John Wesley Oden was born  
July 30<sup>th</sup> 1854.

Alfretta, Marietta Oden  
was born Oct. 8<sup>th</sup> 1862.



**PAUL, MATTHEWS BIBLE: WARRICK COUNTY, INDIANA; TAZEWELL COUNTY, ILLINOIS**

This partial record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000. The lister stated that the family was from Warrick County, Indiana, but I do not know why.

William Paul married Myra A. Matthews in 1887.

He was 21 when they married; she was 17.

Their child Gertie M. Paul was born in 1889.

The IGI shows a marriage between William H. Paul and Myra L. Mathews on 9 June 1887 in Tazewell County, Illinois.

**PEABODY, WHITE, KINSLEY, LOTHROP BIBLE: ST. ALBANS, ENGLAND; HAMPDON COUNTY, ESSEX COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS**

This partial record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The Bible was copyrighted in 1821.

Inscription:

Reverend William Bourne Peabody, D.D. family Bible 6th generation from Lieutenant Francis Peabody who was born at St. Albans in England 1614. Descendant of his third son William.

William Augustus White and Esther Augusta White born November 9, 1787

Horace Stockton White (date not listed)

John Hazew White (date not listed)

There were other Whites with birth records given who were born in the late 1700's, according to the lister.

William Bourne Oliver Peabody to Eliza Amelia White married 8 September 1824. (First record written in the Bible after the publication date.)

Their daughter Frances Bourn Peabody was born 2 September 1825

According to the lister, the births of their other children were also in the Bible.

William H. White was killed in the engagement of the Chesapeake and the Shannon.

Everett Peabody was killed at the Battle of Pittsburgh Landing Tennessee on April 6 1862.

The last date written in the Bible was 1896.

The IGI says that Everett Peabody was the son of William Bourne Oliver Peabody, born 13 June 1830.

**PEASE BIBLE: ENFIELD, CONNECTICUT; GRANBY**

This record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The copyright date of the Bible was 1845.

Walter Pease born June 21, 1795

Eliza Filer born May 11, 1802

Miranda Pease born November 27, 1818

Walter Pease was married to Eliza Filer by the Reverend Bridges in Enfield on July 21, 1821.

Miranda Pease and Chauncy Moore, both of Granby, were married in Warehouse Point on March 20, 1836, by the Reverend Palmer.

Marlow Pease and Marie Maden were married October 18, 1840, in Warehouse Point by Reverend Phelps.

Mary Pease and Eben Heart were married January 6, 1842, in Warehouse Point by Reverend Richards.

Martha M. Pease and Charles S. Coon were married June 5, 1843, in Warehouse Point by Reverend Scott.

James Gallagher and Miranda L. Moore were married October 8, 1843, in Enfield.

The IGI shows Miranda Pease as born in Enfield, Hartford County, Connecticut, daughter of a Walter Pease. The Pease-Filer marriage is shown in Enfield, and three children are shown as being born to Walter and Eliza: Harlow W., born 3 April 1822 in Enfield; Martha M., born 26 January 1826 in Enfield; and Lemuel F., born June of 1828 in Enfield.

The IGI also shows a Marlow Pease born 7 February 1826 in Hartford, Hartford County, Connecticut. That





Marlow's father was Martin Pease, and his mother was Flora or Flavia Billings. Martin's children are shown as Martin F. (born 1823), Flavia/Floria (born 1824), Marlow (born 1826), Melissa (born 1827), and Helen (born 1829). Unless the Ebay lister mistyped Marlow's marriage date, I do not think this is the same Marlow, as he would have been only 14 when he was married. However, it seems likely he is at least related to the Pease family who owned this Bible.

**PEASE BIBLE: LONGMEADOW AND SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS; HARTFORD, THOMPSONVILLE, AND ENFIELD, CONNECTICUT**

I found this record in an listing under the [www.genforum.com](http://www.genforum.com) site. A woman posted a Bible that was being sold on the Ebay auction site in August of 1999. She stated that this Bible was published in Concord, New Hampshire, in 1839.

Isaac Terry Pease was born in 1809 in Longmeadow, Massachusetts.  
His wife Margaret Ferre was born in 1816 in Springfield, Massachusetts

Isaac Terry Pease's father Isaac was born in 1779.  
Isaac Terry Pease's mother, Betsy Terry was born in 1782.

Isaac Terry Pease's great grandfather, Ezekiel Pease, was born in 1710 and died in 1789.

Margaret Ferre's mother was born in 1780; her father was born in 1781.

Isaac Terry Pease was the 7<sup>th</sup> generation from Robert Pease, immigrant to Salem, Massachusetts.

The surnames Gleason and Kingsbury and references to Hartford, Thompsonville, and Enfield, Connecticut, were also in the Bible.

**PETERS BIBLE: CALLINGTON, FALMOUTH, ENGLAND**

This record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in March 2000.

Henry Peters was born September 19, 1886.  
Harriet Peters was born June 15, 1889.  
Henry Peters married at Callington and Falmouth 14 September 1911.  
Harriet Peters married June 20, 1910, at Falmouth.

**PIERSON BIBLE: SARATOGA AND LIVINGSTON, NEW YORK**

This assumably partial record appeared in a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in February 2000.

**Marriages**

Frederick F(T?). Pierson and Jane U. Tinney	Jan 4 <sup>th</sup> 1838
Charles H. Pierson and Jane A. Andrews	Mar 15 1854
Wm Oscar Pierson and Charlotte Efner	Mar 24 <sup>th</sup> 1855
Jacob H. Bullock and Lydia Ann Pierson	Sep 28 <sup>th</sup> 1856
Aaron S. Wemble and Ann Eliza Pierson	Jan 1 <sup>st</sup> 1861
John Robison and Sarah D. Pierson	Feb 1862
Cornelius Miller and Catharine M. Pierson	Nov 13 <sup>th</sup> 1862
Oscar Pierson and Hannah P. Byron	Nov 21 <sup>st</sup> 1867
James B. Pierson and Emily Chism	Jan 8 <sup>th</sup> 1868

**Births**

Frederick T. Pierson	Aug 24 <sup>th</sup> 1806
Jane U. Tinney	Aug 4 <sup>th</sup> 1806
Saml Sidney Pierson	Nov 21 <sup>st</sup> 1828
Wm. Oscar Pierson	June 16 <sup>th</sup> 1830
Chs Hubbard Pierson	April 1 <sup>st</sup> or 11 <sup>th</sup> 1832
Catharine Maria Pierson	June 15 <sup>th</sup> 1834
Lydia Ann Pierson	Aug 9 <sup>th</sup> 1836

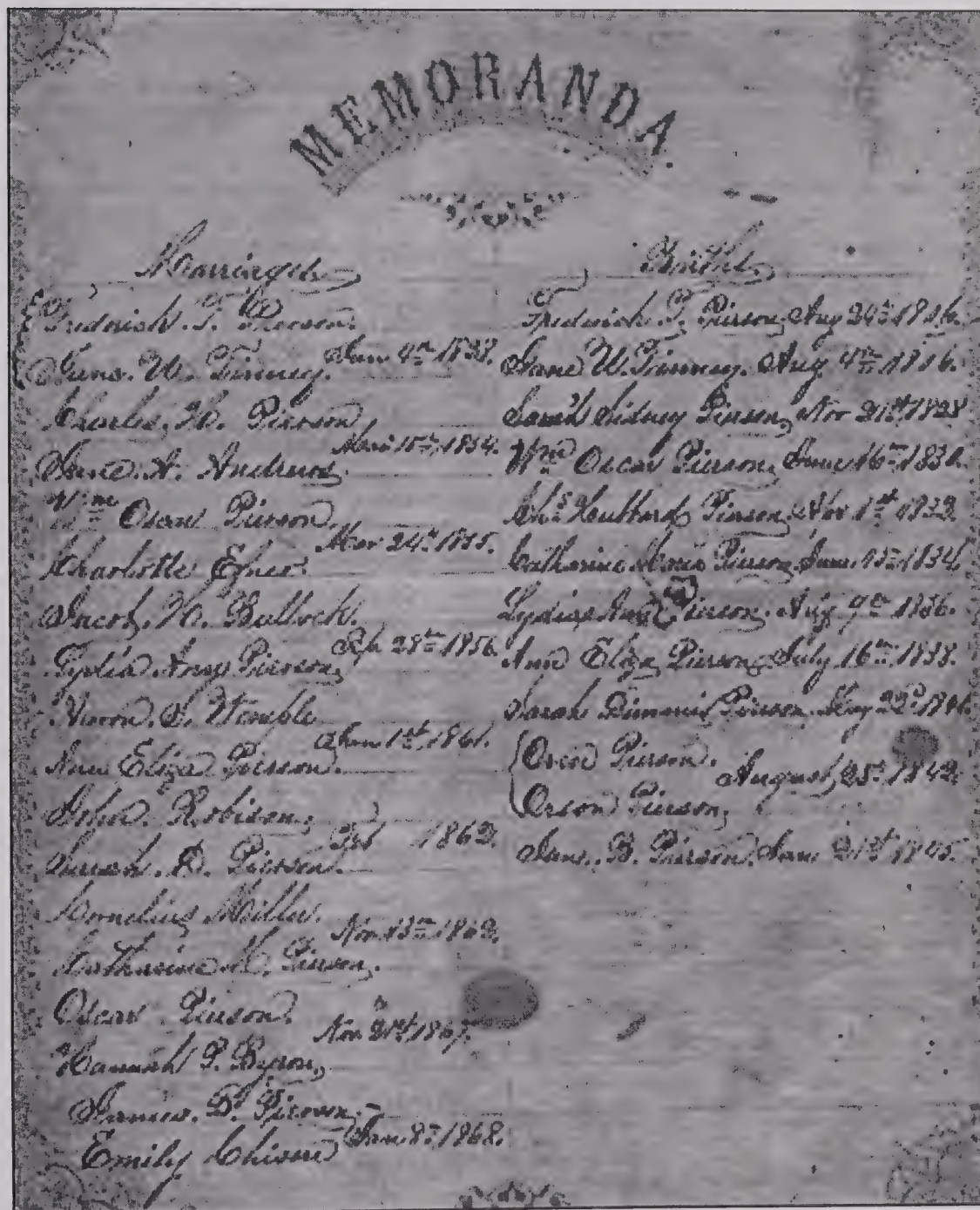




Ann Eliza Pierson  
 Sarah Dimmis Pierson  
 Oren Pierson  
 Orson Pierson  
 June/Jane B. Pierson

July 16<sup>th</sup> 1838  
 May 22<sup>nd</sup> 1846  
 August 25<sup>th</sup> 1842  
 August 25<sup>th</sup> 1842  
 Jan 21<sup>st</sup> 1845

The seller of this Bible noted that she believed Jane U. Tinney to be the daughter of Joseph and Sarah Tinney of Saratoga, New York, and that she married Frederick Pierson in East Avon, Livingston, New York.





#### **RAUB BIBLE: PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA**

This record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site February 2000.

Joseph H. Raub married Eliza Pursel

They had 6 children born between February 1, 1833, and August 16, 1843.

Their third child was Charles, born December 22, 1836 and baptized February 6, 1837

Charles Raub "died for his country" on March 30, 1865; age 28 years, 3 months, 8 days

#### **RING, CRAM BIBLE: DEERFIELD, ROCKINGHAM COUNTY, NEW HAMPSHIRE**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000.

Iphedeiah Ring was married to Mary J. Cram November 25, 1841, by Samuel B. Dyer, Minister of the Gospel at Deerfield in the County of Rockingham and the State of New Hampshire.

Iphedeiah Ring was born June 14, 1818.

Mary Jane Cram was born December 4, 1823.

Marsylvaette Ring was born February 5, 1844.

Marsylvaette Ring was born December 7, 1847.

Stephen Everett Ring was born September 7, 1856.

Emeline Ring was born April 16, 1860.

Marsylvaette Ring died October 22, 1846.

Iphedeiah Ring died February 12, 1894.

#### **SABINE BIBLE: AXMINSTER, DEVON, ENGLAND AND NEW YORK (pictured to the right and on the next page)**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. There were dates of baptism and the names of godparents in the Bible as well, but I was not given those. The copyright date of the Bible is 1811.

Thomas Sabine was married to Mary Taunton at Axminster Devon April 9 1804 by \_\_\_\_.

**#1 Georgiana Teresa Sabine** was born 16<sup>th</sup> January 1805 at Muckelford (?) in the Parish of Bradford Peverell Dorset named 10 days after her birth by the Revd Geo Wood and \_\_\_\_ baptised in the Parish Church of Bradford Peverell on the 18<sup>th</sup> day of February 1808.

Godfathers Matthew Knight and William Norton (?)

Godmothers \_\_\_\_ and Ann Taunton

**#2 John Edmund Taunton Sabine** born 18 February 1806 at Muckelford (?) Named 9 days after his birth by the Revd Geo Wood and baptised in the Parish Church of Bradford Peverell 18 February 1808 He died in Mashda (?) 12 January 1841 and was buried \_\_\_\_.

Godfathers I.N.C. Sabine and William Taunton

Godmothers (unreadable)

**#3 Harriet Sophia Sabine** born 24 May 1807 at Mackelford (?) Named 10 days after her birth by the Revd Geo Wood and baptised in the Parish Church of Bradford Peverell 18 February 1808

Godfathers The Mo\_ Syd. Sabine and \_\_\_\_ Rendall

Godmothers Agnes Taunton and (unreadable)

**#4 Gustavus Adolphus Sabine** born 27 June 1809 at Mackleford (?) Named 14 days after his birth by the Revd. Geo Wood

**#5 Louisa May Sabine** born the 7<sup>th</sup> July 1810 at Mackleford (?) Named \_ days after her birth by the Revd Geo Wood and died on the 11<sup>th</sup> April 1811 aged 7 months and 4 days

**#6 Julia Frances Sabine** born the 28<sup>th</sup> September 1811 named the same day by the Revd Geo Wood at Mackleford (?) And publicly baptised in the Parish Church of Bradford Peverell by the Revd Middleton Onslow

Godfathers James Cox (?) and \_\_\_\_ Mayer

Godmothers Eliza Kirkham and Eliza Taunton

**#7 Lucius Theodore Sabine** born the 5<sup>th</sup> day of May at Muckleford (?) Named 1 day after his birth by the Revd Middleton Onslow and publicly baptised in the Parish Church of Bradford Peverell Dorset by the Revd Middleton Onslow on the 18<sup>th</sup> day of June 1810

Godfathers (unreadable)

Godmothers Ann Taunton and Sophia Ann Roberts





#8 William Taunton Sabine born the 9<sup>th</sup> day of July 1825 at \_\_\_ the Parish of Shatton (?) Dorset\_\_\_ named and baptised (unreadable)

On an old piece of paper glued into the Bible, it says,  
John Sabine his hand and pen & book Amen  
The birth of John Sabbine March the 30<sup>th</sup> 169\_  
John Sabbine was married February 12<sup>th</sup> 1715 unto M\_ Mary Churchill of Woft Cumto?  
Whom god preserve in love to gither  
and make them Blessings to Each Other  
that at the last they both may be  
Marid to Christ his chosen Be  
That both their sins may be forgiven  
to entar with him into heaven—

The above John Sabine and Mary his wife had issue (?) Mary, John, Sarah, and Phoebe who all died unmarried or without issue except John

This son married Agnes Williams of Heberrystow (?) and the above John Sabine had issue—

John Richard Churchill born at Mackleford (?) within the parish of Bradford Peverell Dorset the 21<sup>st</sup> day of September 1764 and christened at Bradford

Sydenham Sabine born 7 June 1766 at Mackleford (?) and afterward christened at Bradford aforesaid

Agnes Sabine born 19<sup>th</sup> December 1767 at Mackleford (?) and afterward christened at Bradford aforesaid

Thomas Sabine born 31<sup>st</sup> October 1769 at Mackleford (?) and afterward christened at Bradford aforesaid

The next page says,

Julia McDonald Sabine from her father November 25, 1880.

The lister stated that Gustavus Sabine emigrated to the United States circa 1837 and that an account of his family is published in the *Abridged Compendium of American Genealogy*, Volume 1. She stated that the *Compendium* says he was a British ship's surgeon.

The IGI says that Gustavus married Julia Hannah Tuffnell in England ca. 1828; that she was christened February 4, 1810, in Great Waltham, Essex; that she lived in Langley Manor before her marriage and in New York after it; and that her father was William Bewley Tuffnell.

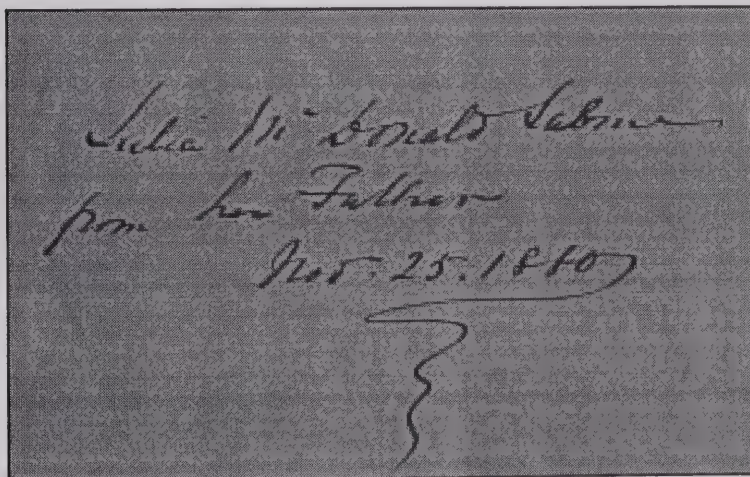
The IGI gives the following christening dates, all in Bradford, Peverell, Dorset, for the children of John and Mary Churchill Sabine:

Mary: christened 17 December 1717; may have married John Tucker 1 August 1748, Bradford Peverell

John: christened 17 April 1719

Sarah: christened 13 August 1720

Phebe: christened 9 May 1727



And the children of John and Agnes:

Sydenham Sabine was christened March 5, 1767; Bradford Peverell

Agnes Sabine was christened December 20, 1767; Bradford Peverell

Thomas was christened November 5, 1769; Bradford Peverell



John Salbne  
his hand and  
been to book of  
Amen

The birth of John Salbne  
50th day of Decr of our Lord 1667

M<sup>r</sup> John Salbne was married January 21<sup>st</sup> 1672  
unto M<sup>r</sup>s Mary Churchill of most Concord  
Whom god preserve in love to gither  
And make them Blessings to each other  
that at the last they both may be  
Made to Christ his Chosen Be  
that both these kind may be forgiven  
to Enter with him into heaven

~~The above John Salbne was born at St. Andrew's Church in the Parish of St. Andrew's in the County of Middlesex on the 50th day of Decr 1667 and was christened at St. Andrew's Church on the 21st day of Jan 1672~~  
~~The above John Salbne was born at St. Andrew's Church in the Parish of St. Andrew's in the County of Middlesex on the 50th day of Decr 1667 and was christened at St. Andrew's Church on the 21st day of Jan 1672~~

- 1 John Richard Salbne born at St. Andrew's Church in the Parish of St. Andrew's in the County of Middlesex on the 50th day of Decr 1667 and was christened at St. Andrew's Church on the 21st day of Jan 1672
- 2 John Richard Salbne born at St. Andrew's Church in the Parish of St. Andrew's in the County of Middlesex on the 50th day of Decr 1667 and was christened at St. Andrew's Church on the 21st day of Jan 1672
- 3 John Richard Salbne born at St. Andrew's Church in the Parish of St. Andrew's in the County of Middlesex on the 50th day of Decr 1667 and was christened at St. Andrew's Church on the 21st day of Jan 1672
- 4 John Richard Salbne born at St. Andrew's Church in the Parish of St. Andrew's in the County of Middlesex on the 50th day of Decr 1667 and was christened at St. Andrew's Church on the 21st day of Jan 1672





### SAYLOR BIBLE: READING, PENNSYLVANIA

This record comes from two family Bibles which were sold on Ebay auction site in February of 2000.

Bible one:

Harry Philip Saylor and Alice Pamela Lintz (*Lins* is written in parenthesis behind this entry.) married 1889 at the parsonage of St. Lucks Lutheran Church of Reading, Pennsylvania, by Reverend Huntzsinger.

Ida Beata Saylor, born December 22, 1889

Alice Sybilla Saylor, born March 9, 1891

Laura Pearl Saylor, born October 19, 1892

Edward Cyrus Saylor, born March 27, 1894

Elizabeth Ruth Saylor, born January 5, 1906

Edward Cyrus Saylor married Kathryn Sheidy July 18, 1914

Ida Beata Saylor died January 6, 1902

Alice Sybilla Saylor died February 9, 1895

Alice Pamela Saylor died July 10, 1937 (65 years)

Harry Phillip Saylor, died May 17, 1954 (80 years)

Laura P. Saylor, died April 30, 1967 (74 years)

Laura Saylor, 933 Moss Street, Reading, Pennsylvania— saved November 28, 1921; baptized December 22, 1921

Bible two:

To Bruce Saylor from Aunt Laura Saylor, Reading, Pennsylvania, Easter 1942

### SAWYER BIBLE: SHARON, NEW HAMPSHIRE AND READING, MASSACHUSETTS (pictured on the next page)

This partial record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in March 2000. The copyright date is 1834. The births and deaths were on a single page in a double column.

Name	Birth date	Death date
Joel Sawyer	8 September 1787	6 September 1832?
Lucy Sawyer	3 October 1811	none given
Wallace Sawyer	1838	Unreadable
Susannah Sawyer	25 May 1726/1736?	September 1896
Joel Sawyer Jr.	5 February 1810	21 August 1856
Asenath Sawyer	2? October 1813	none given
Elmira? Sawyer	24 October 1816	March 1859
Auri___ Sawyer	10 March 1819	25 September 1886?
Benjamin Sawyer	6 July 1821	16? September 1881
Josiah Sawyer	3 March 1824	22 ___ 1826
Mary Sawyer	20 August 1827	22 March 1873
Francis Sawyer	31 December 1830	1? December 1850
Lizzie Abi? Perry	19 November 1854?	None given

Elvira Smith married \_\_\_

Mary Sawyer married Henry Tichnor 1868

their child Ollie was born in 1869 — This is the last entry in the Bible.

The IGI says that Joel Sawyer, born 8 September 1787 was one of the dozen or so children of Benjamin Sawyer and Tabitha Kittredge that can be found in the IGI records. The ancestry of Benjamin Sawyer and Tabitha can also be found there. Benjamin was a Revolutionary Soldier, born June 1758 in Amherst, New Hampshire; he died 18 March 1846. His father Josiah was born 10 April 1721, in Reading, Massachusetts; he married Hannah Gowing 11 December 1742. She was born 23 April 1721 and died in 1807 in Sharon, New Hampshire.

The IGI also says that Lucy and Joel Jr. were born in Cheshire County, New Hampshire









**SCOTT BIBLE: HIGHLAND COUNTY, OHIO; HAMILTON COUNTY, INDIANA**

This record was sent to me in the 1970's by a descendant of Elvira Talbert Scott. (Elvira is pictured below.) Most of it is written in a single hand.

**Births**

John L. Scott born Jan 1<sup>st</sup> 1811

Mary Scott born Aug 7<sup>th</sup> 1813

Anderson C (Calvin) Scott born July 30<sup>th</sup> 1835

Osker H. Scott born Dec 25<sup>th</sup> 1836

William L. Scott born Sept 11<sup>th</sup> 1838

Charles N. Scott born Sept 7<sup>th</sup> 1840

Malina J. Scott born Oct 28<sup>th</sup> 1842

Melinda A. Scott born Jan 7<sup>th</sup> 1844

Lucy M. Scott born Feb 18<sup>th</sup> 1846

Albert A. Scott born Jan 12<sup>th</sup> 1850

George W. Scott born Jan 7<sup>th</sup> 1852

**Marriages**

John L. Scott & Mary McGrew married Feb 14<sup>th</sup> 1832

Anderson C. Scott & Melissa A. Pearce married Dec 1<sup>st</sup> 1859

James S. Pressnall & Malina J. Scott married Mar 4<sup>th</sup> 1860

Charles N. Scott & Sarah A. Haworth married Dec 20<sup>th</sup> 1860

William S. Newby & Melinda A. Scott married Jan 5<sup>th</sup> 1860

James M. Davenport & Lucy M. Scott married Aug 8<sup>th</sup> 1862

Anderson C. Scott & Eva Talbert married Nov 21<sup>st</sup> 1867

Charles W. Thornburg & Lucy M. Davenport married Nov 27<sup>th</sup> 1867

William L. Scott & Lucinda White married Dec 31<sup>st</sup> 1867

George W. Scott & Allie E. Harvey married Aug 31 1876

**Deaths**

John L. Scott died Aug 5<sup>th</sup> 1864

Mary Scott died April 29 1885

Osker H. Scott died April 2<sup>nd</sup> 1839

Albert A. Scott died Aug 20<sup>th</sup> 1862

Melissa A. Scott died Mar 26<sup>th</sup> 1863

James W. Davenport died May 21<sup>st</sup> 1865

**Memoranda**

Anderson C. Scott Enlisted in U.S. Service August 7<sup>th</sup> 1862 for

Three years or during the war and was Discharged August 27<sup>th</sup> 1863 by reason of Surgeons Certificate for Disability.

Charles N. Scott Enlisted in the U.S. Service August 7<sup>th</sup> 1862 for Three years or during the war and was Discharged July the 7<sup>th</sup> 1865 Services not needed.

as 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. Co. F 63<sup>rd</sup> Ind. Vol 3<sup>rd</sup> Brg 3<sup>rd</sup> Div 23<sup>rd</sup> A.C.



An accompanying letter to me stated that Anderson Calvin Scott was a furniture dealer and undertaker in Sheridan, Indiana, and a former treasurer of Hamilton County, Indiana, born near Noblesville in Delaware Township. His father John L. Scott was born in Highland County, Ohio, and his grandfather Lemuel Scott was a native of Virginia. At the age of 16 John L. Scott went to live with an uncle, Dickenson Hurst, in Wayne County, Indiana, and married Mary McGrew, a daughter of William McGrew, a native of Wayne County. William Scott was a soldier in the 52<sup>nd</sup> Indiana Infantry and served from the beginning of the war. He was Postmaster 4 years under President Harrison. James Pressnall served in the 63<sup>rd</sup> Indiana Infantry and moved to Des Moines, Iowa, where he was Sheriff. W.S. Newby and James Davenport also served in the war. Lucy married twice more after the death of James Davenport: to Abram Clevenger of Muncie, Indiana, first of the two. George Scott was trustee for Clay Township and a teacher. Elvira (Eva) Talbert was the daughter of Elijah Talbert, a Quaker, who ran an Underground Railroad station in Grassy Branch, Hamilton County, Indiana. Her brothers William and Nathan served in the Civil War. An interview with her niece, Tressa Talbert Schmalzreid, can be found elsewhere in this book.

Anderson Scott had children by his first wife— William A., Charles E.— and 8 by Elvira Talbert— Edgar McGrew, Mary (Arthur Baker), Ella, George, Mattie D., Melinda, Walter, and Laura.



On the 20<sup>th</sup> Day of May 1778

Negro Davy was born on  
the 28<sup>th</sup> Day of December 1780

Negro Antony was born  
on the 16<sup>th</sup> Day of October 1780





**SERRWETT(SERRMETT?), PALMER, CHOURES BIBLE: SOUTHERN U.S. (pictured to the left)**

This partial record comes from a Bible which was sold on Ebay in March of 2000. It was published in 1802 in Philadelphia. According to the lister, 6 slave births were recorded in the Bible and a list of the servants of Juliet G. Serrmett/Serrwett was written in the back of the Bible. I do not know what other records were in the Bible, only that the record concerned the Palmer, Choures, and Serrwett (Serrmett?) families. The lister wrote that there were 3½ pages of family records going back to 1778.

Negro Davy born 28 day December 1800

Negro Antony born 16 day October 1796

Negro Carolina daughter of Margaret born 25 January 1802

Negro Margaret Ann daughter of Caroline born 1 November 1819

**SHAW, PRATT BIBLE: CONNECTICUT**

This partial record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in February 2000. The copyright date on the Bible is 1834. The lister indicated that there were 4 pages of genealogical records but was unwilling to share them. Written on the title page of the Bible was *William A. Shaw, Wilm...* (The corner was missing.)

William Shaw was born February 14<sup>th</sup> 1796

Lucretia Crandall, mother of William, died March 11, 1852, age 84

Hannah Pratt, mother of Delia, died June 1836, age 65

William Shaw married Delia Pratt Jany 29<sup>th</sup> 1821

Whitman Wilcox married Deliaette Shaw Sept 12<sup>th</sup> 1848

George Churchill married Helen Shaw Oct 17<sup>th</sup> 1859

The lister wrote that one of William Shaw's sons was named Billings. The IGI shows a William Billings Shaw born 14 January 1796 in Stonington, New London, Connecticut, son of Peleg Shaw and Lucretia Billings.

**SLACK, STANDIN BIBLE: PERQUIMANS COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA (pictured on the next page)**

This record comes from a Bible which was found in a barn in upstate New York and sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The publication date of the Bible, which was printed in Edinburgh, was 1793.

Penelope Standin Daughter of Samuel Standin and his wife Sarah was born December the 18<sup>th</sup> 1748.

Carolina Daughter of Amos Slack and his wife Penelope was born December the 18<sup>th</sup> 1768

William Son of Amos and his wife Penelope was born January the 25<sup>th</sup> 1771

Standin Son of Amos and his wife Penelope was born January the 1<sup>st</sup> 1773

Amos Son of Amos and his wife Penelope was born February the 14<sup>th</sup> 1774 & died 1795

Samuel Son of Amos and his wife Penelope was born February the 16<sup>th</sup> 1776

Huldey Daughter of Amos and his wife Penelope was born March the 8<sup>th</sup> 1779

Polley Daughter of Amos and his wife Penelope was born April the 20<sup>th</sup> 1783

A verse for Samuel and Polley

Two children Dear a voice you hear

it speaks low to you

to see the breach that death has made

while you are spared too

The IGI shows the following children of a Samuel Standin and his wife Sarah, all of whom were born in Perquimans County, North Carolina.

Mary, born 25 March 1729

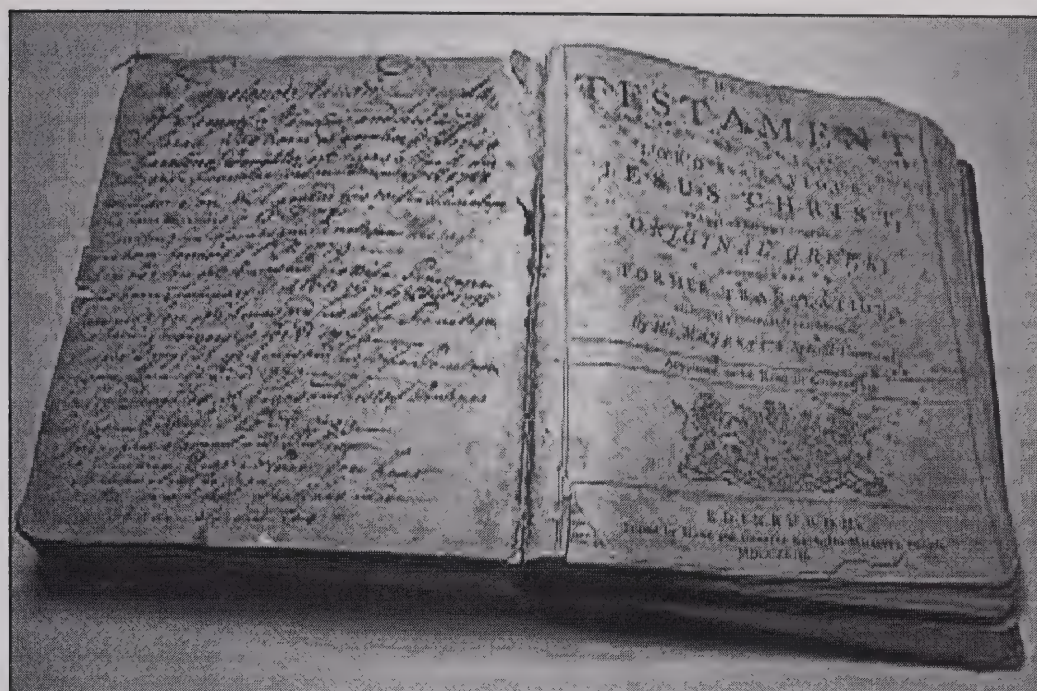
Samuel, born 25 June 1736 (married Ann Garves 17 February 1758)

William, born 13 November 1739

Edward, born 25 July 1743

Penelope, born 19 December 1747 (Note the date is off by a year and a day from this Bible.)





Envelope Nordin's Daughters  
 of Samuel Nordin and his wife,  
 Sarah. Was born December 8<sup>th</sup> 1748  
 Carolina Daughter of Tomas Nordin and  
 his wife Penelope was born December 11<sup>th</sup> 1768  
 William son of Thomas and his wife Penelope  
 was born January 1<sup>st</sup> 1771  
 Jonathan son of Thomas and Penelope his wife  
 was born January 1<sup>st</sup> 1773  
 John son of Thomas and his wife Penelope  
 was born February 14<sup>th</sup> 1774  
 Samuel son of Thomas and his wife Penelope  
 was born February 16<sup>th</sup> 1774  
 Mary daughter of Thomas and his wife Penelope  
 was born March 1<sup>st</sup> 1777  
 Peter daughter of Thomas and his wife Penelope  
 was born April 1<sup>st</sup> 1778  
 Two children Dear a Nurse you hear  
 of speaks of me to Mary  
 and the nurse that I shall have more  
 and you are a good too





### **SLOCUM BIBLE: NEW YORK**

This Bible record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in February 2000.

#### **Births**

William Slocum was born November 4, 1791  
Abigail Ashby was born September 14, 1788  
Mary Slocum was born March 30, 1818  
Susan Slocum was born July 4, 1821  
Caroline Slocum was born September 9, 1823  
Abigail Slocum was born November 20, 1825  
Betsy Ann Slocum was born October 25, 1827  
Charles Ashby Slocum was born February 4, 1833  
William James Slocum was born February 19, 1830  
John Russell Slocum was born March 11, 1849  
Charles J. Slocum was born August 4, 1883  
William John Slocum was born January 2, 1881

#### **Marriages**

William Slocum married Abigail Ashby on October 5, 1817  
Susan Slocum married Phillip W. Hoff on January 1, 1839  
Caroline Slocum married Isaac Bilby on November 27, 1855  
Abigail Slocum married Ashbel W. Carr on August 2, 1856  
Charles Ashby Slocum married Mary E. Crane on April 19, 1867  
William James Slocum married Angeline McKenna on May 3, 1857  
John Russell Slocum married Anna S. Helmstedter on March 6, 1872  
Charles J. Slocum married Hattie Belle Case on June 4, 1911

#### **Deaths**

William Slocum died September 4, 1866  
Abigail Slocum died November 16 (?), 1861  
Mary Slocum died January 16, 1887  
Caroline Bilby died September 18, 1903  
Betsy Ann Slocum died August 25, 1842  
John Russell Slocum died July 12, 1915  
Anna Slocum died March 14, 1922  
William John Slocum died October 11, 1881

The lister indicated that her research revealed that William Slocum was born in Dutchess County, New York, and that Abigail Ashby was born in Fishkill. The lister also stated that William and Abigail moved to Cayuga County, New York, prior to 1850 and that he was a private in the War of 1812 (15<sup>th</sup> regiment US Infantry). Further, William is buried in Chestnut Hill Cemetery, Union Springs, New York.

The lister also stated that Susan Hoff, Abigail Carr, and Betsy Slocum all lived in Union Springs, New York; that Mary Slocum lived in Canoga County; that Caroline Bilby lived in Hoyt's Corners, Seneca County, New York; that William Slocum lived at Forest Home, Tompkins County, New York; and that Charles Slocum lived in Auburn County, New York.

### **SMITH FUNERAL CARD: PRINTED LEIPSIC, OHIO**

This funeral card was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. Although there is no place of death given on this card, it was printed in Leipsic, Ohio.

Henry Smith died May 17, 1905, age 66.

### **STAPLETON BIBLE RECORD: NO LOCATION GIVEN**

This partial record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The inscription in the Bible, which was copyrighted 1859, reads "present from your mother Elisa Stapleton." The lister said there were 57 entries in the family record section.

Sarah Emily Stapleton was born the 7<sup>th</sup> of September on Tuesday 1880.  
Joshua Stapleton was born yesterday December 8 1965.



Joshua Stapleton died June 1885.  
Oliver H. Stapleton was born Friday July 29 1864  
Mary Stapleton was born Sabbath eve May the 9<sup>th</sup> (?) 1868  
Laura C. Stapleton was born May the 6<sup>th</sup> 1874  
Olivett Stapleton was married to Agnes Stephenson on Wednesday June 29 1887.  
Joseph D. Clark Johnson Stapleton was born on August 3 1842.  
Laura Hutchinson was born September 13, 1847.  
Dinah (colored) died on October 7, 1845.  
Sarah Hutchinson was married 23 September 1863

#### **STOUT BIBLE: NEW JERSEY**

This Bible record can be found in a pension application made by the widow of Elijah Stout, Revolutionary War Soldier. The record is written in several different hands with various spelling abilities.

##### **Births**

Jediah Stout eldest son of Elijah Stout was born in the year of our Lord 1799 on the 19<sup>th</sup> of January  
Benjamin Proll (?) Stout was born July the 25 1801  
Rebecca Hanes(?) Granddaughter of Elijah Stout was born on the 14<sup>th</sup> of February 1807  
John Stout son of Judiah Stout was born on the 14<sup>th</sup> of August 1819  
Elijah Stout 2<sup>nd</sup> son of Judiah Stout was born on the 28<sup>th</sup> day of December 1822  
Marian Stout 1<sup>st</sup> daughter of Judiah Stout was born September 5<sup>th</sup> 1823  
Judiah Stout 4<sup>th</sup> son of Judiah and Delilah Stout was born August (1<sup>st</sup> ?) 1828  
Rebecah \_\_\_ was born th 23<sup>rd</sup> June 1830  
Elise jain was Brun on th November 6<sup>th</sup> 1831

##### **Marriages**

Elijah Stout was married to Anna Stout November th 19<sup>th</sup> in the year of Lord 1785  
Judiah Stout was married July th 16<sup>th</sup> 1817  
Harison Lock was married to Rebekah Mosly in the year of our lord February the 14 1828

##### **Deaths**

Rebeckah Stout departed this life December 1830  
Judiah Stout departed this life April 1835

#### **SUTHERLAND, STOVE, OBRECHT BIBLE: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS; ORLEANS, NEW YORK**

This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. There were photographs in the album which were taken in a Chicago studio. One was labeled *John*. The lister stated that a picture of a woman and a number of pictures of children were also in the Bible. The lister commented that the writing was done in a very beautiful, delicate handwriting.

##### **Births**

John Sutherland was born April 23, 1835.  
Sarah Sutherland was born April 16, 1850.  
Matie Sutherland was born June 24, 1880.

##### **Marriages**

John Sutherland married Sarah Obrecht March 26, 1874.  
John Sutherland married Sarah Obrecht November 28, 1879.  
Edward T. Stove married Matie E. Sutherland August 17, 1916.

##### **Deaths**

John Sutherland died November 11, 1923, at 4 PM.  
Sarah Sutherland died January 9, 1929, at 5 PM.  
Edward Stove died April 25, 1945, at 4:15 PM

The IGI shows a John Sutherland born April 23, 1835, as the son of Solomon Sutherland and Betsey Stephen.

#### **THOMAS BIBLE: HERKIMER COUNTY, NEW YORK and IOWA FALLS, IOWA**

This partial Bible record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in February 2000.

David Chassell Thomas was given this Bible by his grandfather David Chassel on April 10, 1863.  
David Chassell Thomas died in Iowa Falls in 1897 at age 36.





### Marriages

At Newport, Herkimer County NY by the rev. David Chassell

George Thomas of Utica NY and Lucinda Chassell of Newport NY August 22, 1860

The following 3 marriages were written on pieces of paper and inserted into the Bible.

Ida E. Roberts to D. Chassell Thomas May 13, 1882

S.E. Franklin to Mary K Myers March 4, 1847

Philip B. Plantz and Francis M. Kenyon December 16, 1845

### Births

At Holland Patent NY May 39, 1861 David Chassell Thomas son of George and Lucinda baptized August 13 1862

### Deaths

Died at Iowa Falls Iowa David Chassell Thomas July 8, 1897

Died at Iowa Falls Iowa Lucinda Thomas December 27 1898 buried at Iowa Falls

### THOMAS, BURGOYNE BIBLE: NO LOCATION GIVEN

This record comes from a Bible that was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The copyright date of the Bible was 1811. The name plate in the Bible said, "Martha Burgoyne a gift from her father Robert West Burgoyne."

Martha Burgoyne was born December 2<sup>nd</sup> 1910; the daughter of Robert West Burgoyne and his wife Elizabeth Robert West Burgoyne died December 31, 1911; age 27

William Henry Thomas, son of Parmenas and Elizabeth Thomas was born January 11, 1820; departed this life age 3 years 10 months

Louisa Ann Thomas, daughter of Parmenas and Elizabeth Thomas was born March 20, 1822; departed this life age 6 weeks

Henry William Thomas, son of Parmenas and Elizabeth Thomas was born March 10, 1825; departed this life \_ 20, 1871; age 46 years

Frederick Parmenas, son of Parmenas and Elizabeth Thomas was born July 13, 1827

John Nicholas, son of Parmenas and Elizabeth Thomas was born August 9, 1931; departed this life in infancy

Nicholas John, son of Parmenas and Elizabeth Thomas was born May 23, 1834; departed this life November 4, 1874, aged 40 years, 6 months

Elizabeth Jeffries was born December 31, 1787, beloved wife of Parmenas Thomas and mother of the above children departed this life \_ 1857 on Whitsunday; aged 69 years

Parmenas Thomas her husband, father of the above children departed this life October the 13<sup>th</sup> 1873, aged 82 years

### THOMSON, DAVIDSON BIBLE: HARTSIDE AND ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY, NEW YORK

This partial record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in February 2000.

William Thomson and Mary Davidson his spouse had a daughter born at Hartside (?) On the 5<sup>th</sup> day of June 1808 baptized Mary.

Also on the 7<sup>th</sup> day of September 1809 they had a son born at Hartside (?) baptized Robert.

Also on the 1<sup>st</sup> day of October 1811 they had a son born at Hartside (?) baptized Samuel.

Also on the 2<sup>nd</sup> day of January 1814 they had a son born at Hartside (?) baptized \_\_\_\_ (unreadable).

Also on the 18<sup>th</sup> day of June 1817 they had a daughter born at Hartside (?) baptized Elisabeth.

The lister, who would not share the rest of the record, stated that he purchased this Bible out of the "old Thomson house" in Louisville, St. Lawrence County, New York.

### TOMPKINS MARRIAGE CONTRACT: PLEASANTVILLE, NEW YORK

This record was in a book form and was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

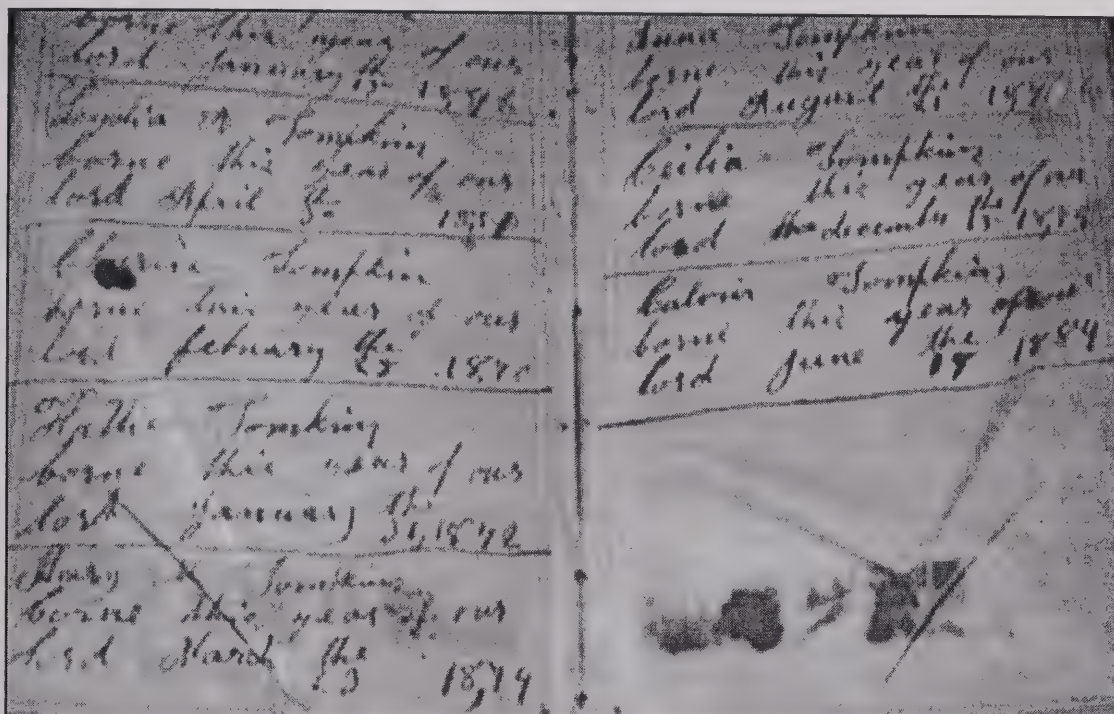
This is to certify that Barney Tompkins of New Castle New York and Mrs. Anne Marie Cylpha of the same town were by me joined together in Holy Matrimony in the 13<sup>th</sup> day of May 1853 at the Bride's Mother's house, J. Millard, pstor of the M.E. church in Pleasantville, New York.



# **TOMPKINS BIBLE RECORD: ALBANY AREA, NEW YORK (pictured below)**

This partial record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The copyright date of the Bible was 1852. The record is written in a single handwriting. I am not certain of the Albany connection; that was a suggestion made by the lister.

George Tompkins borne this year of our lord January the 15<sup>th</sup> 1846  
 Lydia Tompkins borne this year of our lord April the 5<sup>th</sup> 1851  
 Clarice Tompkins borne this year of our lord February the 25<sup>th</sup> 1870  
 Hattie Tomkins (sic) borne this year of our lord January the 31<sup>st</sup> 1872  
 Mary M. Tompkins borne this year of our lord March the 23<sup>rd</sup> 1874  
 Anna Tompkins borne this year of our lord August the 21<sup>st</sup> 1871  
 Celia Tompkins borne this year of our lord December the 15<sup>th</sup> 1879  
 Calvin Tompkins borne this year of our lord June the 14<sup>th</sup> 1884



# **TOPPING BIBLE: SHROPSHIRE, ENGLAND**

This record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in February 2000. The Bible was sold by a woman who lived in Shropshire, so it is possible the Bible is from that county. But it may not be. It was printed in London in 1894.

Thomas and Catherine Topping married April 4<sup>th</sup> 1896.  
 Thomas Topping born Oct 15<sup>th</sup> 1874  
 Catherine Topping born Nov 23<sup>rd</sup> 1878  
 William Edward Topping born 16<sup>th</sup> Nov 1896  
 Ann Topping born August 7<sup>th</sup> 1905

Tom Elliott died Dec 19<sup>th</sup> 1915  
 Albert Elliott killed in action 8<sup>th</sup> Oct 1916  
 Mary Scott died June 10<sup>th</sup> 1925  
 Elizabeth Elliott died 3<sup>rd</sup> Oct 1936  
 James Smith died Feb 9<sup>th</sup> 1940





**WALKER, STEVENSON, WOODROW, SMITH, OSBORNE BIBLE: GLASGOW, SCOTLAND**  
(pictured on the next page)

This inscription was in the front of a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The Bible was 227 years old. Its cover was dark maroon leather and was decorated with an embossed scrollwork design on both front and back. On the front was a design which may have been done in gold leaf at one time and was made up of birds, flowers, and leaves, surrounding a sun, stars, and a little angel. The end papers were marbled paper in green, maroon, and creams. Inside the Bible was a needlepoint bookmark which read, "Remember me JAS."

David Walker  
&  
Margrat Stivenston her Bible  
Jannet Walkere

---

Margaret Woodrow Smith's Bible  
Born in Glasgow in Scotland May 17<sup>th</sup> 1791

On the opposite side of the inscription page, it says:

Janet Walker died August 4<sup>th</sup> 1831

James Woodrow died February 9<sup>th</sup> 1833

On the next page it says:

Mary Osbornes Bible Kilmarnock 4<sup>th</sup> June 1825

Mary Osbornes Bible as a present from her son Thomas who left his native land for America August 7<sup>th</sup> 1829

Mary Osborne died March 12<sup>th</sup> 1831, aged 69 years

John Smith died April 4<sup>th</sup> 1843, aged 81 years

"It is appointed unto men once to die" but "Unto them that look for Him shall he appear the Second time without sin unto Salvation."

The IGI has a marriage for David Walker and Margaret Stevenson 26 July 1753, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland, and a marriage for Margaret Woodrow and Thomas Smith on 29 January 1816, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland. Finally, there is a christening record in the IGI for Janet Walker, daughter of David Walker and Margaret Stevenson, 22 September 1754, Nilmarnock, Ayrshire.

What this looks like to me is that Margaret Walker owned the Bible; her daughter Janet inherited it. But then it left the family—at least the immediate family—and was owned by Margaret Smith. Janet Walker was still alive, but perhaps she gave her the Bible. Thomas Osbourne apparently purchased it from Margaret or her heirs within 4 years of when she got it. It is a bit of an 18<sup>th</sup> century mystery.

**WARDLAW FUNERAL CARD: NO LOCATION GIVEN.**

This card was sold on the Ebay auction site in February of 2000.

John D. Wardlaw died September 17, 1899.

**WEIMER CONFIRMATION CERTIFICATE: SUNBURY, PENNSYLVANIA**

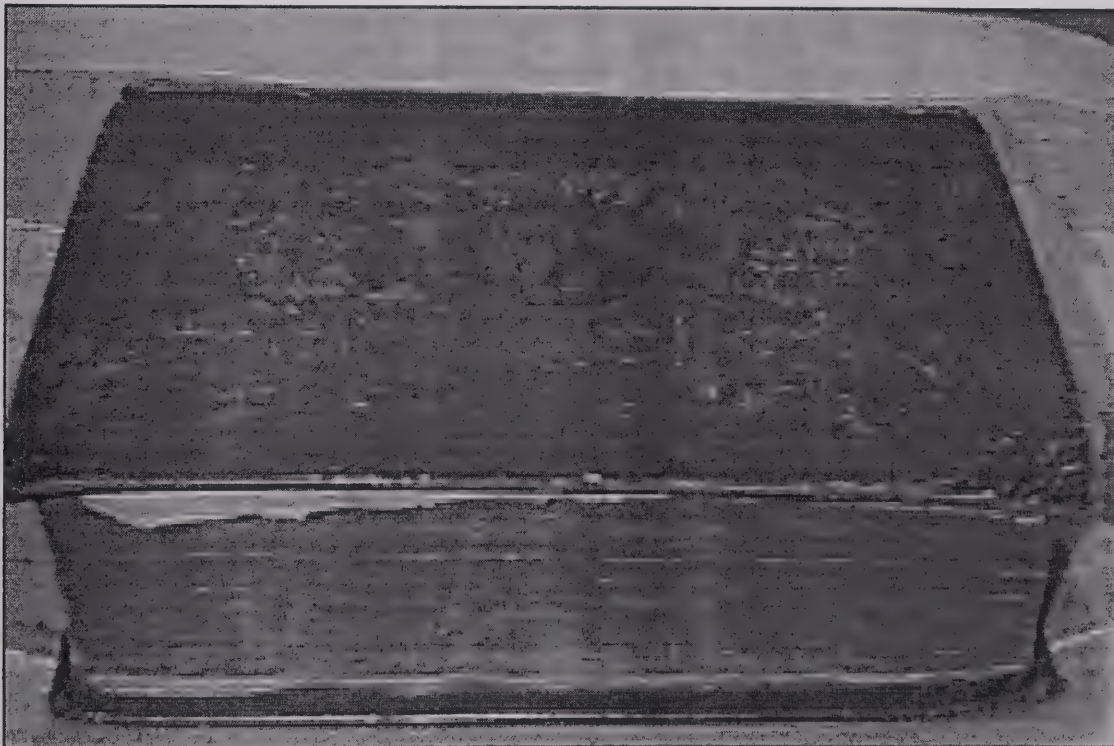
This record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The Bible was published in 1736 and had been—according to the lister—in the possession of the Weimer family since the 18<sup>th</sup> century.

Sarah Weimer was confirmed in Sunbury, Pennsylvania, in 1832.

Written in pencil in the 19<sup>th</sup> century: the name Leinbach, Reading, Massa



Dear Mother &  
Margaret Stirling  
in 3<sup>rd</sup> St. St. John  
Glasgow, Scotland  
—  
James Stirling Junior  
Bible in hand in Glasgow  
in Scotland. Aug 11. 1891







Mary Osbornes Bible

Kilmamocke

4<sup>th</sup> June  
1825

Mary Osbornes Bible as a present  
from her son Thomas who left his  
native Land for America August 7<sup>th</sup>  
1829

Mary Osborne Died March 12<sup>th</sup> 1831  
Aged Sixty-nine Years

John Smith Died April 4<sup>th</sup> 1843  
Aged Eighty-one Years

"It is appointed unto men once to die  
but unto them that look for Him shall  
he appear the Second time without  
sin unto Salvation"



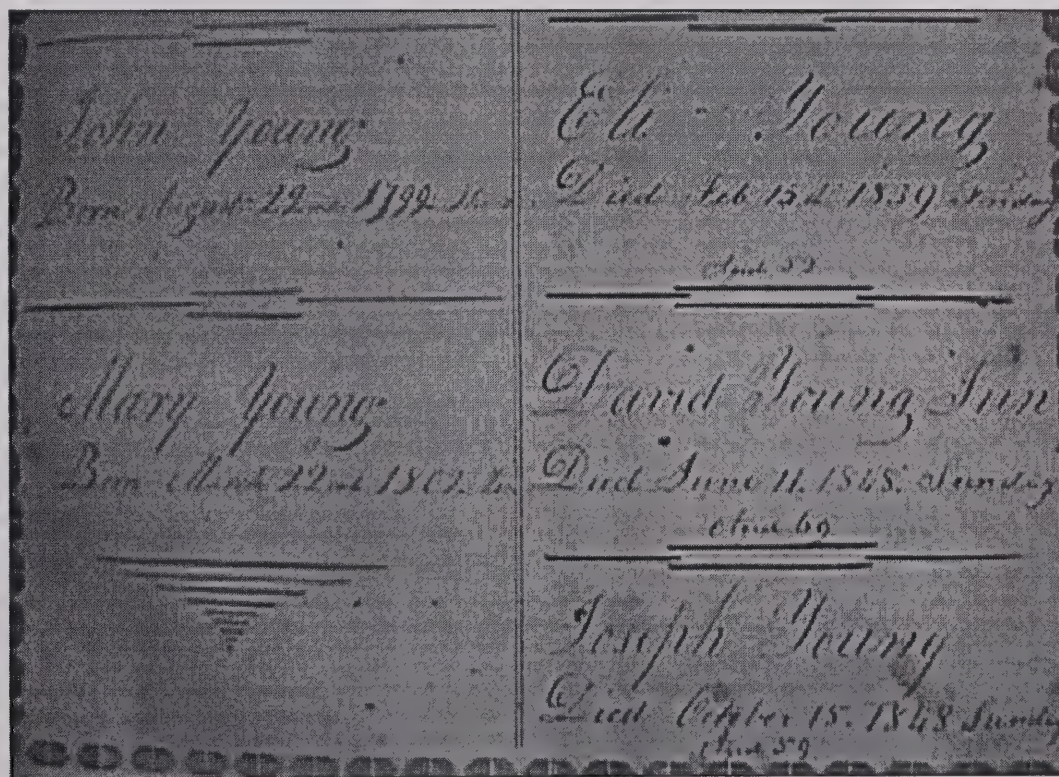


**WILKINSON, YOUNG BIBLE: CHICAGO, JOLIET, ILLINOIS; MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN; MASSACHUSETTS; MAINE (pictured below and to the right)**

This partial record comes from a Bible sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The copyright date was 1818. It appears that all records were written by the same person.

Births

David Young was born 1 May 1753 Wednesday  
 Elizabeth Young was born 12 March 1758 Thursday  
 Jonathan Young was born 29 January 1759 Thursday  
 David Young Junior was born 24 July 1779 Saturday  
 John Young was born 22 August 1799 Thursday Pittston  
 Betsy Young was born 18 March 1781  
 Aaron Young was born 12 May 1783 Monday  
 Nabby Young was born 30 January 1785  
 Eli Young was born 26 February 1787  
 Joseph Young was born 29 January 1789  
 Joanna Young was born 5 February 1791 Saturday  
 Jonathan Young was born 31 May 1793  
 Dudley Young was born 20 April 1795 Monday (Note: I could not tell if this was intended to be a birth or death, as it looked as if it said he died at 3 months. It was in the birth column, however, and the 3 mos. could have actually read 3 am.)  
 Emma E. Young was born 10 November 1800 Monday Falmouth  
 Mary Young was born 22 March 1807 (?)  
 John F. Young was born October 30, 1820 Monday Pittston  
 Emma Florence Young was born 4 May 1822 Saturday Pittston  
 Lucy Ann Young was born 4 June 1825 Saturday Pittston  
 Charles F. Young was born 18 August 1843 Friday Nobleboro, Lincoln County  
 Mary Fullerton Young was born 7 March 1856 Monday Richmond, Lincoln County  
 Henry Ogden Wilkinson was born 11 October 1858 at Joliet Illinois  
 Charles William Wilkinson was born 6 June 1863 Chicago Illinois







George Young Wilkinson was born 12 September 1870 Milwaukee

#### Marriages

Emma E. Young married 23 March 1820

Jotham Young and Luise(?) Drew were married \_\_\_\_

Ervin C. Whiteburn and Lucy Ann Young were married 7 May 1848

John F. Young and Harriet Ogden were married at Ok York (?) 9 June 1857

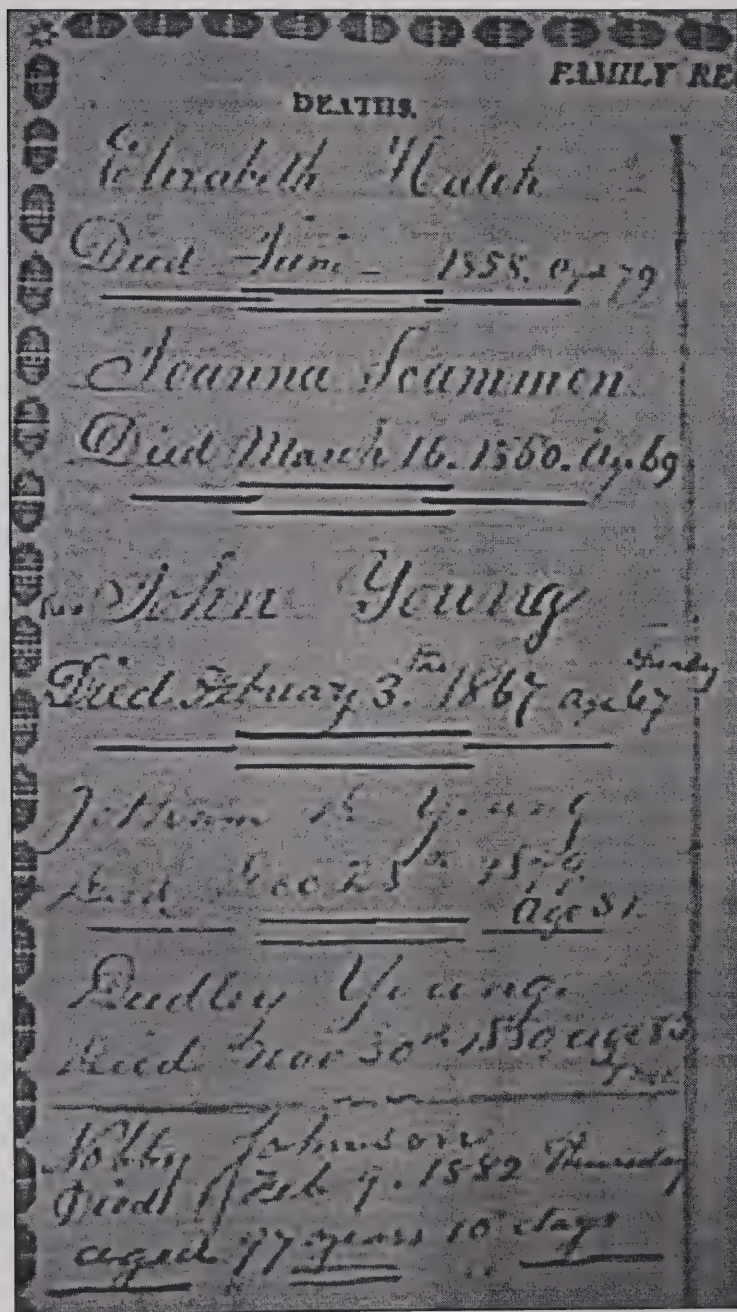
Reverend John Wilkinson and Mary Young were married 6 January 1859 Augusta (?)

#### Deaths

John Young died 22 August 1790

Stephen Young died 21 March 1797 Tuesday

David Young died 15 February 1826 Thursday aged 73 years



Elizabeth Young died 7 May 1834  
Wednesday aged 76

Eli Young died 15 February 1839  
Friday aged 52 years

Charles F. Young died 11 Sep-  
tember 1843

Emma Young died 16 May 1847  
Sunday

David Young died 11 June 1848  
Sunday aged 69 years

Joseph Young died 15 October  
1848 Sunday aged 59 years

Elizabeth Hatch died \_ June 1858  
aged 79 years

John Young died 3 February 1867  
aged 67 years Sunday

Jotham D. (?) Young died 28  
December 1879 aged 51 (?)

Dudley Young died 30 November  
1880 aged 83 years

Joanna Seammar  
(Seemman?) Died 16 March 1880  
aged 69

Nobby Johnson died 9 February  
1882 Thursday aged 97 years 10  
days

Mary Fullerton Young died  
\_\_1906 aged 70 years

The IGI says that a Jotham Young  
was born ca. 1789 in Kennebunk,  
York County, Maine, the son of  
Joseph Young and Patty Hatch.





Photographs from the Zingst Bible.





**WOOD, PORTER, GREEN BIBLE RECORD: WESTBROOK, NORTH YARMOUTH, MAINE;  
FALMOUTH, NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS**

This partial record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site in February 2000. The Bible was copyrighted 1811.

**Births**

Thomas Wood Born in New Bedford February 10<sup>th</sup> 1780  
Joshua Porter Born in Falmouth November 1<sup>st</sup> same year  
Mary Ann Green Born in \_\_\_\_ July 4<sup>th</sup> 1784  
Sarah M. Gray Born in North Yarmouth Maine September 6<sup>th</sup> 1795

**Marriages**

Thomas Wood and Mary Ann Green married July 4<sup>th</sup> 1800  
John Porter and Mary Ann Wood married November 1<sup>st</sup> 1809  
Joshua Porter and Sarah M. Gray married August 27<sup>th</sup> 1832

**Deaths**

Thomas Wood died in St. Petersburg Russia September 25<sup>th</sup> 1807 age 27 years  
Joshua Porter died Westbrook May 2<sup>nd</sup> 1844 age 65 years

The IGI says the Joshua Porter marriage took place in Civil, Westbrook, Cumberland, Maine, on August 12, 1832. It also said he was the son of Seward Waters and Eleanor Merrill Porter.

**ZINGST, PANST, BRUBAKER, JACOBY, ROYER, ROYCE BIBLE: LEBANON, LANCASTER  
COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA (pictured to the left and on the following page)**

This partial record comes from a Bible which was sold on the Ebay auction site. The Bible was published in 1875. The same lister offered for sale an 1862 merit card which was presented to a John Zingst. It is pictured.

These were written in 1900.

Jacob Zingst married Cristina Clinger  
Adam Jacoby married Kate Huber  
Christian Zingst married Elizabeth Jacoby  
John Royce married Nancy Pantz  
John C. Zingst married Maddie Royer  
Daniel Brubaker married Elizabeth Kendig  
Ephraim Royer married Maddie Campbell  
John Pantz married Betsy Heller

John H. Zingst relation  
Mary Zingst relation  
Ira Zingst relation  
James W. Shirk relation

John H. Zingst married Mary Brubaker in Lebanon County Pennsylvania in May 1874

The IGI states that Daniel Brubaker married Elizabeth Kendig in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania ca. 1846. It also shows two Ephraim Royers, both born in Lebanon County. One is born to John and Anna Pfoutz Royer 14 August 1824; the other, to Jacob and Marie Hostetler Royer 25 November 1833.



# MARRIAGES

[illegible]









## ILIFF/RAMP FAMILY CHART

### GENERATION ONE

Roscoe Ramp  
B. 21 June 1883  
Marshall Co, Illinois

Mary Ramp  
B. ca. 1887

Sam Ramp  
B. 1889

**Charles Ramp** -----  
B. 1893  
M. Ethel Gibbs  
27 October 1917  
dtr. of Charles Gibbs and  
Dora Stinger  
(no children)

### GENERATION TWO

Amanda Ramp  
B. ca. 1845, Cumberland Co., Pa.

Minerva Ramp  
B. ca. 1847, Cumberland Co., Pa.  
married: Charley Chambers

Francis Peoria Ramp  
B. ca. 1851, Cumberland Co., Pa.  
married: Jenny

Edward J. Ramp  
B. ca. 1858, Cumberland Co., Pa.

James Ramp  
B. ca. 1855, Cumberland Co., Pa.

**Horace Greeley Ramp**-----  
B. ca. 1849  
Cumberland Co., Pennsylvania  
d. after 1930  
M. 12 January 1882  
Marshall County, Illinois

### GENERATION THREE

**Mary Railing**  
B. 25 January 1825, Cumberland Co., Pa.  
D. 22 August 1907

**Samuel Ramp** (His pedigree is in the IGI.)  
B. 4 August 1820, Cumberland Co, Pa.  
M. ca. 1844, **Mary Railing**  
D. 1 September 1898, Illinois

**Luella Caroline Iliff** -----  
B. 25 Oct. 1858  
Marshall Co., Illinois

Robert Iliff  
B. ca. 1851, Illinois  
M. Clara Beckwith

Samuel Iliff  
B. ca. 1852, Illinois

Clarissa (Mrs. Beckwith) Iliff  
B. ca. 1856, Illinois

Will Iliff  
B. ca. 1858, Illinois

Emma (Mrs. John Grey) Iliff  
B. ca. 1860, Illinois

Elizabeth  
B. ca. 1861, Illinois

Eddy Iliff  
D. 15 December 1886

**John Melick Iliff**  
B. ca. 1827, Ohio  
M. 1.) **Caroline Henthorn**  
2.) Anna

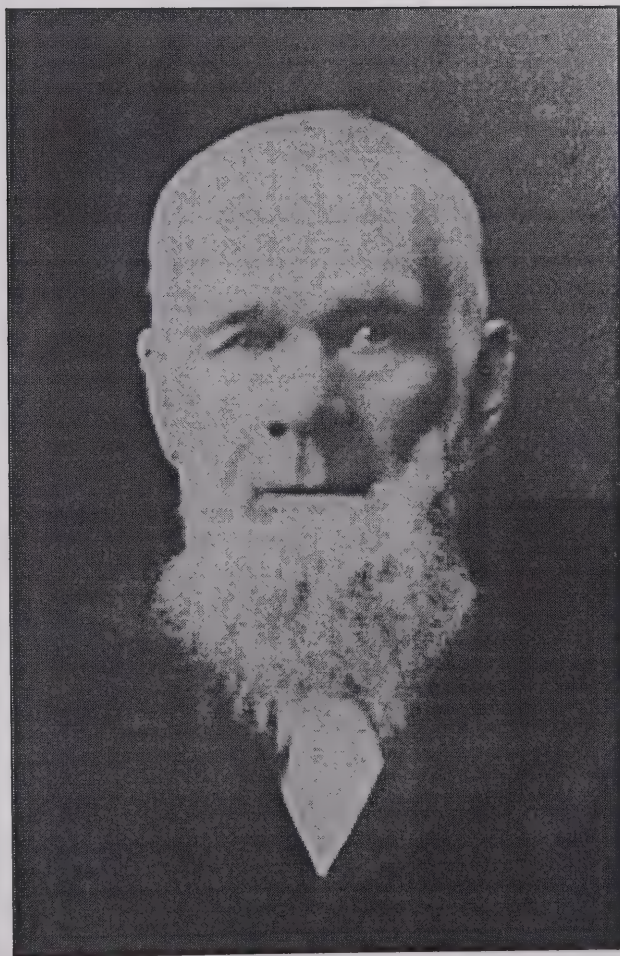
**Caroline Elizabeth Henthorn**  
B. ca. 1828, Indiana  
D. prior to 1870 census





Notes taken from discussion with Charles and Ethel (Gibbs) Ramp:

1. Jim Ramp had a daughter named Allie who never married.
2. Eddy Iliff died young.
3. Ella Iliff and Horace Ramp lived with his parents after they married.
4. Frank Ramp had a son named Frank who lived in Tucson in the 1970's.
5. Horace Ramp planted a 20 acre orchard.
6. Samuel Ramp, Sr., died when he fell off a shed on which he was standing to pick peaches.
7. Ella Iliff's mother died when she fell off a spring wagon and broke her neck when Ella was only 12. The horses bolted, and she fell.
8. Ella Iliff played the organ.
9. Ella Iliff died about 1929 of a heart attack.
10. Horace Ramp died of old age at 82.
11. Emma Iliff and John Grey ran a piano school in Bloomington, Illinois.
12. John Iliff was likely the son of Robert Iliff.



Sam Ramp



## 1883 DIARY OF LUELLA ILIFF RAMP

When this diary begins, Ella Ramp was about 25, married just less than a year, and pregnant with her first child who would be born in June. She and her husband Horace were living in Marshall County, Illinois. The journal and the one that follows it gives a wonderful picture of the every day life of the farmer at the turn of the century in the Midwest. Both journals were entrusted to me by Ella's son Charles, as he had no children, and none of the children of his siblings were interested in the diaries. (Ella and Horace are pictured below and on the next page.)

### JANUARY

- 1 Mon: we washed today Horace & Frank went to Lacon
- 2 Tues: Minerva & the children was here today and Charley went to Lacon
- 3 Wed: I ironed to day and in the afternoon went to Brother Robs
- 4 Thu: went to Washburn to visit brother Sams
- 5 Fri: came home from Robs in the forenoon
- 6 Sat: Mother & Ed went to Martha's and Horace and I went in to town
- 7 Sun: took Clara to Mr Hulls and then went to Jims
- 8 Mon: Horace went to hawl hogs for Mr Spangler
- 9 Tues: hauled two loads and came home in the evening
- 10 Wed: went to help kin to hawl hogs
- 11 Thu: made Horace shirt and mother went to town Horace fixed our slay
- 12 Fri: was a very blusterie day Horace caught & shot 8 rabbits
- 13 Sat: we went to Lacon in the forenoon and in the afternoon went to Mike Bahning
- 14 Sun: went to meeting in the afternoon and I played
- 15 Mon: we washed today and the boys killed a coon
- 16 Tues: it snowed all afternoon C Fort was buried
- 17 Wed: I ironed to day Charley was here, and Charley & Horace went to Lacon
- 18 Thu: Pa & mother went to Lacon and Horace went rabbit hunting  
Frank Slise was to come and fix the organ but did not
- 19 Fri: the boys burnt the brush pile and caught twelve rabbits and in the evening we went to Mrs Hull to an oyster supper
- 20 Sat: it has been a very blustery day mother and Ed went to Lacon and Ed stayed
- 21 Sun: this is the coldest day that we have had this winter I think mother went to church to bring Ed home I guess we will stay home to day
- 22 Mon: went to Robs and got five rabbits
- 23 Tues: Stayed at home all day and sewed
- 24 Wed: Horace & I went to Lacon
- 25 Thu: we butchered and did not get done
- 26 Fri: we finished butchering and Frank Slise came out and fixed the organ
- 27 Sat: in the evening we went up to Charley Chambers
- 28 Sun: very nice day we came home from Charley Chambers
- 29 Mon: very warm day I went hunting all day I killed 7 rabbits
- 30 Tues: went to Lacon and heared that Mrs Owens was dead
- 31 Wed: attended the funnel of Mrs Owens

### FEBRUARY

- 1 Thu: Robs were down to see us
- 2 Fri: went to the social at Mr Ratsuns (?) and went to Robs that night
- 3 Sat: very storm day came home from Robs
- 4 Sun: Stayed at home all day and wrote mother
- 5 Mon: sewed all day mother went to Lacon in the afternoon
- 6 Tues: Mr Batrums & Mr Kuncles & Mr Taylors were here to spend the day
- 7 Wed: mother & Horace went to Lacon
- 8 Thu: went to Mr Hulls in the afternoon



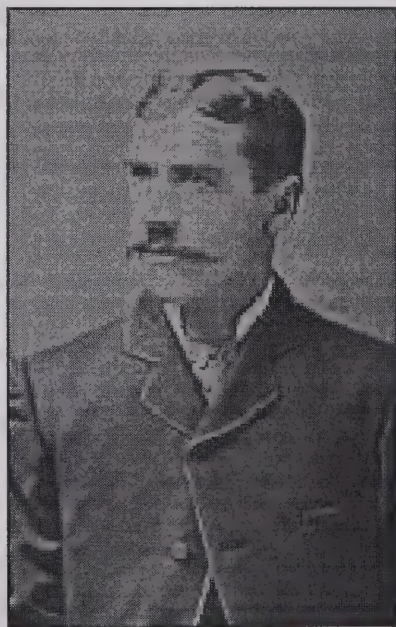




- 9 Fri: Horace & Frank went to Charleys after the hog  
 10 Sat: went to Lacon in the afternoon and It snowed very hard  
 11 Sun: went to Church in the afternoon  
 12 Mon: a very nice day and we washed  
 13 Tues: our folks went to George Kuncles sale  
 14 Wed: I went to Wenona to see mother & Eddy Martha baby was born about one o'clock mother went up there  
 15 Thu: Horace went to Mr Thorps sale & then to the oyster supper at Mr Keldges (?)  
 16 Fri: the snow went of to day and Horace came in after one but it rained to hard so I cam in the evening and stayed at Mr Gruenuenglis (?)  
 17 Sat: I came home Saturday and it was very icy  
 18 Sun: Stayed home and took care of my cold  
 19 Mon: mother went over to see Martha and my cold was very bad  
 20 Tues: Charley Chambers came to get our help to butcher  
 21 Wed: went to Charley Chambers to butcher and Pa & mother went to will Kuncles  
 22 Thu: expected the preacher to day but they did not come  
 23 Fri: Frank and I and Mr Kunkle fixt the Bridg \$3.12  
 24 Sat: it rained all day and I walked to town  
 25 Sun: very nice day Masts was all here for dinner we staid at home all day  
 26 Mon: very nice day we worked all day  
 27 Tues: we hawled manure all day mother went to town and bought me a fork \$1.25  
 28 Wed: Mother and I went to Marthas

### MARCH

- 1 Thu: Mitchell Miller was here to dinner  
 2 Fri: mother went to town was here to dinner  
 3 Sat: Horace Frank & I went to Lacon for mother & Eddy  
 4 Sun: went to Robs for dinner  
 5 Mon: Mr. Smiths was here today Horace took mother & Eddy to Lacon  
 6 Tues: Mrs. Owens was buried today  
 7 Wed: mother & I went to Amanda to sew carpet rags  
 8 Thu: took our potatoes to town mother went home  
 9 Fri: Pa & mother went to Jims & spent the day  
 10 Sat: Took Daisy a way and went to town  
 11 Sun: went to Charley Chambers



- 12 Mon: we washed today Horace & Willie went to town  
 13 Tues: Mrs Holland was here today Horace took our buggy to town  
 14 Wed: Haweld oats today Charley was here  
 15 Thu: Hawled oats today  
 16 Fri: broke stalks in the forenoon and went to town in the afternoon  
 17 Sat: Martha & Will was here and Clara came in the evening  
 18 Sun: Stayed at home all day and I was sick in the evening  
 19 Mon: Horace took Clara home and brought the stalk cutter down  
 20 Tues: Horace Frank & Jim went to Heenery  
 21 Wed: hawled rails this forenoon and raked & burned stalks in the afternoon  
 22 Thu: Jim & Horace went to the sale and I finished Franks shirts  
 23 Fri: Horace chopped wood in the forenoon and I made 2 cakes in the afternoon  
 24 Sat: Minerva was here today mother & Pa went to town  
 25 Sun: we stayed home all day Horace ate ten eggs & a half It was Easter  
 26 Mon: Horace helped to wash and then he chopped wood all afternoon It snowed  
 27 Tues: It snowed all day Horace went to Mr Spanglers sale





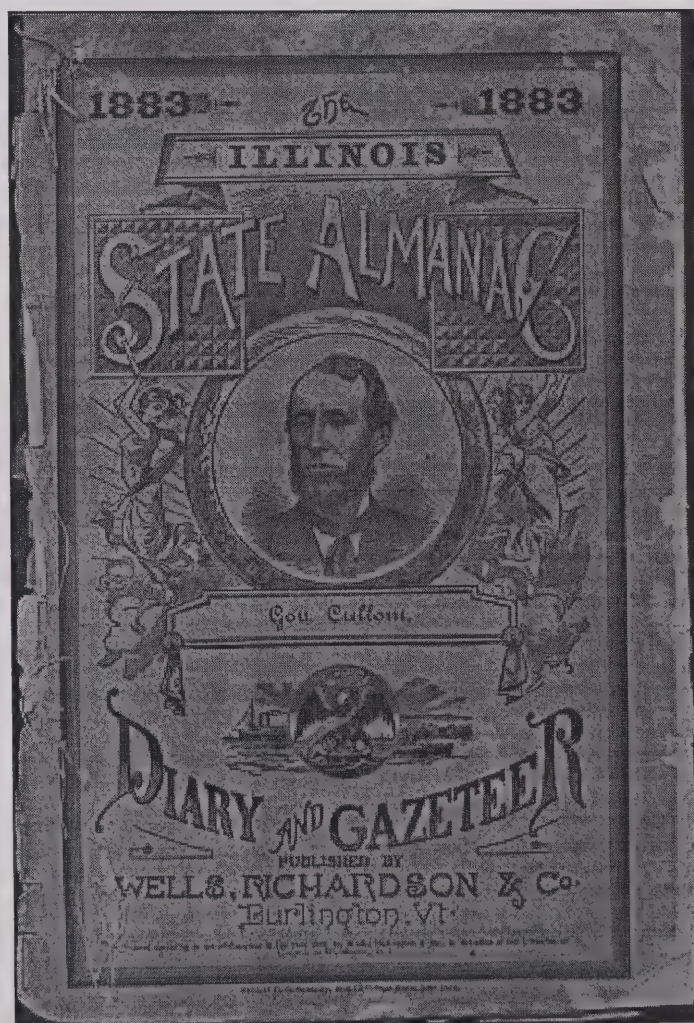
28 Wed: it snowed all day Horace & I went to Masts  
 29 Thu: Mrs Grenough was here to day  
 30 Fri: went to Robs' & Horace helped to saw wood  
 31 Sat: our folks went to town & Lucy Gaston came home with them

#### APRIL:

1 Sun: Snowed in the morning and had to little April fool calves  
 2 Mon: Horace chopped wood Mother & I sewed in the afternoon  
 3 Tues: Mother & Horace went to town & then he went to the election  
 4 Wed: comenced sowing oats to day & it rained very hard in the evening tonight  
 5 Thu: the boys were to Lacon & heard that Mr Spangler was dead Died yesterday evening  
 6 Fri: it rained all day Mr Spangler was buried Frank and I and Mother and Pa went  
 7 Sat: Rob was here for dinner Horace went to town with him  
 8 Sun: went to Martha and spent the day  
 9 Mon: washed & sowed oats Mother went to Charleys  
 10 Tues: Ironed and Uncle Adam got through with the trees (?)  
 11 Wed: worked in the garden and got through with the oats  
 12 Thu: Horace went to Jims for the stalk cutter & cut stalks in the afternoon  
 13 Fri: Mother went to town & boys cut stalks in the afternoon  
 14 Sat: finished cutting and Horace went for our buggy  
 15 Sun: went to Jim & spent the day  
 16 Mon: comenced plowing for the corn  
 17 Tues: Charley Spanglers boy died to day  
 18 Wed: was buried to day Mother & Ed went to the furnel.  
 19 Thu: I went to Lacon today to see Mrs Cummings  
 20 Fri: comenced to plant our potatoes to day  
 21 Sat: finished planting our potatoes  
 22 Sun: Stayed at home all day Rained very hard in the evening  
 23 Mon: cleaned the closets Horace went to Lacon to get his plow sharpened  
 24 Tues: The boys fixed the Bridge  
 25 Wed: comenced to clean house today Martha came to help  
 26 Thu: finished all except the kitchen  
 27 Fri: Mother went to town Edith cain came over in the afternoon  
 28 Sat: went to Lacon and rode in our new buggy  
 29 Sun: went to Charley Ramp and Charley Chambers  
 30 Mon: the boys finished plowing today for corn

#### MAY:

1 Tues: Plowed the black berries and Raspberries  
 2 Wed: the men came out to papper and kalsomine







3 Thu: finished cleaning the kitchine comenced to plant corn in the orchard  
 4 Fri: Rained very hard all day  
 5 Sat: went to Charley Chambers & stayed all night  
 6 Sun: came home from Charley Jennine was broke out with the measles  
 7 Mon: Horace comenced to plant corn up in the field broke the planter  
 8 Tues: Heard that Mrs Spangler was dead  
 9 Wed: Horace was sick all day Mother went to see Mrs Spangler  
 10 Thu: Mother & Frank went after the table but did not get it  
 11 Fri: Mother & I went to Mr Caines  
 12 Sat: Horace went to town to see the Doc  
 13 Sun: Stayed at home all day it rained in the afternoon  
 14 Mon: Horace helped me to wash & to wash bed clothes  
 15 Tues: Horace & Mother went and got the table and brought me a postal from Em  
 16 Wed: Horace comenced to plant the lower twenty I went up in the field to see him plant  
 17 Thu: Mother went to town Horace finished planting the lower twenty  
 18 Fri: Mother cleaned the porch and we boiled soap  
 19 Sat: We got our spoons to day Mother brought me some ice cream  
 20 Sun: Stayed at home all day it Rained in the afternoon  
 21 Mon: When we got up Kit had a colt finished planting corn  
 22 Tues: Robs Charley & Mikes were here to day  
 23 Wed: Jim stoped here and mother went to Minervas  
 24 Thu: plowed the garden Mother and Pa went to town  
 25 Fri: Horace went to town & heard that Mr Rediger & son was killed by lightning  
 26 Sat: Mr Pichereau & Will was here to day  
 27 Sun: Mr Rediger and Son was buried to day  
 28 Mon: Horace & I washed and I cut my nightgowns out  
 29 Tues: Mother got me a new feather bed tick  
 30 Wed: Rained all forenoon Horace went to town in the afternoon  
 31 Thu: The boys howed corn & then they went to the commencement

#### JUNE:

1 Fri: The boys comenced to plow corn in the afternoon  
 2 Sat: Marth & Will come down & stayed alnight  
 3 Sun: Stayed at home all day and took care of Marth baby  
 4 Mon: the bees swarmed to day we washed  
 5 Tues: Horace & mother went to town Amanda was here for supper  
 6 Wed: Horace & I went to Jim's Charley Chambers was here for supper  
 7 Thu: Mother went to town and brought me a letter from John & Emma  
 8 Fri: Mother went to Sam Owens it rained in the evening  
 9 Sat: Horace & Jim went to Henery and all the rest went to town  
 10 Sun: It rained we all stayed home all day  
 11 Mon: The boys hawled hay and we washed and I finished my stocking  
 12 Tues: Mother & Horace went to town and did not get back untill evening  
 13 Wed: the boys hoed corn and we had strawberrie short cake for dinner  
 14 Thu: Thu: Mother & Pa went to Lacon and brought Clara home with them  
 15 Fri: Mr Dlable & Mary was here & Ed was broke out with measles  
 16 Sat: Mrs Moritz came over Clara and I picked strawberries  
 17 Sun: Charley Chambers & Laura Bruce was here  
 18 Mon: Clara & I washed and Mother churned & Mrs Boys was here this forenoon  
 19 Tues: we ironed and made Ice cream  
 20 Wed: made bread and cake and was taken sick The morning Charley Ramp was here  
 21 Thu: Our baby was born this morning a little after twelve I was sick all day  
 22 Fri: Alice & the children was here Mrs Moritz washed  
 23 Sat: Mother gave me a pair of Slippers it rained to day  
 24 Sun: I had a cramp to day Charley Chambers & Jim Ramp was here today  
 25 Mon: Mrs Moritz & Mrs Shepherd was here today to see me  
 26 Tues: Mother went to town and brought me two letters one from John & mother



27 Wed: Nobody was here to day did not have much to day  
 28 Thu: Will & Marth went to town & came back for dinner Mother got me a new washpan  
 29 Fri: got up for the first time but had to go bed be fore night Mrs Spangler died to day  
 30 Sat: Horace went to town for some medicine for me I was up a half a day

## JULY

1 Sun: Mrs Spangler was buried today our folks went  
 2 Mon: Horace went to town & I did up the morning work Mrs Bullard came this evening  
 3 Tues: I did most of the Ironing and mother took Mrs Bullard home  
 4 Wed: Martha & Will & Rob & Alice was here and we made ice cream  
 5 Thu: made jelly & caned onnens & raspbery & pie plant Marth helped us  
 6 Fri: Mother took Martha home I did my sweeping  
 7 Sat: Minerva came down & Horace & Mother went to town  
 8 Sun: I was sick all day not able to go to see the Dr  
 9 Mon: We washed to day I was very sick in the night Horace went for the doctor  
 10 Tues: The Dr came to see me but I was better when he came  
 11 Wed: finished plowing corn Frank mowed some  
 12 Thu: commenced cutting our wheat  
 13 Fri: we had a very heavy hail and rainstorm  
 14 Sat: Horace went to Henry we made ice cream  
 15 Sun: went to Rob's the first place I was since I was sick  
 16 Mon: Rained in the afternoon Horace & Clara went to town  
 17 Tues: Mother gave me a new dress Horace was very sick in the night  
 18 Wed: Mrs Shield came today Mother & them went to Charleys  
 19 Thu: Mrs Shels came back  
 20 Fri: Our folks went to Mark & Mike Batrum  
 21 Sat: Minerva came down today  
 22 Sun: we went to Charley Chambers and Mr Spenyr (?)  
 23 Mon: cut oats for Mr Shephard  
 24 Tues: we finished Ironing and mother went to town  
 25 Wed: comenced to cut our oats  
 26 Thu: Marth & Will was here today  
 27 Fri: Marth was here to day Will Ramsey died  
 28 Sat: Mother went to town and Clara finished Horace's shirt  
 29 Sun: went to the furnel and went to Jims for dinner  
 30 Mon: finishing making the Timothy hay  
 31 Tues: I ironed and mother went to town Mother gave me five dollars

## AUGUST

1 Wed: Horace went to Henry comenced to cut the rest of the oats  
 2 Thu: The mechine broke twice Lib was here today  
 3 Fri: finished cutting the oats Horace broke the mechine  
 4 Sat: comenced to cut oats for Dennis Holland  
 5 Sun: went to Jims and in the afternoon went to the Dr to get medicine for the baby  
 6 Mon: the baby sleped all day Mr Shepard thrashed  
 7 Tue: finished cutting oats Molly Henry (?) was married this evening  
 8 Wed: Dora Jones was here finished the hay  
 9 Thu: Clara went to Pekin Mother went to town  
 10 Fri: The baby was very sick this morning  
 11 Sat: Marth & Will was here Clara came home from Pekin  
 12 Sun: The Dr came to see the baby the baby was very sick  
 13 Mon: got through stacking the oats Rob & Johnne was here  
 14 Tue: the boys help Phil Martain (?) thrash made the baby a new shirt  
 15 Wed: went to Robs Mrs Gale and Mrs French was here  
 16 Thu: Mrs David Caveur was buried to day  
 17 Fri: went to town and got me a new dress  
 18 Sat: went up to Martha and had ice cream





19 Sun: We went to Robs from Martha's  
 20 Mon: Marth came down to help get ready for the camp meeting  
 21 Tue: we got ready for old settlers meeting Pa started for camp meeting at half past nine in the evening  
 22 Wed: we went to the old settlers meeting ate our dinner at Mr Axilane (?) mother started for camp meeting this morning  
 23 Thu: got supper ready for town the boys worked on the road in the forenoon  
 24 Fri: went to town and got my dress fit we peddled our apples  
 25 Sat: Horace hawled a load of tile in the forenoon in the afternoon he fixed the bridge  
 26 Sun: Horace Clara the baby & I stayed at home all day Frank & Ed went to Church  
 27 Mon: we got up at four o'clock and did our washing we had a large one Manda and Jessie was here.  
 28 Tues: Clara went up to Will's & got the high chair & little rocking chair Horace went to town  
 29 Wed: Our folks came home from camp meeting  
 30 Thu: Mike Batrums and Charlie Chambers were here to day  
 31 Fri: went to Lacon after my dress Marth & Clara kept the baby finished hawling manure

#### SEPTEMBER

1 Sat: Horace took our folks to Eureka to camp meeting  
 2 Sun: we stayed at home all day Willie & Allie Ramp was here  
 3 Mon: washed in the forenoon went to town and had the baby pictures taken  
 4 Tue: Pa & mother came home from camp meeting Pa came at noon  
 5 Wed: hawled oats and fixed for the thrashers but they did not come  
 6 Thu: carried the fruit down cellar Will Heffeling  
 7 Fri: made two cakes one for the social the boys helped Mr Holland thrash  
 8 Sat: went to Martha and stayed all night & for the social  
 9 Sun: stayed all day and brought Ice cream home  
 10 Mon: Horace is helping Jim to thrash  
 11 Tue: finished thrashing at Jim we comenced to thrash  
 12 Wed: we finished thrashing Mary came down in the afternoon  
 13 Thu: we went to Washburn to see Sam's we got the baby pictures to day  
 14 Fri: Horace Halled corn for Mr Shary Mother went for wild grapes  
 15 Sat: went to Lacon Mother gave the baby a new dress Rose gave him one & I bought one so he is pretty well of for dresses bought the crackle  
 16 Sun: Stayed at home the baby had the colic it rained  
 17 Mon: comenced shelling corn Horace brought the cradle out Mother went to town  
 18 Tue: finished shelling corn Halled corn for Shepard  
 19 Wed: washed in the morning went to Wenona in the afternoon  
 20 Thu: Horace went to the fair and in the evening Sam & Nell came it rained  
 21 Fri: stayed and Horace went to the fair  
 22 Sat: comenced to plow Ben Ramps came and we came home from Wenona  
 23 Sun: stayed at home Marth came up  
 24 Mon: Mother went to Peoria we washed Ben Ramps went a way  
 25 Tue: Mother came home and brought me a new satchel  
 26 Wed: Frank started for Chicago  
 27 Thu: Pa went to Rock Isl Marth came down  
 28 Fri: Striped sugar cane Eddy came out  
 29 Sat: plowed in the forenoon went to town in the afternoon  
 30 Sun: went to Robs Mr Batrum were there

#### OCTOBER

1 Mon: washed and Pa came home  
 2 Tue: Ironed & Charley Ramp came down  
 3 Wed: cleaned hous and picked apples  
 4 Thu: Mother & Horace took our clock to town & took Eddy home  
 5 Fri: our folks went to town and got Ed new clothes  
 6 Sat: Horace hawled apples to Wirer (?) the first  
 7 Sun: went to Charley Chambers Martha was there  
 8 Mon: Mother went to Martha & the boys picked apples



9 Tue: Ironed in the forenoon & cleaned hous in the afternoon  
 10 Wed: grandpa & grandma Cummings came out  
 11 Thu: went to town in the afternoon hawled an other load of apples  
 12 Fri: hawled another load of apples & cleaned ducks  
 13 Sat: it rained nearly all forenoon Horace & Ed picked walnuts  
 14 Sun: grandpa Cuming was sick Stayed home  
 15 Mon: hawled apples to Mr Cumings to Lacon  
 16 Tue: Minerva was here Charley come to help pick apples  
 17 Wed: Mother went to Lacon twice Clara was sick a tramp was here  
 18 Thu: caned apples Mother went to town  
 19 Fri: made apples pickles and swep & churned & scrubd  
 20 Sat: stayed at home all day  
 21 Sun: stayed at home all day  
 22 Mon: Mother went to town for Mother (sic) & she went to Robs  
 23 Tue: went to Robs to see the new baby  
 24 Wed: cleaned the pantry and Horace brought our cubbard out commenced the corn cut  
 25 Thu: Rained and we cleaned the upstairs  
 26 Fri: finished cleaning the up stair  
 27 Sat: went to Jims and stayed all night  
 28 Sun: went to Robs  
 29 Mon: washed & Marth came in the afternoon  
 30 Tue: comenced to husk corn made apple butter  
 31 Wed: Ironed & Mother came in the evening

#### NOVEMBER

1 Thu: Mother cut out the baby dress  
 2 Fri: Clara wen to town and got her cloak  
 3 Sat: Mother went a way and I went to town  
 4 Sun: Ed & Frank went to Sunday school  
 5 Mon: It rained all day we fixed our under clothes  
 6 Tue: we washed the baby fell out of his chair  
 7 Wed: Mr Smiths & Mrs Breton & Maggie was here  
 8 Thu: finished digging our potatoes Mrs Batrum was here  
 9 Fri: Mother & Mrs. Batrum went to Uncle Williams Chambers  
 10 Sat: went to Charley Ramps  
 11 Sun: It turned very cold Horace covered our potatoes  
 12 Mon: washed in the house Horace attended to the potatoes  
 13 Tue: mother stayed in town for the meeting  
 14 Wed: Pa & mother went to Bro Charleys patched the blankets  
 15 Thu: moved the sofe (?) art (?) for its milk mother went to town  
 16 Fri: Clara kist Verda Milliuns (?)  
 17 Sat: Mother went to town and got some sheets  
 18 Sun: are folks all went to church except Pa & the baby & I  
 19 Mon: Sam & Will came here tonight  
 20 Tue: Mother went to town I churned in the afternoon  
 21 Wed: Pa & mother went to Charley Chambers  
 22 Thu: kiled the bee Uncle Adam came  
 23 Fri: Frank & I went to town and brought Sarah Hale out  
 24 Sat: Mother went to town it was a very fine day  
 25 Sun: They all went to church but Horace Frank & I we looked for the longest verse in the Bible  
 26 Mon: washed Mother & Sarah went over to Mrs. Feelers (?)  
 27 Tue: Sarah went to Amanda Mother brought Clara a new skirt & apron  
 28 Wed: got ready for Thanksgiving Mrs. Brodar was here  
 29 Thu: Charleys was here to day  
 30 Fri: mother took Sarah to Lacon got a letter from mother





## DECEMBER

- 1 Sat: went to Mrs. Batrum mother & Clara went to town
- 2 Sun: it was very cold we came home from Mikes
- 3 Mon: Clara was sick she had six spells Pa soled his hogs
- 4 Tue: Clara got sik at ten o' clock she got better I did the work my self
- 5 Wed: Marth came we ironed made Ed over alls
- 6 Thu: we butchard a hog Jim was here
- 7 Fri: mother went to Charleys the folks moved in the little house
- 8 Sat: we went to town Clara went to Martha I bought the baby some stockings
- 9 Sun: Stayed at home in the forenoon went to Mr Moritz in the afternoon
- 10 Mon: Clara went to Charleys Mr Owens died
- 11 Tue: I ironed & Baked bread our cards came called on the new neighbor
- 12 Wed: Mr Owens was buried today
- 13 Thu: made the boys shirts John Thompson was here
- 14 Fri: we finished husking corn our folks went to Jims
- 15 Sat: we went to Charley Chambers tonight first snow
- 16 Sun: our baby was sick we could not come home from Charleys
- 17 Mon: It snowed all day we came home from Charleys
- 18 Tue: Horace killed the first rabbit got a letter from mother
- 19 Wed: Ironed & our folks went to Henery
- 20 Thu: the boys went to the Sale we fixed the oil clothes
- 21 Fri: went to town and bought the Christmas presents Horace bought his gun
- 22 Sat: the boys took twelve rabbits to town Allie & Jinks was here
- 23 Sun: stormed all day we all stayed at home all day
- 24 Mon: got ready for Christmas Mr & Mrs Martain was here
- 25 Tue: Robs & Jims was here I got two presents my silver stoal from my husband and the dish from Marth
- 26 Wed: we comenced to butcher Horace went to town and bought me a letter from Germany
- 27 Thu: we finished butchering
- 28 Fri: we went and spent the day with Mrs Gale
- 29 Sat: Lucy Gaston came out we went to Charley Chambers
- 30 Sun: went to Mr Moritz in the afternoon
- 31 Mon: Horace helped Mrs Moritzs to move  
Ella CRamp



## 1886 DIARY OF LUELLA ILIFF RAMP

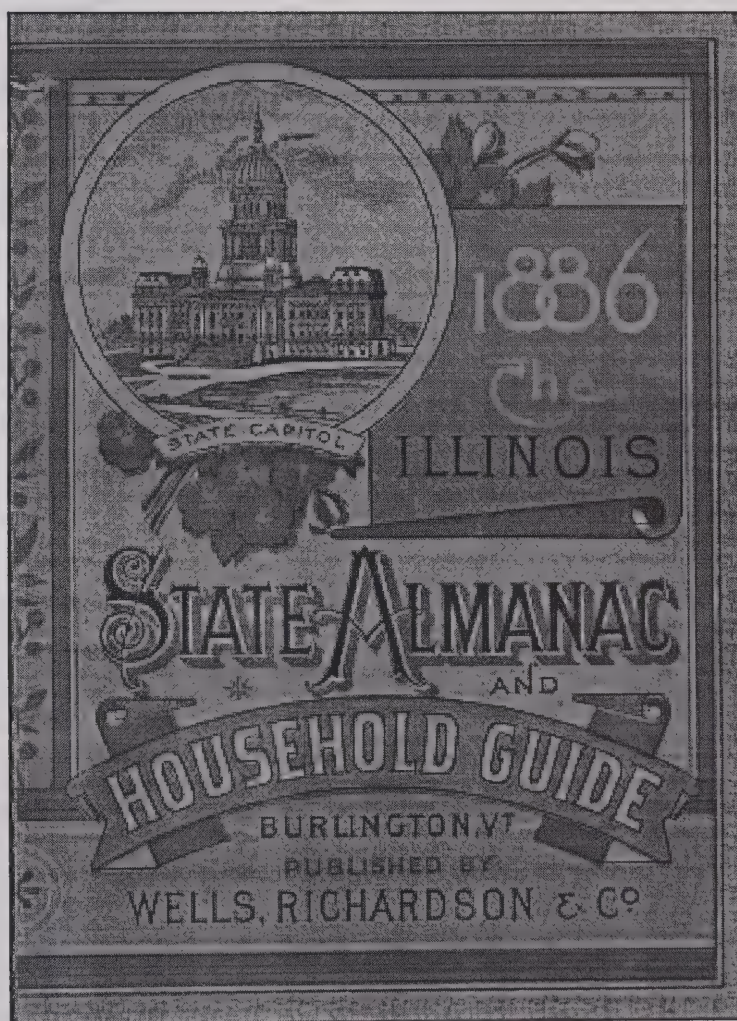
When she kept this diary, Luella Ramp was about 28 years old, the mother of a 3-year-old son she called Rossie (Roscoe), and was living in Marshall County, Illinois.

### JANUARY

- 1 Fri: the boys comenced the new year by sawing wood
- 2 Sat: went to town and Horace \_\_\_\_ Roscoe
- 3 Sun: Stayed at home all day it rained
- 4 Mon: Sold our meat at 18 cet Horace haweld tile
- 5 Tue: Horace went to Mr Dick Carotheres to see Elick Snowed
- 6 Wed: Horace worked in the orchard Bertha was here
- 7 Thu: I made two cakes & Horace split wood Uncle Adam come David Owens & Bearth Alpertson was married
- 8 Fri: It has been snowing all day
- 9 Sat: we went to town it was a very cold day
- 10 Sun: Stayed at home all day
- 11 Mon: Horace went to town and bought a new cote
- 12 Tue: hawled straw & sawed wood I ironed
- 13 Wed: I was sick the boys sawed wood
- 14 Thu: went to town and got Rossie some shoes and he had two teeth out
- 15 Fri: it snowed Horace piled wood
- 16 Sat: went to town came around
- 17 Sun: Mr Creighton was very sick
- 18 Mon: The boys hawled corn for Thompson George Henery & Lemon was here
- 19 Tue: Horace went to town & Uncle Adam came Sent for the Chicago Journal
- 20 Wed: Snowed all day burnt the brush pile caught seven rabbits
- 21 Thu: Pa and Mother was here
- 22 Fri: Horace went to Charleys for butter it was such a stormy day
- 23 Sat: went to town & got some more dishes
- 24 Sun: went to Mr. Creighton in the afternoon
- 25 Mon: washed & went to Charley Chambers
- 26 Tue: went to Sam Henery
- 27 Wed: Stayed at home
- 28 Thu: Horace hawled tile
- 29 Fri: did my Fridays work
- 30 Sat: went to town Mand Smith died
- 31 Sun: Stayed at home

### FEBRUARY

- 1 Mon: looked for Marts went to Bertha
- 2 Tue: Hattie Nateour died
- 3 Wed: Baked cake & cookies







4 Thu: Marts came  
 5 Fri: had an other fresh cow the young heffer Mrs Fisher died  
 6 Sat: Mr Lemon was here  
 7 Sun: went to the furnel of Mrs Fisher  
 8 Mon: washed Ironed & Horace hawled hay for Pa  
 9 Tue: the boys hawled post for Uncle Adam had the last slay ride  
 10 Wed: Horace & Uncle Adam caught a coon I come around  
 11 Thu: helped Charleys to Butchar  
 12 Fri: the boys chopped wood  
 13 Sat: went to town  
 14 Sun: Stayed at home  
 15 Mon: got a postal from Mother  
 16 Tue: went to Moritzs Horace went to the sale  
 17 Wed: the boys went to the timber  
 18 Thu: Frank & Jennie was married  
 19 Fri: Horace hauled corn  
 20 Sat: Horace walked to town and took the butter  
 21 Sun: Stayed at home all day  
 22 Mon: Horace went to Henry for lumber  
 23 Tue: Frank helped Uncle Adam  
 24 Wed: Horace went to Charley  
 25 Thu: I was over to see Mrs Bleight  
 26 Fri: Charley Needles (?) moves  
 27 Sat: went to town and got two new calico dresses  
 28 Sun: was over to Bertha for supper

### MARCH

1 Mon: Frank got his meat  
 2 Tue: Mother & Jennie was here  
 3 Wed: went to Jim's & got the plow  
 4 Thu: George Henerys was here Frank moved  
 5 Fri: Frank & Pa hawled hay  
 6 Sat: got a new washing mechine a dish pan & a pan  
 7 Sun: Stayed at home all day  
 8 Mon: George Henry was come around  
 9 Tue: hied Christatror Hoover killed a pig  
 10 Wed: Uncle Adam trimmed the berries  
 11 Thu: the boys helped Uncle Adam  
 12 Fri: the boys hawled manure  
 13 Sat: Clara came out  
 14 Sun: went to Robs  
 15 Mon: made Rossie a gound & fixed Horace vest  
 16 Tue: went to Amanda  
 17 Wed: Elic came George came made the chicken coop  
 18 Thu: the boys limed the grapes  
 19 Fri: they raised Franks barn  
 20 Sat: Clara was sick  
 21 Sun: the boys went to Sam Henry  
 22 Mon: we had a very large washing  
 23 Tue: the boys fixed the fence  
 24 Wed: Horace went to town \_\_\_\_ cleaned the garden set a hen  
 25 Thu: cut hedge this is for Wednesday  
 26 Fri: went to Sam Henery the boys ploughed the orchard  
 27 Sat: went to town and had my dresses fit  
 28 Sun: Stayed at home  
 29 Mon: made garden planted our potatoes  
 30 Tue: went to town got our cow



31 Wed: went to Sams

#### APRIL

1 Thu: Willie Ramp came  
2 Fri: went to town come around  
3 Sat: the boys hawled posts  
4 Sun: Stayed at home  
5 Mon: the boys finished the fence Frank hawled the hay  
6 Tue: finished Horace's shirts  
7 Wed: comenced to sow oats up in the field in the afternoon  
8 Thu: Charley & Minerva was here  
9 Fri: finished sowing in the upor field  
10 Sat: comenced the last field got our album  
11 Sun: Stayed at home  
12 Mon: finished sowing oats  
13 Tue: comenced to clean yard  
14 Wed: finish the yard took the rags to town  
15 Thu: cleaned the old house  
16 Fri: went after the stove  
17 Sat: had fish for the first  
18 Sun: went to Robs  
19 Mon: comenced to plow the ten acres  
20 Tue: sold the hogs cleaned the two rooms down stairs  
21 Wed: cleaned the Upstairs cut stocks  
22 Thu: mother was here comenced to plow in the upper field  
23 Fri: planted the potatoes  
24 Sat: set out the cabbages  
25 Sun: Stayed at home  
26 Mon: planted beans and cucumbers come around come around  
27 Tue: cleaned the sitting room & the bed room  
28 Wed: finished cleaning house  
29 Thu: Set out the tomatoes  
30 Fri: finished plowing comenced to plant corn

#### MAY

1 Sat: bought three sacks of flour  
2 Sun: Jim's was here  
3 Mon: made soap Uncle Timothy Owens died  
4 Tue: Sams Henry was here  
5 Wed: went to the furnel  
6 Thu: helped mother to clean house  
7 Fri: finished planting the second field  
8 Sat: went to town  
9 Sun: had a heavy rain  
10 Mon: washed our bed clothes  
11 Tue: helped Uncle Adam  
12 Wed: it hailed  
13 Thu: the boys helped in the timber planted the punkins  
14 Fri: chink spearted the potatoes  
15 Sat: the boys hawled oats  
16 Sun: Roos was here  
17 Mon: Em & John came home Mother & Mrs Noris (?) was here  
18 Tue: finished planting corn  
19 Wed: Em & John & Will & Bell was here  
20 Thu: plowed the garden Set out the tomatoes  
21 Fri: fixed the cellar  
22 Sat: took Rossie to the Dr. came around





23 Sun: went to Wills  
24 Mon: went to Wenona comenced to plow corn the first  
25 Tue: planted the corn Beans  
26 Wed: I was sick  
27 Thu: Set out the seed potatoes plant had the first strawberries  
28 Fri: went to town Jim got oats  
29 Sat: got the sprinkler  
30 Sun: went to church  
31 Mon: Horace went to Chenona

## JUNE

1 Tue: went after Horace  
2 Wed: went to see Em went to town  
3 Thu: went to Masts after corn  
4 Fri: took peg to the horse  
5 Sat: took the cow to the bull  
6 Sun: went to Charley Chambers  
7 Mon: took Jen some strawberries  
8 Tue: had a fresh cow the red one  
9 Wed: Clinst went a way set out the cabbage & beet plants  
10 Thu: Mrs Moritz was here  
11 Fri: finished the corn the second time  
12 Sat: went to town  
13 Sun: Em & John was here & stayed all night  
14 Mon: Horace worked on the road  
15 Tue: had the first swarm of bees fixed the potatoes  
16 Wed: went to the comencement Charley came  
17 Thu: came around  
18 Fri: took the butter to town  
19 Sat: went to Peoria took Clara down  
20 Sun: Marts Georges and Johns was here  
21 Mon: caned the goose berries Horace went to Sams  
22 Tue: Horace went to Henry  
23 Wed: had another fresh cow  
24 Thu: howed in the garden  
25 Fri: cut the wheat  
26 Sat: the boys helped Sam Henry  
27 Sun: Stayed at home all day Uncle Adam came  
28 Mon: Had a squirrel for supper  
29 Tue: got Rossie new shoes got our money  
30 Wed: went to Mr Keedys

## JULY

1 Thu: Horace took the plows home and paid Pa  
2 Fri: took the butter to town  
3 Sat: Horace went to Peoria  
4 Sun: Stayed at home all day  
5 Mon: Horace went to town Jim got corn  
6 Tue: comenced to mow first took the red cow to the bull  
7 Wed: Pa came out to help with the hay  
8 Thu: made hay  
9 Fri: Mrs Batren was here had a rain  
10 Sat: went to town in the morning  
11 Sun: went to the cha\_\_ & then went to Grays  
12 Mon: August came for the mechine came around  
13 Tue: Mr Hoover was Buried  
14 Wed: Horace cut the first oats



15 Thu: finished the first oats  
 16 Fri: Jen come for Black berries  
 17 Sat: went to town  
 18 Sun: went over the river to Rollie's grave took a cow to a bull  
 19 Mon: comenced the second field of oats took a cow to a bull  
 20 Tue: Mother was here  
 21 Wed: Jane & Sarah came for Berries  
 22 Thu: finished the second field of oats  
 23 Fri: finished in the orchard  
 24 Sat: took hay to town for Pa Mr Fishburn died  
 25 Sun: went to town Frank came  
 26 Mon: Horace went to town  
 27 Tue: Pa & Mother was here Stacked the wheat  
 28 Wed: went to town with apples had ice cream  
 29 Thu: Jim came and stacked  
 30 Fri: Sam Henry comenced to thrash  
 31 Sat: brought out (art?) a barrel of salt

#### AUGUST

1 Sun: went to Jims for dinner  
 2 Mon: washed & Ironed comenced to hawl meneure  
 3 Tue: Em & Mother was here  
 4 Wed: the boys hawled meneure  
 5 Thu: took my carpet to the weaver  
 6 Fri: Mother and Mrs Masor was here  
 7 Sat: got my other new comfort  
 8 Sun: went to Rob  
 9 Mon: washed  
 10 Tue: Mr Creighton thrashed  
 11 Wed: got Roscoes new dress  
 12 Thu: took some apples to town  
 13 Fri: had a storm  
 14 Sat: Em & John came  
 15 Sun: Stayed at home all day  
 16 Mon: the thrasher came  
 17 Tue: finished thrashing  
 18 Wed: went to the Old Settlers picnic  
 19 Thu: helped Rob Thompson to thrash  
 20 Fri: the boys made hay  
 21 Sat: Mother & Eddy came  
 22 Sun: took mother to Robs  
 23 Mon: the boys helped Uncle Adam  
 24 Tue: Amanda & Sarah was here  
 25 Wed: Rossie went to Franks mother came  
 26 Thu: took mother to town  
 27 Fri: Bertha helped me Pa went to Camp meeting  
 28 Sat: Horace bought our new bedroom set  
 29 Sun: went over to Bertha in the afternoon  
 30 Mon: went to town for grapes  
 31 Tue: Emma was here Horace went to Henry

#### SEPTEMBER

1 Wed: the boys went to Mr Coens Sale  
 2 Thu: Horace took apples to town  
 3 Fri: Helped Dennie to thrash  
 4 Sat: Mother was here  
 5 Sun: Stayed at home





6 Mon: Em & John was here the last time  
 7 Tue: Horace & I took some things to Mother  
 8 Wed: Pa & Mother started for the west  
 9 Thu: the boys went a hunting got six rabbits  
 10 Fri: the boys cut hedge  
 11 Sat: Horace brought out the bedroom set  
 12 Sun: went to Sams Henrys  
 13 Mon: comenced to plow  
 14 Tue: put my new carpet down  
 15 Wed: went to town  
 16 Thu: got a letter from Mother it rained  
 17 Fri: did all of my own work Mrs Jakson died  
 18 Sat: got my new shoes  
 19 Sun: Jame & Georges were here  
 20 Mon: the boys helped Sam to plow  
 21 Tue: Mr Shope was here  
 22 Wed: Uncle Adam came  
 23 Thu: Charleys Eva & May was here  
 24 Fri: Bertha helped me  
 25 Sat: our folk came home  
 26 Sun: Stayed at home Jessie came in the afternoon  
 27 Mon: Mother & Pa was here  
 28 Tue: George & Charley helped to plow  
 29 Wed: went to town  
 30 Thu: finished plowing

#### OCTOBER

1 Fri: gathered the ?  
 2 Sat: Horace gathered hicory nuts  
 3 Sun: Stayed at home  
 4 Mon: Horace went after the wagon  
 5 Tue: Sarah & Jane was here made apples pickles  
 6 Wed: got a letter from Em Frank Batrun was married  
 7 Thu: went to the reception  
 8 Fri: Horace hawled Pa apples  
 9 Sat: got me a new dress  
 10 Sun: Robs was here  
 11 Mon: Frank shelled corn  
 12 Tues: made cider for apple butter  
 13 Wed: made apple butter  
 14 Thu: we had a very hard wind storm  
 15 Fri: the Ohio folks came  
 16 Sat: Horace went to the sale  
 17 Sun: went to town to mothers  
 18 Mon: Horace took apples to town  
 19 Tues: baked a cake  
 20 Wed: Horace went to Mr Hoover's sale William Baker & wife came comenced to crib corn  
 21 Thu: the folks were all here  
 22 Fri: Horace took the folks to Charleys  
 23 Sat: went to town  
 24 Sun: I got dinner for mother it was my birthday  
 25 Mon: Horace made cider I went to Menervas  
 26 Tue: cleaned my cubbard  
 27 Wed: got Roscoes rubber boots  
 28 Thu: the Ohio folks started home  
 29 Fri: Put the cows in the orchard  
 30 Sat: Horace got the order made



31 Sun: went to brother Wills

#### NOVEMBER

1 Mon: comenced to clean house Berth had her baby  
2 Tue: comenced to husk in the upper field  
3 Wed: Horace exchanged cattle with Rob  
4 Thu: Sam cut Rosco hair  
5 Fri: hawled hogs for Sams  
6 Sat: went to town in the forenoon  
7 Sun: Alices \_ were here  
8 Mon: made my skirt ordered groceries  
9 Tue: the boys attended to the beets apples & potatoes  
10 Wed: Mother was here made two comforts  
11 Thu: went to town  
12 Fri: did our fridays work  
13 Sat: I helped mother  
14 Sun: we were over to Bertha  
15 Mon: went to town & had Roscoes pictures taken  
16 Tue: Alice went a way  
17 Wed: Pa & mother was here  
18 Thu: we had the first snow  
19 Fri: Amanda was here  
20 Sat: Nellie Veryna was buried  
21 Sun: Stayed at home all day  
22 Mon: put up the new window curtains  
23 Tue: cleaned a turkey for John Thompson  
24 Wed: Horace went to Jim's  
25 Thu: it was Thanksgiving  
26 Fri: finished husking corn  
27 Sat: Horace went to the mill  
28 Sun: Frank went to Sams  
29 Mon: the boys helped me to wash  
30 Tue: got ready for butchering

#### DECEMBER

1 Wed: it was very cold Just butchard for Pa  
2 Thu: Horace took his hogs a way  
3 Fri: got my new dress  
4 Sat: Horace hawled straw for Pa got Rossie pictures  
5 Sun: went to Robs Nanne came  
6 Mon: we butchard  
7 Tues: the boys got some poles from the timber  
8 Wed: went to see Em Horace cut his foot  
9 Thu: took Nanie home  
10 Fri: Pa was here to day  
11 Sat: Frank & I went to town  
12 Sun: Masts was here  
13 Mon: Sam was here  
14 Tues: Pa & Mother was here  
15 Wed: Our brother Eddy Iliff died  
16 Thu: got the word that Eddy was dead  
17 Fri: went to the furnel  
18 Sat: went to town & got Christmas presents  
19 Sun: Flora & John was here Em baby was borne  
20 Mon: hung Pa meat up no smoke  
21 Tue: Frank went to town  
22 Wed: went to Masts Uncle Adam came





23 Thu: Horace went to town  
24 Fri: I went to town  
25 Sat: Christmas got two presents we went to mothers  
26 Sun: went to Bertha  
27 Mon: Frank took Jims horse home  
28 Tue: went to town  
29 Wed: went to Sams Henry  
30 Thu: took the sled to town  
31 Fri: the end got Horace a new over shirt

#### NEWSPAPER ARTICLE REGARDING THE RAMP FAMILY

Published May 1, 1952; Lacon, Illinois, *Home Journal*

#### RAMPS LIVE LONG TIME IN OREGON *HOME JOURNAL* READER REPORTS

That members of the Ramp family live a long time where ever they settle, was called to the attention last week when an item from the *Capital Journal* of Salem, Oreg., arrived at the office via L.R. Speck, a *Home Journal* reader of that city. The item carried the news of the death of Benjamin F. Ramp, of Brooks, Ore., who would have reached his 102<sup>nd</sup> birthday on July 23. The aged pioneer settler had followed the tradition of the family name and attained the advanced age that put him well into the second century of life.

The Ramp family was closely identified with the early history of Illinois and their descendants still live in this section. The Oregon pioneer was a member of the family from Illinois and was known by a number of the older members of the Ramp family. The Ramps have scattered to many sections of the United States, where they now make their homes, but their achievement of longevity follows them wherever they settle.

The following letter was recieved of Mr. Speck:

Enclosed item on B.F. Ramp appearing in one of our local dailies, which I though might be of interest to some of the Ramps. A number of them, Sam Ramp, Horace Ramp, used to live around Lacon in my early days 50 years ago.

There are a number of Ramps around Salem, probably distant relatives of the Lacon Ramps.

Very Truly Yours,  
W.R. Speck  
990 Saginaw  
Salem, Oregon

The clipping reads:

Ben R. Ramp, 101, pioneer settler of the Brooks district, died in the Brooks Convalescent home Friday afternoon while asleep.

Mr. Ramp's death removed one of the few remaining pioneers who crossed the plains by ox team to settle in the Willamette valley. Born near Galesburg, Ill., July 23, 1850, Mr. Ramp crossed the plains with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Ramp, in 1850.

The family first settled on Howell Prairie near Silverton, but in 1856 moved to Brooks where Sam Ramp acquired the 324-acre Smith claim.

Only recently Mr. Ramp recounted his vivid recollections of the flood of 1861 when, accompanied by his father, he went to Wheatland to see the Willamette swirling through the tree tops in the bottoms and watched Capt. Pease in his steamboat, Onward, taking refugees from trees and housetops.

When the pioneer youth matured he taught school for many years and also farmed extensively. At one time he operated a grocery, for a few years near Albany, shortly before 1910.

Since 1904 Mr. Ramp made his home on Highway 99-E north of Brooks until two years ago when he moved to the convalescent home.

He is survived by three sons, Willard Ramp, who occupies the family home at Brooks; Floyd of Roseburg; and Rollie of Newport. Mrs. Ramp and another son, Verne, preceded him in death.

Note: An interview with Charles Ramps' wife follows elsewhere in this book.



## GIBBS/STINGER FAMILY CHART

FIRST GENERATION	SECOND GENERATION	THIRD GENERATION	FOURTH GENERATION
by Dora Stinger	Frank Stinger B. 8 March 1865, Ia. M. Hattie____ D. August 1936, Il.	Samuel Stinger B. ca. 1830, Md.	
Ethel May Gibbs B. 27 October 1892 Marshall Co., Il. M. Charles Ramp D. 20 January 1989, Ca.	James Melville Stinger B. 6 March 1868, Il. M. Anna Phillips D. Phoenix, Az.	Harriet Stinger B. 7 February 1831 D. 6 April 1837 Stark Co., Oh.	
Goldie E. Gibbs B. 12 October 1894 Marshall Co., Il. ----- M. Clifford Kaufmann D. 11 May 1969 California	Mary Stinger B. 1869	Jeremiah Stinger B. 28 January 1834, Oh. M. Margaret Snyder D. 13 September 1915, Il.	
Elmer Lee Gibbs B. 17 December 1896 M. Ruth Van Cycle D. 1 September 1964 Hobart, In.	Clara Bell Stinger B. 14 March 1870, Il. M. Frank Bean D. 1957, Il.	Mary Stinger B. ca. 1837 M. George W. Kocher D. 1919	
Ora Blanche Gibbs B. 23 June 1899 Marshall Co., Il. M. Claude Dresser D. 24 June 1982, Ca.	<b>Dora Mae Stinger-----</b> B. 16 September 1872 Woodford Co., Il. M. <b>Charles Gibbs</b> 10 April 1891, Il. D. 2 August 1907 Marshall Co., Il.	John Stinger B. 1839, Oh. M. 1.) Hannah Welch, 2.) Katherine Onyun D. 26 March 1900	
<b>Lowell Clinton Gibbs</b> B. 5 June 1902 LaPrairie, Il. M. <b>Margaret Moon</b> 25 July 1925, In. D. 29 October 1936 Hammond, In.	Leonard Lyon Stinger B. 29 June 1874	David Stinger B. ca. 1841, Oh.	
Gale Russell Gibbs B. 3 January 1905 D. after 1999, Ca.	Ida Mae Stinger B. 31 August 1876, Il. M. William Craig	<b>Isaiah Stinger-----</b> B. 26 January 1844 Litchfield, Oh. M. <b>Harriet Miller</b> 14 July 1864 D. 4 February 1914 Marshall Co., Il.	<b>John Stinger</b> B. 12 April 1799 Pennsylvania M. Susannah Flory Ca. 1830 D. 1848 Stark Co., Ohio
by Jean Shenberger	Bertha Stinger B. 6 October 1880 M. Earl Gapen	Benjamin Stinger (twin?) B. 1847 -----	<b>Susannah Flory</b> B. 8 October 1807 Maryland M. 1.) <b>John Stinger</b> 2.) John Swihart D. 26 June 1879 Stark Co., Ohio
Eleanor Gibbs	Arthur Glen Stinger B. 11 January 1883 M. Ruby____	Susannah E. (Twin?) B. 11 March 1847 M. Noah Longanecker D. 28 September 1913 Hartville, Ohio	
	Olive Grace Stinger B. 5 April 1886 M. John Spiegel D. May 1931		
	Bruce Norman Stinger B. 11 May 1888 M. Lula Belle Singer D. California		







To the left: Charles Gibbs and friend.  
Below: Bob, Elmer and Ruth Gibbs; Ethel Gibbs  
Ramp; Margaret Moon Gibbs; Edna Gibbs Hacker;  
Charles Ramp; and bottom, center, Dick Gibbs



Family of Harriet and Isaiah Stinger, 1895

Back row: Arthur, Ida, William, Clara, Leonard, Bertha, Dora; Seated: James Melville, Isaiah, Harriet, Frank; Front on floor: Olive, Bruce



## ETHEL GIBBS RAMP INTERVIEW

Ethel Gibbs (Mrs. Charles) Ramp was interviewed at her home in Glendale, California, by her niece Bonnie Jean Gibbs Hofmann on November 8, 1983. Ethel had just celebrated her 91<sup>st</sup> birthday two weeks previously. Bonnie, visiting from Illinois, pretty much asked Ethel to talk about her youth, so this is not a true interview per se. In this interview Ethel speaks of her childhood in Lacon, Illinois, and her young adulthood in Hammond and Indiana Harbor, Indiana.

We lived down in a house down near the Lacon Wool Mill in Lacon (Illinois). There was only Goldie and I in the family at that time when the Lacon Wool Mill caught fire in the middle of the night. Our father belonged to the fire department. There were men on top of the roof trying to keep our house from burning. Some neighbors took Goldie and I — wrapped us in blankets because it was cold — a few doors away for safety.

Our mother always made our clothes. She made them just alike. We got to the edge where we didn't like to dress alike.

After the fire we decided we couldn't live there anymore so we moved to a different house on the next street from there. When we lived there, Goldie and I were playing out in the yard, dressing up in old people's clothes like children do.

We lived there only a while but our mother did have the opportunity to live next to this good neighbor.

Our father and mother took the boat on the Illinois River to Peoria where she had all her teeth pulled and got dentures and came back on the boat that late day, and she had terrible trouble with her teeth for a long time. They never did go back the second time and have them fixed.

She got along alright, and my grandmother watched us and took care of us until she got home.

We moved to another place. They didn't name the streets then. It was north of where we lived now. This is the house where Elmer was born. We lived there a year or two. Then we moved out of town north of here to a farm where our dad farmed it for — I don't remember the name of the farm — he had a pair of white mules, and I couldn't ever forget that because they were there at the farm several times helping our dad.

While we lived at this farm Blanche was born and also while we lived here, we all — including our mother — had typhoid fever. While our mother had it, we couldn't do anything. We had our Grandma Stinger come out of town and take care of us. Our house was quarantined, and we couldn't get any help because we were quarantined. We had quite a bad time until we got over this.

We moved to the country. We moved across the Illinois River to LaPrairie. We were on a farm again. We walked a long way to school — perhaps 3 miles each way. But we learned most of our education out in the country school and another thing that was important —

Our brother Lowell was born here and later on our brother Gail was born here. Our mother had a midwife who came and took care of both of them when they were born. She was very well known.

Our father used to husk corn, and he was a prize husker out in that territory. He was pretty proud of that. We used to raise the vegetables and all because we liked to do that. Goldie and I used to gather the eggs at night. One night Goldie reached up in the hen's nest and there was a big snake curled up in the nest. It had its mouth full of eggs or it would have bitten her. We always laughed at that because we were lucky.

We lived some way. I don't know how far from Lacon where we shopped. My mother had a big keg with handles on it and turned in her eggs for this keg full of sugar, and we used to buy other things by the ten pounds because we didn't get to town very often. But it was always fun to go. You had to go with a horse.

We had two horses and a wagon. We'd all go to town that way. It was fun for us.

I remember one day when our father came home from town and surprised our mother with a brand new sewing machine. He had written to Chicago to Sears Catalog and it came, and oh, it was a wonderful surprise for our mother because she did all the sewing for all of us.

Our father used to go to these auction sales they'd have on these different farms. He would have a booth there, and he sold bananas and hot dogs and oranges at the sale, and that was a big day for us because they'd always have a few left over.

When we lived here, I learned how to make bread. Our mother taught me how. I had to stand on a wooden box to reach the table. I was only 11 years old at that time. Of course, I learned how to cook a little bit, but I didn't learn much. It was always my job on Saturday to clean the oil lamp chimneys and the silverware. Of course, it wasn't silverware, but we had the ivory handled knives, forks, and spoons. From here we moved from the farm to Lacon, and we lived in a home just a short way from our Grandmother Stinger.

My father was working for Don Dean as a cabinetmaker. That was what he did mostly and what he liked. He worked for him for quite a while. Goldie and I both went back into the Lacon School. We lived there for a short





time.

One weekend our father rented a horse and buggy. He and our mother and two of the smaller children drove out to our mother's brother Frank's home in Magnolia. They visited there, and on their way home they were driving down the main street of Lacon, and the first automobile of our town was owned by John I. Thompson, one of our wealthy men—the auto frightened the horse so bad it threw our mother out of the buggy. It didn't seem at the time that she was badly injured, but she began to be ill, and the doctor said he thought she would be alright. But she was pregnant, and they were so worried about her, and when she began to feel sick, they had the doctor come, and she really was very ill and had the baby, but it was dead. It was born dead, and our mother became worse and worse. Within a few days, she passed away, and it was a tragedy.

It was the largest funeral Lacon had ever had. After we all went to the funeral, we all went to Grandma Gibbses'. Our father didn't stay there long. He decided he was going out to Iowa because he knew some people out there, and he was sure they would give him a job on the farm. So he got a job in, and he worked there and fell in love with the farmer's daughter. He married her, and they lived right close to where her folks lived. Eleanor was her name. She got pregnant. They lived there for quite a while, and he didn't like living there in Blairstown, Iowa. He didn't like the country, and he came back to Lacon and got Gail and Lowell and took them back to Iowa with him. They lived there. Eleanor kept them only a few months, and he came back to Grandma Gibbses' with the two boys. Then we were all divided up everywhere. Lowell lived with Aunt Edna. Goldie went to a restaurant downtown waiting tables and everything. Elmer went to Wash Wright's. They were only a block from Grandma Gibbs, and they had a boy, and they wanted him to stay with them. He did stay with them, and they took care of him, but he came over to Grandma Gibbses' to be with us, the rest who were there. Gail was the youngest, and he stayed there with me and the other 3 children. Dad then when he came back, he worked out in the country there with farmers and stayed there quite a while. Then the Thompsons whose car had frightened our horse wanted me to come to their house. Mrs. Thompson was pregnant and wanted a girl to help take care of her. They took me up there.

Then Blanche went to a doctor in Henry, and they had a daughter her same age, so they wanted another girl to be with her.

I was 13 when I went to Thompsons'. I stayed there 7 years. I did not go to school. In 7 years when I left, I went to Chicago. I went up to Aunt Edna's. She had moved up there, but she had given Lowell to a farmer named Ireland in Sparland. They wanted a boy so bad. They had no children. They treated him wonderful.

Lowell stayed there until our dad took him. They wanted him so bad, but our dad wouldn't let him stay for good. They were wealthy, and they wanted him for good. It's a shame that our father wouldn't let him stay there.

Dad went someplace else. We never knew where he was. He was never home. Never. If he would come home, he'd just be there a couple days.

Finally, Gail went to Grandma Stinger's, and he stayed there until Dad took him away and then brought him back again.

The family was never together again. They were all in a different place. Until we got older, and then we always had Aunt Edna up in Indiana Harbor.

Lowell and Gail were in Iowa a couple years. Gail was 11 when he returned from Iowa. February 2<sup>nd</sup> they brought him back.

It was an awful big argument about the boys. They didn't go back over to Irelands' because Dad wouldn't let them. They would have been taken care of. He had to make trouble. After the 7 years at Thompsons' for me, I went back to Grandma Gibbses'. Goldie was in Chicago by that time. She didn't want to wait on tables any more, so she went up to Aunt Edna's. We always had Aunt Edna's. She was so wonderful to us. We stayed there until we got jobs.

I met Charles—he followed me home from a band concert. We always had a band concert there in the park every Saturday. I was at Thompsons' then. Then we started having dates. Then after I left Thompsons', at that time none of us were at Grandma's. I went there. Dad wouldn't let Gail work outside. He'd say, "You help Eleanor, and Lowell can help me." I didn't think that was right. He should have taught Gail how to do things. He taught Lowell. Then after 7 years, I came back to Grandma Gibbses' and was there a short time.

Goldie went to Indiana Harbor. Then I went. Then Elmer. Elmer was working at Horace Wright's, and they had cows and things. He missed so many days of school that he didn't pass his grade to graduate. That old Horace Wright. He'd keep him out of school. When graduation came, he went to Chicago, too.

Elmer came out, too. And by that time we were not staying at Aunt Edna's. We went there and stayed all night and things like that and go up there and take things to her because we gave Aunt Edna an awful lot of ..... We had to go and get a job then. You know all 3 got a job at the same store, the big store in Hammond.

B.H.: That was the Lion Company that later became Goldblatt's.

E.R.: Blanche and I worked in the cosmetic department and Goldie worked in the yardage, and she also made





patterns for people. She really had a nice job there. People would tell her what they wanted, and she would cut a pattern for them. I believe that was the happiest time of my life. When Goldie and Blanche and I lived together.

B.H.: You had an apartment together...

E.R.: In Hammond. Then I was never very strong. I couldn't stand on my feet all day long, and then we got an apartment, and I did the housework and they worked. I made meals and everything like that. Then Elmer came up and lived with us in our apartment. I tell you. Elmer then had to get a job. He got a job in the steel mill. He bought a motorcycle, and he went to work on the motorcycle, and we all four lived in this apartment. I had the meals ready when they came home.

Then I got married. No Elmer got married first. He married the Boss's daughter. He got married, and they bought this house over in Hobart. Right away, and they lived there always. Then I got married.

B.H.: But before you got married, weren't you three girls getting all dressed up and going to Chicago?

E.R.: Well, yes. We loved doing things together—the three of us. We had a good time. We did an awful lot of laughing. Goldie used to say that I was funny, and you know what we used to do? We didn't make very much working in a store like that. But payday we would go downtown and have dinner. We'd sit in the hotel windows so people would see us.

B.H.: Aunt Blanche told me about that. You'd get all dressed up, put your hats on, and sit in the window so people could see you.

E.R.: We only had a cup of tea.

B.H.: Wasn't that the Indiana Hotel on Hohman Avenue?

E.R.: Yes, gosh, yes. We had the best time. We didn't argue; we didn't fight; we just had a good time. We sewed, you know—all three of us. When we had an invitation to a party, we would have to have a new dress. All three of us would pitch in and make the dress, and sometimes we didn't have time to finish it. We'd sew it together on you. We really did. And then when they came home from the party, we would have to get up and unsew her. We did that more than once, and Goldie being in the yardage, we could get things real reasonable. We always had to have a new dress.

B.H.: And a hat.

E.R.: Oh, yes. I did the hats, and Goldie did the dresses. We always had nice clothes. Pretty clothes and used to be—what was that group of boys—they had a name—they'd have parties. We would all three get an invitation. I remember Blanche had a dress one time with a blue velvet down the back. They called it—I'm trying to think what they—what religion it was. Oh, anyway, it had a part down the back, and it had some kind of—something like “to confess”—She used to call it her confessional dress.

B.H.: That must have been when Charles came up from Lacon to see you.

E.R.: Charles came up once from Lacon once. Oh, boy, was he dressed up. He had a cane, and we invited him to something, and he had to have a hat—a hard hat—derby. And he came up, and we had corresponded before that, and we had decided not to keep on because I was going with Al Nororik then. And I couldn't make up my mind which one I wanted. They were both going to war. So that was the last time Charles was up. They both went to war. Then I had a letter from him. He wanted me to come up to Des Moines, Iowa, and we got married.

B.H.: And then after that Alan started going with Blanche.

E.R.: Yes, he says to me, “Would you mind if I started going with your little sister?” I said, “No, but you'd better be good to her.”

B.H.: They went together for years.

E.R.: I knew it. He went to war, too, and came back. Charles' father and mother both came to Des Moines, Iowa, to be to our wedding, and we were married at friends of Charles' father and mother.\* In their house. Charles always said we had to do that because I didn't have any money. Didn't have enough to pay the preacher. And it was true.

\*Note: The 1883 and 1886 diaries of Charles' mother precede this interview, along with her picture and her husband's picture and her father-in-law's picture.

B.H.: Then after he got out of the service, where did you go then?





E.R.: Chicago and rented a house. Started furnishing it. 57<sup>th</sup> Street in Chicago. Now it's all Black. When we stayed at Grandma Gibbses right after our mother was gone, we had all the children there, and I had to do everything. The washing for 6 children on a scrub board and a ringer and a wooden washtub. We used to— well, something I suppose I shouldn't say—. But we had great big washings, and then, Grandma, too, wasn't— sometimes our father didn't come home for a week maybe. And we'd run out of money. We wouldn't have hardly anything, and maybe we'd have mush and milk for dinner lots of times. And I remember one time we were going to have it, and Gail said, "I want sugar on mine." We were out of sugar. We didn't have any. And Mrs. Wright— where Elmer was— she used to send things over to us every once in a while. She sent a big jar of jam, and so I put jam on it for Gerry instead of sugar. Bless his heart. He was the cutest little child. That was alright. He liked that.

Grandma Gibbs was working. She used to get kind of grouchy for so many children there for her. She was a midwife. That was her business, and she was busy all the time. Some of the most wealthy and popular people always had Grandma when their baby was born. She was very popular. She was a good midwife. But she would come home, and she would be all upset, turned upside down with 6 children there. I would be trying to iron. She made us take that heavy wooden tub clear to the basement every time we used it and bring it back up again. "Now, you put that tub back in the basement. I don't want it standing outside." Oh, my gosh. We did. But, boy, I had an awful lot of hard work then. That was why I couldn't have any children.

B.H.: I remember you saying something about the songs your mother used to sing.

E.R.: She always sang hymns. She'd rock in the rocking chair, nursing her babies and singing hymns. Oh, my goodness, how I loved to hear that. She nursed all her babies. She had her children easy. She never had to go to the doctor. She just had them by the dozen.

B.H.: Grandpa came back home long enough for that, right?

E.R.: Oh, yes. One time Grandma Stinger had given— I guess that was the way they did for every one of her children— they gave each one a feather bed when they left home to get married. Well, when we went to Grandma Gibbses, we had this big feather bed, and me— like a dummy— I don't know what possessed me to do this— I took this feather bed out in the backyard and divided it into 3. I made 6 pillows, bed pillows out of the feather bed. I wish you could have seen me. I gave 2 to Goldie, 2 to Blanche, and kept 2 myself. With our mother's feather bed. I still have my 2 in the shelves in the laundry. Blanche, I think, has hers, too. But, oh, my, there were feathers everywhere. I think I wasted as many as I kept. Oh, and wait until Grandma Gibbs came home with feathers all over her backyard. "What in the world happened here!" Ohhh, here I was making 2 pillows— 3 pillows—, and they kept them all, during all this time, even in California.

I couldn't give it to one, and I didn't know how I was going to do it. I even divided the canvas, and then stuffed them with those feathers. Oh, that was something.

Our mother had neglected to tell Goldie about menstruation, and while we were at Grandma Gibbses', there Blanche came running in the house to get me. "Oh, Ethel, come quick. Goldie wants you. Come quick. She's bleeding." Imagine. I had to go out there and tell her all about it and everything.

B.H.: So you were the mother.

E.R.: I was. I felt better when I told Goldie about it. Our mother didn't tell me either until not very long before she passed away. One day, "I have something to tell you." I said, "Don't bother, Mother. I know already." I did. She said, "How did you know?" I said, "I heard it in school."

A boy asked me to go to the movies in Lacon. I said, "Sure, if I can take my little brother with me." He said, "Oh." And so I took Gerry— Gail. He must have been 3. I had to take him with me wherever I went. So that time, we went to the movies. I had him on my lap. I couldn't hold him any longer. "I think we should go home. He's asleep on my lap." The date was a boy from Sparland. We only had a few dates. I'm not surprised he didn't come back again. The boy carried him most of the way home. We'd put him down and let him walk a little way. We sat out on Grandma Gibbs' front porch. She had a couple wicker chairs out there.

One time Gail needed a new pair of pants. Grandma Gibbs made them for him, and she opened them in the back. He went to school that way. He came crying home because all the kids were making fun of him. Grandma didn't know. She just made a mistake. She didn't have the opening in the right place.

I forgot to say we burned wood in the kitchen stove to cook by. One night our dad came home, and he had told Elmer to get enough wood in for me to cook with, and he hadn't done it because— Wright made him do something— something with the cows or pigs. When Elmer came in, he was going to spank him for not getting the wood in. He went right over to Elmer. I went right over and got between them, and he spanked me. After all I did every day, he spanked me. That's the last time he ever spanked me, and I told him that. I was so mad. I wasn't going to let him spank Elmer because he couldn't get it, and he had to get the wood himself. Wasn't that too bad!





We had one of those coal burners, they called then. It used coal. We only had 2 rooms. It heated that. Grandma Gibbs even rented her living room. She boarded up the door between that room and where we were. She rented that to an old lady. This old lady complained every time my grandmother came home because of the noise the kids made. She thought it was going to be a quiet room. They just made too much noise for her. So Grandma said, "I can't even have anyone rent my room on account of you kids. You have just got to get out."

When the wood mill burned down, we lived only about 3 houses from it. And our father was a fireman. Firemen were on top of our house pouring water. It was just Goldie and I. The neighbors took us. It was in the middle of the night when it started. And took some blankets and wrapped them around us and took us to a neighbor's across the street. It was an awful thing because we were only 3 doors away, and it didn't hurt us at all.

While we lived there in that house close to the wood mill, our mother did all our sewing. She made all our clothes. We complained because she dressed us alike. Made our dresses just alike. We got tired of that. Our mother said, "Oh, you just go get what you want." She gave us the money and told us how much to get. "Get any color you want." And we wouldn't even go uptown (together) to get it. We came home with the same thing. Same color, same thing, same everything. I don't think our mother would ever get over that. She thought that was the funniest thing that ever was. She made them different after that. But they were always so pretty.

Goldie and I used to play in the yard always. We used to like to try on women's clothes that were long and pretend we were grown up and all that. This day it was a high-necked dress that came up to here. She was fastening the collar and swallowed the safety pins. We had to get a doctor, and luckily the pin was fastened. It wasn't opened with a sharp edge on it. He couldn't do anything for her, but it came through her bowels without any trouble.



Ethel Gibbs Ramp





# TRAVEL DIARY OF ETHEL GIBBS RAMP

## OUR TRIP WEST

### MARCH NINTH TO JUNE EIGHTH— NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY

This journal was kept by Ethel Gibbs Ramp, daughter of Charles Gibbs and wife of Charles Ramp. Her father-in-law, Horace Ramp, accompanied Ethel and Charles on this trip. At the time she kept this journal, Ethel was 38 years old.

After the mad rush of sub-letting our apartment, packing and sending our furniture to storage, we were at last leaving Chicago on our first trip to California.

We had been driving about two hours and found ourselves in Ottawa, Illinois, crossing the Fox River. A few blocks farther on, at the edge of the same town, we crossed the Illinois River. From here we followed the Illinois River most of the way for fifty miles.

We had planned to attend a family dinner given by my aunt in Lacon, Illinois, and attend to the final arrangements for Dad to accompany us on our trip. Our party will consist of Dad, Charles, and myself.

We made very good time along the wide concrete highway, the scenery being just the usual brown bushes and barren trees, with an occasional farm house to break the monotony of field after field of black soil.

It was the ninth of March and a very dull, dreary day when the sun suddenly burst forth with such warm rays of sunshine that before we arrived at our destination, we were thinking very seriously of discarding our heavy coats. Perhaps it was the sight of a few golfers on the course at the Lacon Country Club, as we entered that town, that we were persuaded to stop here until the following morning.

After a very pretentious chicken dinner which my aunt had prepared for us, the boys decided the day was just too perfect to let slip by without a wee game of golf. So while Charles and his brother were getting in some early spring training, I helped Dad get his cases packed. We remained with my aunt for the night, and at the first tingle of the alarm clock next morning, we were up and anxious to get started.

There was much excitement about our baggage, as to whether we should put it outside on the luggage carrier or pile it on part of the back seat inside. With much debating we finally decided to put everything inside except, of course, our trunk on the back.

The weather was clear and remarkably warm for the month of March.

At last we were really on our way, comfortably tucked in, each with his own little pillow in case his back got tired. In fact, we were all set except one small item to be taken care of yet. We had decided that in order to keep the dust and moisture from going through the small cracks of our trunk on the back of the car, that we would need a leather cover to protect it. So we stopped at a shop in Peoria, Illinois, and in a very few minutes, they made one to order, and we were again on our way. We are now on Illinois State Highway no. (924), extending south from Peoria to the State Capitol which is Springfield, Illinois.

Here we stopped and after having lunch, we drove around the beautiful capitol buildings but did not enter, as we had previously been through these buildings and were anxious to be on our way.

We followed no. (4) from here almost straight South into East St. Louis and over into St. Louis, Missouri. We drove on to the small town of Manchester, Missouri, and spent the night there in an old Colonial Hotel.

That evening as we were seated among the guests around a large family table partaking of our evening meal, a fellow seated beside Charles showed signs of wanting to be friendly by inquiring how far we had traveled that day and also where we were from. As Charles informed him that we were from Chicago, instantly a dozen eyes were upon us. A very small inconspicuous fellow at the other end of the table was unable to hold his feeling of pent up curiosity another moment, so inquired if we were leaving Chicago because we were afraid to live there any longer or were the reports they were hearing false? We very smilingly informed him that we had lived in Chicago twelve years and had never seen a gangster, nor heard of their notorious battles, much to the relief or was it the disappointment of the guests. I had a hunch they were expecting to hear some wild stories. We told them we were just on a trip for a few months and expected to go back to Chicago, as we love it there and would dislike very much having to leave there permanently.

After dinner we walked down to a drug store to purchase some toilet articles that I had neglected getting before leaving home. Came back to our room, and as I walked over to the window to draw the shade, I stumbled over what looked to me like a huge snake curled up on the floor. I gave a small startled cry, at the same time realizing that it was only a rope, which Charles explained, was fastened to the floor and was to be used in case of fire in place of the more modern outside fire escapes. It was the only hotel in town, and although very inconvenient, it was cozy, and we were made very comfortable for the night.

The following morning we were a few miles out of Manchester, Missouri, when my keen sense of smell





detected an odor of burning rubber. I immediately called Charles' attention to it, and in a second he realized that something was wrong with the brakes. We had previously gone down a steep grade and in applying the brakes rather quickly, they had caught and were now burning, smoking, and smelling. However, it did not prove to be anything serious. After applying damp sand and dirt upon the brakes, we are happily on our way again.

Aside from the small hills and winding roads, the country is much the same as Illinois.

As we near the town of Rollo, Missouri, we can see in the distance a large building which we are told is the Rollo School of Mining. We also saw two large beautiful hotels at the entrance of this town, one of which was the Pennant Hotel. We understood they were located at certain points all the way to the coast and owned by a certain large bus line, and were, I imagine, operated somewhat on the order of the Harvey Hotels along the Santa Fe Railroad.

The hills seem to have grown into mountains as we near Waynesville, Missouri. We have also lost our concrete roads and find that we are on a wide crushed rock road. These large sharp stones causing our first puncture. We were delayed but a very short time, as we were prepared for such emergencies.

Our next town was Lebanon, Missouri. We had driven one hundred and fifty eight miles this morning and were beginning to get hungry. Dad, being very fond of soup, had spied a sign on a restaurant window advertising home-made vegetable soup, so we decided to try our luck. It proved to be very good home-cooked food. At least we felt much refreshed and ready to resume our riding, still following U.S. (66) which we took from St. Louis, Missouri.

Dad has a favorite nephew living at Springfield, Missouri. He had wired him that we would be through there and would like very much to see him. He is employed at the post office, and after successfully locating him, we were informed that they had prepared for us and insisted that we spend the night at their home. We enjoyed a very pleasant visit that evening. They were very anxious that we see the town, at least the important buildings and places of interest; consequently it was nearly noon the following day before we were able to break away.

After driving about 75 miles, we came to the town of Joplin, Missouri. Here we decided to have lunch. Coming to the edge of town, the Joplin Country Club lay to our left, and several people were playing golf. Charles and I are golf enthusiasts, and we have our clubs with us. We were tempted to stop and play a round, but after inspecting the course which was in very poor condition, we decided it would not be worth our time.

We were several miles out of Joplin when we came to the State Line dividing Missouri and Kansas. We have dirt roads now on through the town of Baxter Springs and then another state line. This time it is between Kansas and Oklahoma. Going through the town of Vinita, Oklahoma, we saw some real western cow boys on their ponies. They were wearing wide brim hat, sheep skin trousers, and all the other make-up. Now and then we see a tree in full blossom.

After dinner was finished in Tulsa, Oklahoma, we stopped at the garage for the car. We had left it while we were having dinner to have the brakes relined, as we wanted to be sure that they were in good condition before attempting to climb the mountains not far distant. The car was ready, and we were all good for a few more miles before dusk. The days were getting longer, which gave us more time to drive. We had made it a rule to stop in the evening before it got dark, that way not only giving more time to rest but making sure that we were not missing any worth while scenery. We could see that Dad was beginning to get tired and restless, so stopped at the next town which proved to be Sapulpa, Oklahoma.

Arrived at Oklahoma City next morning before noon and called at the office of a friend of ours. After lunching at one of the leading cafes with he and his wife, we were invited to take a trip with them through the oil field. He, being an authority on the oil business, explained everything in detail. As we neared the fields, we could see the hundreds of derricks in every direction. It was quite a sight, one that once seen cannot easily be forgotten. One well in particular was pointed out to us. It had come in that day and was pumping four thousand barrels an hour. It was located a few hundred feet from a school house. School had been dismissed for the day to prevent any danger in case the oil should catch fire. Frequently this happens, and it is almost impossible to extinguish the blaze, as the force of the gas and oil combined is terrific. We could see in the distance two different wells that were on fire. The blaze was shooting several hundred feet in the air, while clouds of black smoke rolled away. We were told that the place gives a beautiful effect by night when brightly illumined by the burning wells with the black derricks in the background.

Upon driving back to the city, we were taken through the residential district, which is very beautiful. The capital, which had recently been moved from Guthrie, and other government buildings looked snowy white although they were not new.

We liked this town very much because of its cleanliness in spite of its industrial atmosphere. The three of us agreed that our stop at Oklahoma City had been very much worth our time. We still had a few more hours of daylight and route U.S. (77) was an exceptionally good highway, so decided to roll up a few more miles before calling it a day.

Our mountain climbing began almost immediately after leaving Oklahoma City, where we encountered the





Arubuckle Mountains. Although only twenty-eight hundred feet above sea level, they proved to be an ideal spot to view the surrounding country which was dotted with oil wells in every direction.

We crossed the Canadian River near Purcell, Oklahoma, by means of a toll bridge. After driving about fifty miles farther, we came to Ardmore, Oklahoma, where we discovered a nice looking tourists' camp and decided to try our luck in one of the cabins for the night. They proved to be very comfortable and equipped with gas heat.

Next morning was a balmy spring day, and men were busy in the fields planting cotton. In this hilly country we caught our first glimpse of cactus growing around the small cedar trees.

About ten miles out of Gainesville, Oklahoma, we encountered another toll bridge over the Red River which divides Oklahoma and Texas.

We spent very little time in Fort Worth; in fact, only long enough to replenish our stomachs and our gas tank, then continued on our way to Mineral Springs, Texas. This town is built at the bottom of a small mountain on which there are located several famous resort hotels.

We had been so successful with our cabin the previous night, that we thought we would try another at Abilene, the next town of importance, but before we had gotten there, it started to rain and was getting cooler. Consequently, our speed was slowed up, and it was almost dark before we arrived. Just out of town a few miles, we came to Cozy Cabin Camp, and as we were so tired, we took a cabin here. It was not as nice as the cabin we occupied the night before, but it was heated, this being the more important thing to us just then.

Next morning we drove for miles and miles with a high mountain range on one side of us and only a waste of prairies covered with cactus and small evergreen trees on the other.

We passed a large Municipal Air-Port at Sweetwater, Texas. The towns had an appearance of newness which was emphasized by several newly erected buildings in each one.

One can see a cotton gin occasionally with bales of cotton stored around them. A few cotton plantations are located along here, each having a windmill in the yard.

We had twenty miles of very bad gravel roads between Roscoe, Texas, and Westbrook, Texas. The Midwest Refining Company is located at Big Springs, Texas.

Lunched at Midland, Texas, and liked this town very much. We were quite surprised to see very modern swimming pools located about ten miles apart in this section of the state.

This was our first experience on the desert. It was really just hot plains with nothing in sight but tumble weeds and sand. A few oil wells and an occasional group of oil tanks near a railroad. Here we saw the Mexican workman with his large family living in the old deserted box cars.

We arrived at Pecos, Texas, very tired from the heat but had enjoyed the novelty of the surroundings. Went to bed with happy anticipation of what the morrow would bring.

We were told that the country would be much the same for the next hundred miles, so to avoid driving in the middle of the day when the sun was so warm, we decided to leave next morning before daylight while it was cool.

Next day, being Sunday, we thought it a good idea to rest half a day before going farther.

We passed some adobe houses where the Mexicans live. Some of these houses are built very artistically, but very close to the ground and have very few windows. The object being to keep the hot air out, therefore, making them cooler for sleeping.

We could now see the mountains in the distance, the largest one being Delaware Mountain. We stopped at Van Horn on the top of the mountain to rest a few minutes and talked to some people from Oak Park, Illinois. Just across the highway from the gas station was a row of adobe tourists' cabins. Many beautiful homes are made of adobe, which, you probably know, is a preparation made from clay and straw used almost exclusively for building purposes in this part of the country where they have very little rain. We arrived at these cabins around noon which was rather unfortunate, as a night spent here would have been an unusual experience.

The day was very warm, and, as we rode along in this desert, we noticed that the mountains were very barren, not a bit of vegetation anywhere.

We arrived at El Paso, Texas, about noon and decided to spend the rest of the day there. We stopped at Camp Grande and engaged a very comfortable four room bungalow with accommodations for the three of us. After unpacking a few things, doing some pressing and numerous other things, we went downtown to dinner.

As you no doubt know, this town lays just across the border from Juarez in Old Mexico. We, of course, wanted to make a trip over there. Someone suggested that we leave our car in the garage when we went across the border, as we were very apt to come back minus a few tires, if not the whole car. So we took the street car over into Mexico, and such a foreign sight that greeted us. Every door was a saloon, and dirty women and children were sitting along the curbing, some of them selling cactus, candy, vegetables, bread, in fact anything that they could sell for a few pennies. Open air markets with flies swarming over the meat, and the odor from the meat as one passes along the sidewalk was enough to spoil one's appetite for the rest of the week. The main street was lined with beggars and cripples.





We noticed that everyone seemed to be hurrying to some special occasion, so we followed the crowd and found ourselves entering an old picturesque Mexican arena and about to witness a real bull fight. All through the crowd Mexican boys were carrying pails of cracked ice in which were buried individual bottles of whiskey and beer. They were selling them through the audience much the same as the boys at home sell pop-corn and peanuts at a ball game. The people sit and watch the fight, meanwhile drinking from their bottles.

Soon the horn sounded, which was the signal for the show to start. Three toreadors dressed in the very gayest of colors took their places behind the wooden shields located just inside of the ring and built the same height as the fence and just far enough away from the fence to allow a man to squeeze behind when chased by a bull. Each toreador had two *bandeleros* resembling arrows, which he must stick into the bull's neck. The band played, and two men dressed in multi-colored suits rode into the arena on bay horses, each carrying bright heavily fringed banners. Then the bull was admitted into the ring. He came storming in straight for the poor old horse and ran his horns through his side, lifting him off the ground. Then one of the toreadors ran out with a bright red cape, waving it around to attract the bull's attention, so that they could drag the horse out of the ring. Here the real fight began by the three toreadors taking turns sticking the *bandeleros* in the back of bull's neck and tormenting him until finally they got him in such misery that he was foaming at the mouth, and the blood was running from his wounds as he pawed the ground. At this time one of the matadors, the most experienced of the three, got his sword and was given just 13 minutes to kill the bull. If he failed, in that length of time, he was fined a certain amount of money. I did not learn the exact amount. If he failed to kill in the allotted time, the crowd razzed him and cheered for the bull. He finally killed the bull by sticking his 36 inch sword through him just between the shoulders, and he went down for the last time.

They usually kill three bulls in an afternoon, but after the first one, we left the arena. I would never care to witness another bullfight but was glad to have had the opportunity to attend one.

We were now on our way back to U.S. The street car stopped at the custom officers, and they searched everyone.

The town of El Paso is very foreign looking and not any too clean. I think one reason for this is the absence of grass and shrubbery. Everything is sand and clay. Back at quarters, we spent a restful night and were ready to leave at seven next morning.

After driving along the Rio Grande River for fifty or sixty miles, the threatening clouds that had prevailed for several hours burst forth in a heavy downpour of rain. As we left Las Cruces, New Mexico, we could see nothing but mountains and sky. Not a living thing around certainly gives one a sense of isolation. The mountains could be seen through the clouds, creating an unusually beautiful sight. Looked as if one could reach up and touch the clouds, they seemed so low. As we neared the mountains, the storm increased in intensity. Every now and then we could see a sharp streak of lightning through the black clouds on the mountain top. The elevation at this point was 4,225 feet.

Near Lordsburg, New Mexico, we came upon a car that had turned over in the ditch. Charles ran down and managed to raise the car enough to let the man climb out from under without a scratch.

A few miles before entering Separ, New Mexico, we crossed the Continental Divide. Left U.S. (77) at Fort Worth, Texas, and are now following U.S. (80). At Lordsburg, New Mexico, we picked up U.S. (180) to Globe, Arizona.

Nearing Lordsburg, New Mexico, we could see our first snow-capped mountains in the distance and what a thrill that really is. With the white sands of the desert at their feet and the blue sky surrounding them, they look like beautiful oil paintings.

After having lunch at Lordsburg, we ran into a terrible storm. The sky was black and through the frequent flashes of lightning the snow-topped mountains looked like white ghosts in the night.

We drove through hard rain for about 20 miles, when much to our surprise, we were up in the air higher than we had realized and were now descending into a valley. This valley was as green and alive as an Illinois town in the month of July. As we came into the small town of Duncan, New Mexico, the trees and scrubbing was a beautiful green. It seemed almost impossible that just a few miles back lay the desert with its barren acres of sand.

We crossed the state line between New Mexico and Arizona near Duncan, and here were compelled to stop for fruit and scrubbing inspection. The rain had stopped, and we could feel the air getting much cooler.

The scenery in this locality was so interesting that we hardly noticed that we were driving through rough roads filled with mud and water. Some places the roads were almost covered with water. Now and then we came to low places which were like small rivers.

We finally came to Safford, Arizona, and after inquiring as to the roads ahead, were told that it was next to impossible to get through, due to the heavy rain in the mountains. But we were anxious to be going, so decided to take a chance.

After going about 20 miles, we came to a creek that was much larger than the others that we had forged.





Several dozen cars were deep in the mud. They had pulled off the road in a field looking for a shallow place to cross the creek. A Ford truck started across and was washed down stream and turned over against the stones which kept it from being washed away as the force of the water was terrific. Several farmers were using their horses to pull the cars out of the mud. The natives told us that it would be hours before the water would go down enough to allow cars to cross. So the only thing left to do was to go back to Safford for the night.

By the time we arrived at Safford, all the hotels and rooms were taken, and the only place available was a large room with two beds and a wood stove at Green Court Cabins. By this time the air was very cool, so we made use of the stove, and in a very short time, Dad had a nice warm fire.

It had rained more during the night, and we had word from Fort Thomas, that is the town closest to the river, that it would be useless to start before noon. This had been the heaviest rainfall that this place had for seven years. The small streams running from the mountains to the Gila River had washed out roads all along the way.

One thirty o'clock found us on our way again. Upon coming to the creek, we found that it was still over two feet deep. The state had stationed men there with teams to pull the cars across. We were pulled across by four horses and up the bank on the other side. This reminded me of the pictures I have seen of the covered wagon days, when they were forced to forge the rivers. I neglected to say that they do not have bridges in this part of the country. They make what they call dips in the concrete road to take care of the excess water which they seldom have. A most important feature is the fact that they can be constructed at much less cost than a bridge, and as this state has so much waste country, they do not have much money to spend on the roads, consequently, they are in bad condition when it rains.

There are many Indian reservations around here. We can see Indians from this winding road, many living in their wigwams, all through these reddish-colored stone mountains.

Our next interesting spot was Coolidge Dam. It had been dedicated just a few days before by President Coolidge. The dam is a huge project crossing the Gila River and built to hold water for irrigating purposes. The huge spillways and the massive walls of the Dam seem to be built for eternity.

Cacti grow to a gigantic size along here. Some varieties have beautiful blossoms. There were several species of the cacti family growing along the road, from the barrel cactus to the tall giant which has as many as twenty limbs. They only grow an inch a year. The tall straight ones looked like soldiers stationed there to guard the beautiful scenery. We took a picture of one with a brass plate on which was inscribed with its age, which was nearly 1,000 years old.

Our next town of any size was Globe, Arizona, a zinc mining town built on the side of a mountain.

We had not made much progress this afternoon, owing to the rough and winding roads, but the scenery was well worth the time lost. After having dinner at Miller's Cafe, we spent the night in the only hotel in town. March 19, 1930, and such a relief to see the sun shining warm as we leave Globe, Arizona.

We had traveled 35 miles when we came to a sign that read, "This way to the Cliff Dwellers." So we drove back off the main road and up the side of a mountain to an Indian dwelling place, a very modern stone house. Two Indians and their wives live here and are paid by the state to act as guides to tourists wishing to visit the ancient cliff dwellers' homes located high up in the side of a mountain nearby.

After hiking up the side of the mountain for a mile or more, one comes to the original home of these cave people. The rooms and even some of the crude furniture and cooking utensils are still there, just as they were used by them hundreds of years ago.

On a little hill at the foot of the mountain, we saw a small hut and upon investigating, discovered that an artist lives here by himself all the year round. He paints pictures of the scenery and sells them to the tourists that visit this interesting place. He related a wild story about being awakened one night by what he thought was the screams of a woman being murdered. He seized his gun and ran to his window. It was moonlight, and as the cries grew louder, he could see in the shadows a large, dangerous-looking panther coming up to his cabin. I asked if he was not afraid and why he did not shoot it, but he answered that he had gotten used to them and that they are more afraid of a human being than a human could possibly be of them. He said that they never fight unless cornered. All kinds of animals of the cat family are found in these mountains. He pointed to some snow-capped mountains a few miles distant and remarked that they were full of white bears. They seem to be the one animal that the men are really afraid of in these mountains.

After getting back on the main highway again, which by the way was U.S. (88), the Apache Trail, we took this route from Globe to Apache Junction in order to see this famous scenery around Roosevelt Dam. Roosevelt Dam is also across the Gila River and is much the same as Coolidge Dam in structure, but the scenery around here is magnificent. We were driving most of the time on a high ridge along the face of the mountain.

At Fish Canyon, which is the summit of the mountain, we stopped to rest and enjoy the wonders of the place. While here, we met some folks from Peoria, Illinois.

The road is very nerve racking, especially for the driver. One can imagine the strain of driving along this





stone shelf on the side of the mountain for hours at a time with one curve after another. Finally, we began to descend into the valley below, but the progress was very slow. As we came through the pass in the mountain, we saw the fields below with huge stone mountains on all sides, thus making the weather warmer.

As we near Phoenix, Arizona, we passed fields of head lettuce, strawberries, rice, and cotton. They were picking the strawberries and lettuce, shipping them by the carload.

Just at the edge of Phoenix, Arizona, we found the Autopia Tourists' Camp, the most beautiful modern camp that we had seen. A perfectly furnished four room cabin with garage. The grounds surrounding these eighty or more cabins were very green with grass, shrubbery, and flowers. We cooked our dinner in our cabin and called on some friends from Illinois in the evening.

This city is very pretty, full of palm trees and flowers.

The State of Arizona has the most wonderful looking school buildings to be found in the country with perhaps the exception of California. Left Phoenix, Arizona, early and drove fifty miles over desert on good concrete road.

From Gillispi Dam to Gila Bend the roads were positively the worst roads that I have ever seen. They had been grading the road preparatory to paving it when the rain came, which made the mud almost bottomless. Had we gotten out of the deep track for one moment, we could never have gotten through.

Arriving at Gila Bend, we decided to have lunch and rest for a while. There are Indian Reservations between here and Yuma, Arizona. Both towns are full of Indian men walking around wrapped in their gay-colored blankets. The squaws are squatting on the ground here and there, mostly near the gas stations, hoping to sell their curio to the tourists.

We are still following the Gila River but crossed the Colorado River at Yuma. This river is the state line between Arizona and California. The Gila River empties into the Colorado at this point. I might add that the Mexican Border line is also just at the edge of this town.

We are now in the wonderful Golden State of sunshine and oranges, "California."

The Chocolate Mountains are a huge mass of dark brown stone yielding no vegetation whatever, although their mammoth stone walls possess appeal with their iridescent colors in the sunlight.

Around Yuma, Arizona, we found the real desert with large mounds of snow white sand. Reminds one of the Dunes of Michigan, except that these do not have the trees and bushes but all sorts of cacti and an occasional palm tree instead. The next fifty miles of our route was over a wide concrete road through the vast barren acres of the desert. At the next oasis where we stopped for water, a man kept a small store, gas station, and living quarters. He had collected odd-shaped stones resembling animals and many other freaks of nature. He also had every species of cacti and had arranged the stones and plants forming a most interesting and unusual garden out there in the desert.

At Brawley, California, the clerk at the hotel told us that just the week before, they had felt a severe earthquake in the middle of the night. Most of their guests rushed from the hotel, neglecting to pay their bills in the excitement.

Left Brawley, California, early next morning. About 20 miles out of Brawley on our left was the Salton Sea, forming a large empty snow white basin 250 feet below sea level.

As we came to Coachella and Indio, California, we found the world famous garden of dates of the Coachella Valley. This is the main industry in this Valley, the soil being irrigated to raise some of the finest dates in the world. It was very interesting to hear how the date trees are planted. Pollinized and mated before bearing any fruit.

Pecans are also very plentiful in this valley.

We passed a large oil truck on the road that had exploded from the heat and was still burning.

In the distance we could see the famous resort of Palm Springs. The country is very low in this valley, which by the way is part of Imperial Valley, but as we near Benning, California, we are gradually rising. Had lunch at Pomona, California, in the heart of the orange and English walnut groves, which with a background of mountains makes them a beautiful sight.

The sun was shining bright and very warm all day, but as we neared Alhambra, California, the sky had grown dull and gray looking. Charles was very disappointed with the Los Angeles weather at first.

We rented a furnished Spanish bungalow in Hollywood. The yard was beautifully landscaped with palm trees. The sturdy California geraniums that we had heard so much about lined two sides of the house reaching to our window sills and covered with pink and red and white blossoms. Just beside our front door was a banana tree on which was a bunch of green fruit.

The three of us were pretty well tired out from our last day of driving, so after having dinner at the Avenue Cafe, we were ready to retire. The week was spent looking up friends and relations that Dad was anxious to see.

When we awoke next morning, the sun was bright and Dad was already out basking in the warm sunshine. Unpacking and getting settled took the greater part of the day.





Sunday was a glorious, warm day. We drove to Alhambra, California, to see Dad's brother. Upon arriving there discovered that they were having a gathering of Illinois people. Consequently, we saw many folks that we had not seen since they left Illinois years before.

The following day we spent with an uncle of mine at Glendale, California.

Then we started taking trips here and there to places of interest outside of Los Angeles. One could drive out of Los Angeles in any direction and see orange groves. The country roads are lined with rose bushes full of fragrant roses. The more common flower, the geranium, grows in some places as high as the roof of the porches. The orange trees are laden with golden fruit. Some trees have the blossoms, green fruit, and ripe fruit all at the same time. The air is very fragrant and clean. No smoke to mar the beauty of the distant snow-capped mountains.

Everything is green, the yards are full of blooming flowers of all kinds. The large eucalyptus trees are very fragrant and the lacelike leaves of the pepper trees flowing gently in the warm breezes add much to the bewitching landscape.

The mountain sides are covered with homes of mostly Spanish architecture with gay awnings and beautifully landscaped gardens. Out in the rural districts the Japs have their small ranches, raising chickens, vegetables, rabbits, fruit, and flowers.

The open-air markets and flower stands of Los Angeles are truly a sight in themselves.

After living here a short time, we found that we could not stand the bright sun all day long without dark glasses, so we each purchased a pair for our drives.

One afternoon we started for Mt. Baldy. The road going up there is very steep, and we were forced to drive in second gear all the way. Had to stop for water for the car. We had gotten as far as Ice House Canyon when to our surprise, the ground was covered with snow. We did not go farther up the mountain as we were not dressed for the cold weather. In half an hour we were back down to the orange groves, flowers, and warm weather. Had we gone a few miles farther up the mountain, we would have seen tobogganing, skiing, and all sorts of winter sports.

On our way home we stopped at one of the large packing houses and bought a bag of the most select oranges that were ready to be shipped East. They were the largest oranges that I have ever seen. Some of them were so large that my two hands would not reach around them.

We stopped at the Rose Bowl of New Year's football fame at Pasadena, California. We drove through a street that was lined with evergreen trees on both sides. This spot is of especial interest on New Year's Day when the trees are decorated and the parade of the Rose Festival is led through them.

Another day we went to the amusement park at Long Beach and on up the ocean to Huntington Beach and Redondo Beach. Here the fishermen have small boats to take men out for deep-sea fishing. The boats hold about fifteen or twenty men. They leave each morning and spend the day about twenty-five miles out in the ocean fishing for the large fish.

Our trip to Catalina Island was of especial interest as we had never been on a large boat. The island is located southwest of San Pedro which is a seaport town.

Los Angeles harbor is full of large ocean going boats of all kinds. We took a boat from Los Angeles harbor about nine o'clock in the morning. The water was choppy going over, but by the time we came back, the waves had gotten rather rough, but we managed to keep from getting sick.

The flying fish were something new to us. We liked to watch them jump out of the water and skim along in the air until their wings were dry, then dive into the water again. We counted dozens of them going over. The average is about one foot long, with transparent bluish wings.

After arriving at Catalina Island, we took a small boat around the point of the island to Seal Rock. Here we saw hundreds of seal, all sizes, living in their natural form. Also took a trip in the glass bottom boat and viewed the mysterious fish and plant life that grew in the deep waters. There are many beautiful buildings on the island, among which are William Wrigley's home, Dance Pavilion, St. Marie Hotel, an Indian Village and many others.

As the boat was leaving on our return trip, six Hawaiians stood on the end of the pier and played "Farewell to Thee" on their Hawaiian instruments. It was a very effective scene, one that visitors to the island do not often forget.

Easter Sunday we left Alhambra, California, at one thirty in the morning for Riverside, California, to attend Sunrise Services on the top of Mt. Rubidoux. We arrived at the mountain before daybreak and had to climb to the top on foot. There were boy scouts stationed along the path with flash lights to help us to see where we were stepping. All along the path were strewn large white lighted candles. At last we reached the peak to see a large white cross lighted with electric lights. At the foot of the cross seats were cut in the stone which held the white-robed choir. The dawn was just breaking as we reached the top. Hundreds of people were waiting for daybreak!

Through the dusk we could see the housetops in the valley with the higher mountains around us. The picture was worth climbing miles to see.

Just as the sun appeared upon the Eastern horizon, the choir began singing *Holy City* with brass horn





accompaniment. The sermon was preached for all Christians irrespective of sect or creed. It was positively the most impressive service I had ever attended.

After descending from the mountain we went to the Glenwood Mission Inn for breakfast. The inn is a large Spanish structure surrounded by a high stone fence, and as we entered the high iron gates, one is conscious of a foreign atmosphere. We had breakfast served in the open air patio, in real Spanish style.

The palm trees are growing around us, with bright pottery and bits of color here and there, which make a picturesque scene.

The hotel is famous as the most unique hotel in the world. The man that owns it has gathered treasures from all parts of the world. The art galleries, antiques, large collections of old bells are very interesting. The gardens are unsurpassed by any we have seen anywhere. With palm trees, vines, stone walks lined with all kinds of blooming flowers give that gay touch of color, yet the place has the most peaceful, harmonious effect characteristic of the old missions of early California days. We spent three hours here, hurriedly trying to see everything in that length of time.

We had planned several other stops on the way home so we were compelled to leave this enchanting place.

Our next stop was San Bernadino. We visited the Big Bear and Arrow Head Lakes Resorts, stopping at the Boiling Springs. A concrete basin had been built around one spring, which was full of bubbling boiling water at all times, while the steam was pouring up from the ground in other places. We saw several steam bath resorts near by.

We visited Smily Heights before returning home.

The weather is ideal— with warm balmy days and cool evenings.

Next day we took part of our sightseeing trips around the city, stopping at the alligator farm, ostrich farm, Annie Laurie Church, Little Church of the Flower, and The Mystery of Life, "a memorial" located in Forest Lawn Memorial Park at Glenwood.

Next morning we started for a trip to Mexico, following the El Camino Real Highway to San Diego. The El Camino Real bell mounted on posts along the road mark this highway to Mexico.

In the Quaker town of Whittier, California, we passed a large correction school for boys.

Anaheim is in Orange County and attracts many visitors to the orange festival which is held each year. One of the features of the festival is a swimming contest for girls, held in a tank of oranges.

The hills along the way are beautifully covered with wild flowers and pine trees. Most of the flowers being white poppies, owl-eyed clover, and yellow wild mustard.

It took us some time to go through San Juan Capistrano Mission, with its beautiful gardens, interesting shops, cemetery, and quaint old chapel where some of the Padre Fathers are buried under the altar. It was very beautiful and interesting. A guide took us through and explained everything about the hardship endured by the Padre Fathers in their attempt to help bring religion to the Spanish American people of early California.

Driving along the edge of the ocean, we came to San Clemente, a city entirely built of white Spanish houses with red tile roofs. All other types of architecture being prohibited in this town, naturally the effect was very attractive.

Passed San Louis Rey Mission but did not stop at this one, as they are quite the same, and we wanted to spend more time on the ocean.

After going over Torrey Pines pass, which is a good-sized mountain, we came to the unique little town of La Jolla on the ocean front and beach. The waves were rolling up over the large stones and deep caves. We saw a man sitting on a stone near-by making oil paintings of the scenery.

A few miles on we passed a very ancient Spanish home and were told that it was the birthplace of Ramona.

Arrived at San Diego just before noon and crossed over into Mexico and drove about 25 miles, then had lunch at Agua Caliente, Mexico.

Again we had lunch in an open air patio with colorful Spanish atmosphere. Spanish and Mexican entertainers performed all through the meal. The menu was accompanied by a long list of old time drinks that could be had from the adjoining bar. After lunch we strolled into the gambling casino. It was very elaborate with every kind of gambling device in action.

In one end of the room up a small flight of steps is located a very elaborate bar, where everything in the way of drinks can be obtained. At the extreme other end is a gift shop and jewelry store, where I imagine, rich Daddies bought their sweet Mamas expensive gifts with their surplus winnings. Another door lead to a more private gambling room where parties in full-dress are assembled around devices of the same nature as in the main casino.

The hotel grounds are beautifully landscaped and are typical of the tropical climate. One of the most famous race tracks in U.S. is located on these grounds. All sorts of sports— polo, golf, horseback riding, tennis, swimming, dancing— in fact all sports can be enjoyed here. An ideal place for wealthy people to spend a winter





vacation. Everything seems to be managed in a very high class way. Doesn't have the appearance of what one is likely to picture as a gambling place.

We stopped at Tijuana, Mexico, which is just across the border and is just the opposite of Agua Caliente. This place seems to attract a lower class of people. Every door is a combination saloon, dance-hall, and gambling parlor. One saloon in particular had a bar that was one block long. The entire place was rather disgusting. We left there and visited the Coronado Hotel, then crossed the Bay by ferry.

Back in San Diego we stopped at the U.S. Grant Hotel.

Spent the next morning seeing Balboa Park. A large adobe Indian village is located here and was erected for the World Fair and is now being used as headquarters for the boy scouts of the state.

Point Loma is a peninsula extending out in the ocean with the Pacific Ocean on one side and San Diego Bay on the other. Here we saw many ocean going ships. Passengers, freighters, U.S. Battle ships, and all sorts of commercial boats.

We visited Fort Rosencrans, which is located on this point. While enjoying the view from here, we were attracted by a weed that seemed to be growing only on this point. Although the day was very hot, this weed seemed to be covered with ice which sparkled in the sunlight. We were later told that it is called the ice plant and grows only in this spot.

Had lunch in a quaint little tearoom in La Jolla, California, after which we visited the caves of the wind along the beach and took pictures of this wonderful spot.

Back in Los Angeles, the U.S. Air Forces were staging an air war over the city by night to demonstrate what could be done in case of war. The effect was very pretty so high up in the sky.

The flying fields in Los Angeles are far more up to date than any we have seen.

Next day Dad and Charles went out to one of the main fields to see Lindy and were fortunate enough to catch some snapshots of him.

Visited Universal City, Culver City, and some of the other movie locations. It is very hard to get into any of the studios where the pictures are being made, especially the sound pictures. But I did succeed in breaking through thanks to my "cousin," just before we left Los Angeles. I met several movie stars and saw many others at different times while there.

We did not attend many theaters while there except the Egyptian and Grauman's Chinese Theater, where most of the premieres are shown.

Beverly Hills is a gorgeous array of beautiful homes belonging to the movie folks. The Boulevards are very wide all over Los Angeles and the traffic moves very fast.

Another thing that we noticed in particular in Los Angeles, was the lack of dirt on the streets. They are kept immaculately clean.

We drove to the top of Lookout Mountain one evening and had an extraordinary view of Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, other suburbs, and a glimpse of the ships on the ocean. We remained up here until the lights were turned on and what a glorious sight it was.

May 3<sup>rd</sup> was the first rain we have seen since our experience in Arizona. It started to rain in the middle of the afternoon as we were on our way home from Mincovia. Rained hard for an hour or so. The water washed down from the mountains like rivers over the streets; however, did not last long and soon the sun was out as bright and hot as ever.

May 6<sup>th</sup> leaving Los Angeles for Seattle, Washington.

Drive through beautiful hills and passed the largest English walnut grove in the world near Calabassas, California.

Went through Santa Barbara Mission, which was beautiful and interesting.

Passed through the large oil fields at Santa Maria, California.

Pismo Beach is one of the clam centers. The fishermen were bringing them in by the boat full.

Ganiota Pass is an opening between two mountains and sometimes the suction of the wind through this opening is so great that one is unable to pass through without being blown to pieces.

San Luis Obispo is a good size town— another Mission is located here, but we did not tarry.

Spent the night at Paso Robles at the Taylor Hotel. This place is noted for its hot spring resorts.

Several coal mines around San Miguel.

Drove through beautiful hills and mountains all morning. The valleys down below were filled with fields of head lettuce.

Carmel-by-the-Sea is a very beautiful, romantic spot on the ocean. Here we visited the cottage that Aimee McFerrison occupied while she was supposedly lost in the ocean a few years ago. I will say she chose an ideal place.

Here we took the famous seventeen mile drive along the ocean from Carmel-by-the-Sea to Monterey. This





is maintained by the toll. Each car pays 50 cents at the gate. This is very thick woods overlooking the ocean, Cypress, and Pebble Beach Golf Courses, which are located between here and the ocean at the northern end.

Stopped for lunch at Monterey. We went a few miles out of our way to see the big tree grove at Santa Cruz. It seems almost impossible that trees can grow that large. Jumbo was the largest of them all, being 250 feet high, circumference 58 feet, and estimated to be 5,000 years old.

The winding roads through this state park were beautiful.

Near Los Gatos and San Jose, California, we saw miles of cherry orchards laden with red ripe fruit.

An auto camp at Palo Alto, California, was our stop for the night.

Next morning drove up to see President Hoover's home, also went through Leland Stanford University. The chapel on the campus is almost completely made of mosaic work. The front of the church is one large Biblical picture group of 50 or more figures all made of the small colored tile. The interior of the church has walls of mosaic.

Drove through several small towns until we came to the longest bridge in the world, Bay Bridge over San Francisco Bay.

Here we are at San Francisco. Made a hurried tour of the city.

From the pier we could see large ocean vessels; Angel Island, which I understood was used as a prison by the government. We drove through Presidio, which is government property and has a large fort and government hospital with soldiers stationed everywhere.

The Golden Gate is a very beautiful sight, with ships going and coming all the time. Golden Gate Park has large museum and art galleries.

The old World's Fair buildings, which were being repaired at this time were very interesting. Lunched here and took the ferry over to Oakland, California. From the boat we could see Goat Island and Alcatraz, which is quarantine island.

We liked Oakland very much. After driving around Merritt Lake, which is located in the center of the town, we were on our way to Berkeley, California. Did not get to visit the university, as they do not allow it during school hours but inspected the California Memorial Stadium which seats 80,000 people.

At Richmond, California, we took a ferry back to the west side of the bay to San Rafael, passing the San Quentin Prison.

From here we took the Redwood Highway to Portland, Oregon. Santa Rosa was our camp for the night. This is the home of the Italian Swiss Colony Brand wines. Large grape vineyards located from Geyserville to Cloverdale, California. Here we had about 10 miles of very dangerous mountain driving, winding around high up in the mountains with such wonderful air and blue lupine and white poppies blooming everywhere.

From Willets to Laytonville the scenery was all large rocks with streams of water running through them. As we came to Coolidge Park, we saw the first of the large redwood trees. We stopped at Lane's Grove and took some pictures of some of the trees.

One that has never seen the Redwoods can never imagine the thrill of driving over 30 miles through these giant trees. One could not help but think of the poem which ends, "Poems are made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree."

The road is just wide enough for two cars and some places on the road is built around a tree to prevent cutting down the tree, as this is a state park and molesting the trees is prohibited. One tree was hollow at the base, and we could drive our car into it and use it for a garage, and the car would not be touching it on any side. Another tree was 278 feet before the first limb started. The forestry department is well organized and has scouts stationed to prevent forest fires.

Ell River winds through these mountains, crossing it several times during the day.

Eureka, California, was our next town. From here to Crescent City we were on the ocean.

A steep, zig zag road runs high up along on the face of the mountain with the ocean waves rolling in ten or fifteen hundred feet below. It seems that we are riding along on a shelf with no fence for protection, but the road is wide enough for two cars, so we drove very slowly and really enjoyed it. The scenery was absolutely different from any that we had seen. We took pictures along here. From Crescent City we left the ocean, going more inland again.

Next morning we came to Smith River Canyon with mountains and redwoods in every direction. The Smith River winding in and out through the mountains makes this place particularly fascinating.

Came to Patrick's Creek, stopping at the Tavern for lunch. The Tavern is a log cabin and an ideal place to spend one's vacation, providing one's tastes run to hiking, horse-back riding, and fishing. As we sat in the window of the large bright dining room, we had a wonderful view of the mountains. We walked down to the creek before leaving to snap some pictures and saw several snakes curled up on stones, sunning themselves.

Here we started to climb up until we reached 2600 feet, just before reaching the Oregon State line. From here we could see snow on the peaks around us.

Oregon State does not allow sign boards on the highways. It is a wonderful law, because it would certainly





be a shame to ruin this gorgeous scenery with unsightly sign-boards.

A small river running through here is called the Illinois River.

The ground in the woods is covered with axalise and ferns. We also saw some wild pheasants in these woods.

Had lunch in Grant's Pass and stopped to see the display of iris at the chamber of commerce.

Spent the night at Roseberg, Oregon. The camp grounds were lined with rose bushes that were in full bloom. The owners of the camp gave me permission to pick all we wanted, so I picked a large bouquet for our table. They were all colors and some were as large as a cup.

The next day was May 11<sup>th</sup>, Mothers' Day. When we awoke, the air was very foggy and damp, but before noon, it had completely disappeared, and the day was warm and sunny.

At Salem, Oregon, we lunched and drove around the capital buildings.

Near Brooks, Oregon, we saw a sign which read "Ramps Corner." So we stopped for gas and found that they were "cousins" of Dad's. We had a short visit with the father, who was near Dad's age. He had come from Pennsylvania in a covered wagon when Oregon was practically a wilderness. As Dad had gone to Illinois from Pennsylvania in a covered wagon, they had much in common.

As we came within 35 miles of Portland, Oregon, we could see snow-covered Mount Hood in the distance. We engaged a small furnished apartment for the two days spent in Portland. Called on some friends in the evening.

Next morning we followed the loop road around Mt. Hood. We were unable to drive to the top of the mountain, as the roads were still snowed under. We got about halfway up, but the roads from here to the top were blocked with ice and snow. We drove over roads with ten feet of snow on either side of the car. Had lunch at Hood River, a small town in the mountains. At the foot of Mt. Hood we were amazed to find ourselves in the heart of acre after acre of apple orchards in full bloom. Some of the most select apples in the markets are from the Hood River Valley, Oregon. It seemed almost unbelievable that less than an hour before, we had been in deep snow and ice.

We followed the Columbia River Highway back to Portland. This highway runs along the side of the mountain with the Columbia River hundreds of feet below on the other side. Many beautiful falls are coming down from the mountaintop to the river. Most of the falls are 620 feet high but very narrow. Multnomah Falls are the largest, then Horse Tail, Bridal Veil, and many other smaller but beautiful ones.

We stopped where they were bringing the large logs down from the mountain tops through flumes of water to the sawmill below.

We could see the Three Sisters Mountains, Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Jefferson, Mt. Adams, and many other smaller ones.

Had dinner in Portland and drove around the boulevard system. The Government Hospital, County Hospital, Oregon State College, were all buildings of interest.

We noticed that so many people have a large pile of stove wood on their lawn, between the sidewalk and the street. We did not learn the reason for keeping it on the lawn instead of the back, as they do back home.

Portland is a very busy, clean city.

Next morning was cloudy and raining as we crossed over into the State of Washington at Vancouver, which is just a few miles out of Portland.

Long View, Washington, has the largest lumber mills in the world, the largest of which is Long Bell Lumber Company. It has 80 acres under cover. A guide took us through. We walked 2½ miles and saw the large trees go in the mill and come out finished doors and window frames and etc. The smoke stacks were 300 feet high and 37 feet around. Most of the wood is Douglas Fir and hemlock. They employ 2000 men in the mill and 1200 in the forests.

Perfectly flat country between Portland, Oregon, and Seattle, Washington. Not very prosperous looking country. Reminds us somewhat of parts of Canada that we have seen.

Had lunch at Centralia, Washington. Drove through Olympia to see the capital buildings. Went through Camp Murray National guards, also Fort Lewis near Tacoma, Washington.

Came into Seattle just as it was getting dark. After getting located at the hotel and changing clothes, we called on some friends that were formerly from Chicago. Our friends took the next day off and showed us the town.

Owing to the rain and cloudy weather, the town did not seem to impress us as being such a glorious place to live. Yet it may have been that we expected too much, as we had been told so many wonderful things about Seattle.

Had lunch at one of the Marshall Fields Stores, "Fredrick and Nelson," and dinner in the evening at our friends' home.

The tulips, Scotch broom, and rhododendrons were blooming in the parks and yards. Rhododendrons are the State Flower of Washington.

Next morning we were very disappointed to see a heavy fog which prevented us getting a good view of Mt. Rainer.





Near Toledo, Washington, there are 70 million feet of virgin timber. We could see nothing but tall pine trees and mountains. We returned to Portland by our previous route.

Just as we came across the Columbia River bridge into Oregon, an officer stopped us and informed us that our speed was much too fast, but after discovering that we were from Chicago, did not hesitate to release us. There seems to be some advantages to being from the gangland city.

We took the Capital Highway to Sutherlin, Oregon, where we spent the night in the Sutherlin Hotel.

It was very cold and drizzling rain when we left Sutherlin next morning. The fog was very heavy, and I was a little nervous, as we had so much mountain driving ahead. But before noon the fog had all cleared away, but the air was still cool, and we were uncomfortable in our light coats.

Canyon Creek Pass was 2080 feet; Mt. Sexton was 3086 feet. Gorgeous scenery there all the way into Grant's Pass. Coles Circus was in the town of Grant's Pass, which was a gala day for the mountain folks. They seemed to be all in town to celebrate.

As we came to the foot of the mountains, we found the Rogue River winding its way between the mountains. In the distance we could see Table Rock, a large flat rock the shape of a table which looked like it might tumble down any minute.

Came to Ashland, Oregon; had lunch at the Siskiyon Hotel.

Next came the Siskiyon Mountains. They were 4516 feet. As we arrived at the top, we found ourselves above the clouds, this being a new experience for us. It was a beautiful sight to see the white clouds rolling down below us.

I had a weak spell and nose bleed from the altitude which made me feel bad the rest of the day.

Just a few miles more, and we crossed the State Line into California. It seemed we had no sooner reached the California line until we discovered that the sun was shining bright and warm.

There were many high peaks around here, among which were Mt. Shasta and Mt. Castella. We followed around at the foot of Mt. Castella, through the smaller mountains all day. Blue and white wild lilacs are covering the hills, making the air very fragrant. Wild iris are also very plentiful in all its array of colors.

Reached Redding, California, in the early evening, stopping at the Redding Hotel.

Leaving the Redding next morning, the air was clear, and the haze that had prevailed the day before had completely disappeared in the night, and the day was sunny and warm. Here we had a view of the high peaks around us in all directions.

Soon after leaving the foot of the mountains, we came into the valley of rice fields, also many olive groves. Near Gridley, California, are many orchards of apricots and peaches.

We drove 35 miles along the Feather River. The trees here are full of mistletoe, which is a parasite spreading tree to tree and gradually kills the most sturdy of trees.

The day was very hot as we stopped at Sacramento, California, for lunch. Then drove for miles and miles through fields of grain and hay. This region closely resembles Illinois country.

Came to Merced, California, and turned off the main highway into the road leading to the Yosemite National Park. This is called the Yosemite Valley. Here are located the largest peach and apricot orchards in the world, belonging to the Del Monte Packing Company. We passed the largest packing house where all the fruit is sorted, packed, and shipped.

Realizing that we would not be able to reach Yosemite Park before dark, we stopped at Bridge Port Lodge and rented a real log cabin with a huge fire place and bath-room. Everything was very comfortable. The air in the mountains was very cool, and the fire felt good to us.

The magnificent sight that greeted us upon entering Yosemite National Park can never be described in mere words. Needless to say, we were astonished to find stone walls, mountains, water falls, and scenery of such magnitude. The sheer immensity of the precipices on either side of the valley startled us. One feels like an ant walking along the road.

El Capitan is a solid rock 7564 feet high; Half Dome resembles a dome cut in half towering 4897 feet in the clouds. Three Brothers and Cathedral Spires seem unreal and fairylike in their loftiness. Yosemite Falls drops 1430 feet in one fall which is equal to nine Niagara Falls piled on top of each other. The lower falls directly below has a drop of 320 feet equal to two more Niagara Falls. Vernal Falls has the same height, while Illionette Falls are 50 feet higher. Nevada and Bridal Veil Falls are not so high but fall with a fine spray in the sunlight. Ribbon Falls is the highest of all, with a drop of 1612 feet, almost perpendicular to the valley below. The roar of the falls is almost deafening. We were fortunate to be able to visit Yosemite at this time of the year, as the Falls are at their best in April and May.

Thru the center of the valley winds the roaring Merced River with its cataracts, racing and foaming through the crooked, rugged gorges.

An ancient Indian legend connected with Mirror Lake, which is located in these mountains, gives a





mysterious touch to that beautiful body of water. The park shelters all kinds of animals, including deer, bear, and wildcats.

As we were riding along, I saw a large cinnamon bear sitting on a rock sunning himself on the side of the mountain. I got out of the car to take his picture, but before I could snap him, he was coming down after me. I ran to the car, closing the door just in time to see him put his front paws up on the trunk on the back and look in the back window. We quickly drove away, as we were told that if they smell anything to eat, they will tear the trunk or any other baggage to pieces.

Upon the ridge of the valley at Mariposa Grove are to be found the Giant Sequoia trees. The monster tree of the grove is the Grizzly Giant, whose girth is 93 feet, diameter 29.6 feet, and whose height is 204 feet. It is estimated to be 4,000 years old. If its trunk were cut through, a wagon and two street cars could drive through side by side and still leave the sides strong enough to support the tree. There is no way in which one can appreciate the size of these trees, except by seeing them.

From the crest of the park rim, one sees all of the high peaks of the Sierra Nevada mountains, of which this park is the climax. The valley below occupies eight square miles. The rivers which water it originate from the everlasting snow from the peaks above.

High up in the wilderness of these mountains lay the Washburn and Merced Lakes, which are the formal source of the rivers and are famous as fishing resorts. All kinds of trout can be found in these streams.

So much for this romantic, inspiring Land of Enchantment. It can never be successfully described.

On our way again— we stopped at Tulare, California, for the night. Left real early next morning for Los Angeles, stopping at Bakersfield, Newhall, and San Fernando. Arrived in Los Angeles shortly after noon. We were glad to be back here as this seems to be the ideal city of the West, according to our way of thinking.

Spent the rest of the week at Alhambra, resting before starting for Chicago.

Attended the Christian Science Church, of which there are thirty-some in Los Angeles.

Some friends from Chicago had just completed their new home, and we were invited to be their first house guests. Went to the Los Arenyos Country Club to dinner and dance. Attended a show at Shrine Temple given by the famous actors and actresses.

Dad thought that the trip home in the car would be too much for him, so decided to go home on the train with his sister who was anxious to go back to Illinois but was waiting for someone to accompany her on the trip.

After a round of farewells and see you again sometime, we were again on our way home. From San Bernadino, we went over Cajon Pass, which is 4250 feet, into Victorville. Mailed some cards from there.

Followed the Mojave River into Barstow, California. Had lunch at Del Caso Deserto Hotel, which is one of the Fred Harvey Hotels. We took some pictures of the Joshua Trees in the desert along here. They look like an animal with a million legs. The limbs are bare except at the end they have a blossom or growth resembling a pineapple.

Today is the hottest day that we have known— 112 in the shade of the shacks where we stopped for water.

Saw some Indian mystic maize near Needles, California.

Crossed the Columbia River into Arizona. Then came the old gold mining district near Oatman, Arizona. We had arranged to bring camping equipment with us this time and stop at cabins all the way home. Had a cabin at Oatman. We saw one gold mine that had produced \$40,000,000.00 in gold. Noticed signs along the highway, "Free shade and water."

The mountains along here look like huge piles of cinders and rock of reddish color and very odd formations. This is supposed to be the southern range of the Rockies.

Drove through wasteland and hills with small mining towns here and there. Saw a large black and white checkered snake in the road. It was perfectly checked in black and white and about four feet long.

Went through fruit and shrubbery inspection at Kingman, Arizona. The state does not allow anyone to bring fruit or shrubbery into the state from California.

The mountains look like old forts with high fences built around them, and others look like ruins of old castles.

A large Indian school at Valentine, Arizona, gives the Indian children from the reservations near by a chance for an education.

No vegetation around here of any kind, except all kinds of cactus.

Peach Springs is an old Indian trading post. Tried to take a picture of some of the Indians, but they would run away.

Got gas at Segilman, Arizona. This town's main street has mud six inches deep, with horses and wagons tied to posts everywhere. Everyone in this country carries water bags on the side of their car or wagon.

The time changes here from Western time to Rocky Mountain time. Nothing but Indians living around here. The roads are very bad. The country is barren waste land and very rocky with high mountains in the distance.





One wonders how the Indian makes a living here.

Saw so many lizards, green and black and white ones racing across the roads.

Had a flat tire here and stopped at Ashfork, Arizona, to have it repaired while we ate lunch.

At Williams we turned off the main highway onto the road leading to the Grand Canyon. We had promised to meet Dad and Auntie at the canyon next morning. The road going into the canyon is very rough and bad.

We saw some real large whirlwinds in the sand.

Arrived at the Grand Canyon in the middle of the afternoon. Had a real log cabin in the woods. Took some hikes around the canyon and attended the Indian dance given by the Hopi Indians. Had dinner at the El Tovac that night.

The canyon is another spectacle that is very difficult to describe. This gorgeous mammoth canyon is 217 miles long and about 14 miles wide, with a depth of 6,000 feet. One mile down below flows the Colorado River. From the Lookout House we had a fairly good view of the layer after layer of colored granite walls of which this gigantic wonder of nature is composed. The river at the bottom looks like a tiny stream. All water used at the Grand Canyon for all purposes is shipped in tanks from long distances. There is no water near here available.

After meeting Dad and Auntie at the train, we proceeded to take the trip around the rim in the car, viewing the canyon from every direction. At one point we were up 7,026 feet.

The Navajo and Hopi Indians reservations are nearby, and some of them live here at the canyon in exact reproductions of the adobe dwellings of the Hopi Indians. They display their handicraft which consists of hand wrought silver ornaments, spinning and weaving blankets, and making pottery.

The trip down in the canyon is made on the back of mules. We did not make the trip as it would of meant another day here, and I was not particularly anxious to go on account of the altitude. I had already had a nosebleed twice that day. So after leaving Dad and Auntie at the hotel, as their train did not leave until later in the evening, we started for Flagstaff, Arizona.

This place is noted to be the coldest place in winter and the hottest place in summer in the United States. The San Francisco Mountains are 14,000 feet high and lay to our left as we drove into Flagstaff.

Had another tire repaired here but could not find a decent camp, so drove sixty miles more into Winslow, Arizona.

The sunset was beautiful, but as it began to get dusk, this seemed the most weird country with nothing but craters, formation of rock, and some meteors. The country is very barren. We did not see a town or a living soul for 50 miles except an occasional Indian dwelling build back in the formation of rock much like the cliff dwellers.

A few mountain peaks were visible, but they were too far away to be impressive.

Two Guns is a town consisting of a small general store and two or three adobe houses. This marks the spot of bitter fights between Indians and White men years ago.

I did not fancy being out here in this desert as it was now getting dark, but we had no choice, as there was no place to stop. We had to keep going until we could find a town. We finally came to Winslow and stopped at the first camp that we found. It was a good thing it was dark when we engaged our cabin, for when we awakened next morning, we found the camp was far below the average, but we had our own bedding and outfit, so we made the best of it. This town seemed to be located in "No Man's Land;" all we could see was desert and stone. After we started that morning, we saw a mirage. Looked exactly like a large lake that we were coming to, but as we reached the spot, there was nothing but sand.

Joseph City is a little Mormon town in the middle of the desert. They are irrigating and raising grapes.

We passed the road leading to the Petrified Forest out of Holbrook before we knew it but were told there was one ahead, so we did not go back. Soon we came to a sign which told us where to turn to the Black Petrified Forests and Painted Desert. We drove about two miles back off the road, and here we saw the most beautiful colorful sight we have seen yet. The Painted Desert Inn was a rambling picturesque building. From the veranda we could see miles and miles of all colored sand.

Standing on the rim of the small canyon, it reminds one of a huge paint pot being used to paint the autumn leaves. We climbed 1500 feet down into a forest of petrified trees. Picked up a few pieces and brought them home. We were told that the colored sand mixed with water is what the Indians use for paint.

Along here we saw Indian boys and girls herding sheep, each carrying water bags. At the Indian trading posts ahead, we could see bright Navajo rugs strung up high on posts to attract the attention of the tourists. This section is where the original Navajo rugs are made by the Navajo tribe. Their colors are beautiful. As we came to the state line going into Mexico, the roads were very bad again, extremely rough and dusty.

The scenery along here is largely composed of stones, mountains, deep crevices, and caves are distinctly visible from the roadside. At the base of one of the mountains, I spied an old deserted box car which was being used for a schoolhouse for the Indian children of the neighborhood. On the doorstep sat a small Indian girl with her black shiny hair in two large braids down her back, and in her lap she was holding a small, white, baby lamb. It came to my





mind that it may have been a similar sight that prompted the author to write, "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

It was over these rough roads that we had the misfortune to break our brake brace. As there was no place within several miles to have it repaired, it was up to us to see what could be done. After much difficult, laborious efforts, Serg was able to remove the wheel and pound the brace back in place sufficient enough to enable us to reach a repair shop. While standing in the deep sand and dust beside the road in the midst of this disagreeable task, a Sante Fe train passed within a 100 feet of where we were standing. I waved both hands to the passengers, not realizing until we arrived home, that Dad was on that train and had seen us stalled beside the road, engaged in what he surmised was tire trouble.

Along the road in this vicinity at approximately one mile intervals, crude shelters are maintained by Indian women seeking to attract the eye of the tourists, therefore, selling their home-made pottery. The pottery is made from the clay on their own reservations, baked in large out-door ovens and decorated with colored sand which is made into a kind of paint. One is surprised at the artistic effect of such a simple process.

Los Lunas, New Mexico, was the quaint little town in which we stopped for ice cream to relieve our throats from that dry, parched feeling one seems to have in this region.

When we were about two miles out of this small town, we discovered that we had left a pair of glasses behind. Upon returning to the cafe, we found the glasses on the table just where we left them.

After leaving this town, we ran into a sandstorm, which blew the white sand in dense clouds around us, making it impossible to see even a few feet away. It was necessary to have all the windows closed so tightly that we were almost suffocated for want of air. The sky was full of black clouds as the wind whistled around us, giving the country rather a spooky appearance. As the storm subsided, large mountains came into view, and as they became more visible, they resembled mountains of salt. But upon further investigation, we found they were made of pure white sand which glistened brightly in the sunlight.

On the top of a small mountain near Thoreau, New Mexico, we passed the spot that marks the Great Divide.

Kings Cabins at Albuquerque, New Mexico, were lovely cabins with lights, showers, and every modern convenience.

Next day was May 30<sup>th</sup>, Memorial Day. We left our cabin early, winding over roads leading high up over La Bajada Grade. As we came into Santa Fe, New Mexico, the citizens were preparing for their Memorial Day parade. This is a very unusual town, the business section being built around a small park. The great part of the population appears to be Indians. The farmer Indians had brought their families to town in their wagons and the horses were tied to a railing encircling the small park.

As we were leaving Santa Fe, it started to rain, this being the first rain that we have seen since leaving Seattle, Washington, with the exception of one day in California.

We drove over a wide mesa until we came to the small, picturesque town of Loas, New Mexico. We lunched at the Don Fernando Hotel. This hotel is of low Spanish architecture with thick adobe walls. Upon entering, one gets the true native influence. The low, heavy beams were taken from the ruins of an old Spanish mission, and the light fixtures were made by using the enormous iron wagon wheels that carried the dry goods and furs back and forth across the country during the early days. In the dining room our luncheon was expertly served by Indian girls in their colorful costumes and white buckskin boots. This spot attracts many famous artists from all over the world, some of them spending several months out of every year painting the quaint, picturesque surroundings. The hotel has one of the finest collections of paintings in the West.

This locality is inhabited by the Pueblo Indian which is the oldest and most colorful tribe in the Southwest, which no doubt helps to make this territory more interesting.

We started over the mountains, following beside a bubbling, noisy stream which was evidently full of trout, according to the number of people fishing from the banks.

Soon we came to a beautiful fisherman's lodge, located on Eagles Nest Lake. The lake was rather small, but the water was clear and blue as the sky.

It was still drizzling rain as we descended from the mountain into Cimarron Canyon. The air was much cooler, and our coats felt comfortable when the windows were open. Cimarron River flows down from the mountain through this canyon into a large prairie. We drove 30 or 40 miles over this level tract of treeless land without seeing a living thing except a bunch of coarse green grass now and then.

Soon we came to a small town at the foot of the Raton Pass and inquired as to the distance over the pass to Trinidad, Colorado. We were told it was 25 miles, and we were undecided as to whether we should attempt the trip over this high mountain, as it was getting dusk, and the fog was gathering in the mountain tops already. Several other cars started, so we decided to follow. We drove very slowly, as the roads were wet and slippery. Near the top we could see the clouds, and as we reached the summit, the fog was so thick that we could hardly see the car a few feet ahead of us. This is the highest mountain that we were on throughout the whole trip. The height was 7,886 feet. I had some difficulty breathing which finally developed into nose bleed, but as we came to the bottom of the





mountain, I felt better. On the other side of the mountain, the roads were dusty, and the wind was blowing hard. The wind blew so hard in the night that at times I thought our cabin would be blown away. I slept very little and was glad when morning came.

We had breakfast at the Camp Cafe and started for Colorado Springs. The roads were very bad and rough through Greenhorn, Colorado, and on into Pueblo. We stopped at the bank in Pueblo and noticed that this town has the first fresh green looking yards and flowers that we have seen since leaving California.

As we neared Colorado Springs, we could see snow-covered Pikes Peak towering above all the other mountains.

While we were having lunch in Colorado Springs, it started to rain. The thunder and lightning was the first that we had experienced since the previous summer. The Garden of the Gods is a very interesting place and is all made of red stone. A man by the name of Perkins left it to the City of Colorado Springs with a request that it always be left open to the public.

We drove up to where the cog cars go up to Pikes Peak, but I would not go up on account of the high altitude, and Serg would not go alone as the trip takes several hours. Before we left the city, we were caught in a bad hail storm which did not last long, as the old Rocky Mountains drew the storm away in a short time. However, the storm was not over, as the sky was black as night as we came to Sedalia, Colorado, on our way to Denver, when we were compelled to stop on account of the very bad storm. The cool air was accompanied by a drizzling rain the remainder of the day.

Our cabin at Denver was especially beautiful with twin beds, private bath, and kitchen. A man from Aurora, Illinois, had the cabin next to us. Next morning when we awoke, the mountains were covered with snow, and the sun was shining brightly. We spent the morning seeing the town.

Denver is very beautiful, especially the Capitol and city buildings. We made a tour of the parks and other places of interest. We were told that \$45,000,000.00 annually is made from sugar beets in the state of Colorado.

I left word at the Shirley Savoy Hotel for a friend that was expecting to see us here, but we had gotten there three days earlier than we expected, so we would not be able to see her.

We left Denver before noon and after driving 75 miles, we could still see the peaks of the Rockies, but as they faded out of sight, we realized that these were the last ones we would see on our trip.

At Peoria, Colorado, we had the oil changed in the car, and the boy that owned the gas station had known Serg when they went to school at Peoria, Illinois.

At Cheyenne Wells we passed over the state line into Kansas. The roads seem to be much better in this state. For 150 miles, we had very uninteresting, flat, treeless prairies. The large jack rabbits with extremely long ears were hiding in the tall grass, and as the cars passed by, they jumped up in the air and were gone in a flash. I started to count them, but they were too numerous and fast for the eye to follow them for any length of time.

It had turned out to be a beautiful day. The weather is much warmer.

Near Oakley, Kansas, we had more tire trouble but were soon pulling into the small college town of Hays, Kansas. Here we spent the night, also setting our watches up an hour from Rocky Mountain time to Central Standard.

Drove twenty miles into Russell, Kansas, and had breakfast after witnessing a gorgeous sunrise over the prairies.

The vicinity near Ellsworth, Kansas, had four inches of rain the day before, so we had bad, muddy roads, full of holes and water. The fields were covered with water. At Abilene, Kansas, we had more tire trouble. The tires are letting loose now.

Went through Camp Fuston, Fort Riley, and the geographical center of the U.S. Arrived at Manhattan for lunch. Near Topeka we had ten more miles of detour. Came into Kansas City late in the afternoon. Had dinner with relatives and spent the evening visiting and seeing the town.

Left Kansas City at five in the morning and drove 25 miles before having breakfast at Odisso. This is a wonderfully warm day.

We had another flat just as we came to the bridge over the Missouri River, which divides Missouri and Illinois. Had another detour into Pittsfield, Illinois. From here to Springfield, Illinois, crossing the Illinois River at Detroit, Illinois.

Came into East Peoria just as the factories were closing for the day and were held up by the heavy traffic for one hour and a half before we were out of Peoria on the concrete highway, following the Illinois River for over 100 miles into Marseilles, Illinois. Starved Rock State Park is located on the Illinois River just across from LaSalle, Illinois, and is very interesting with its huge rocks, caves, and ravines.

Followed the wide concrete road through Joliet, past the State Penitentiary into Chicago. This making the end of our 14,000 mile journey through the West.





## HOFMANN/GIBBS FAMILY CHART

### GENERATION ONE

**Allen Joseph Hofmann**  
B. 6 December 1947  
Hammond, Indiana  
**M. Roberta Burns**  
7 September 1968  
South Plainfield, N.J.-----

**Karen Hofmann**  
born: 31 July 1950  
Hammond, Indiana  
married:  
1.) Thomas Verplank  
2.) Dominic Pecararo  
3.) Keith Fellers

### GENERATION TWO

**Richard Gibbs**  
B. 1 January 1926  
Hammond, In.  
M. 1.) Janice Lanham  
2.) Ann Zikas  
D. 16 September 1984, In.

**Don Lee Gibbs**  
B. 18 June 1935  
Hammond, In.  
D. 13 January 1998  
Calumet City, Il.

-----**Bonnie Jean Gibbs**-----  
B. 18 July 1926  
Hammond, Indiana  
**M. Albert Hofmann**  
11 June 1945  
Shepherd AFB, Tx.

by Wilhemina Petersen

**Albert William Hofmann--**  
B. 21 November 1926  
Hammond, Indiana  
M. Bonnie Gibbs

By Kathryn  
**Kurt Karl Hofmann**

### GENERATION THREE

**Margaret Moon** -----  
B. 20 February 1908  
Wabash, In.  
**M. Lowell Gibbs**  
M. 25 July 1925  
Hammond, In.  
D. 7 January 1982  
Hammond, In.

**Kurt Albert Johannes Hofmann----**  
B. 9 May 1901  
Hamburg, Germany  
M. 1.) Bertha Petersen  
2.) Kathryn  
D. 7 June 1971  
Bass Lake, In.

**Wilhemina Bertha Petersen-----**  
B. 13 October 1907  
Hamburg, Germany  
M. 1.) Kurt Hofmann  
2.) James Adams  
D. 28 July 1972  
Hammond, In.

### GENERATION FOUR

(Dtr. of **Sylvester Hall**)  
**Anna Myrtle Hall**  
B. 1 May 1871  
Onward, In.  
**M. Charles Moon**  
19 September 1888  
Wabash, In.  
D. 23 May 1962  
Hammond, In.

**Charles Moon**  
B. 24 July 1859  
Hamilton Co., In.  
D. 22 April 1950  
Hammond, In.

A Moon family chart follows later.

**Karl Hofmann**  
15 June 1874  
Altenburg, Germany  
**M. Johanna Hartung**  
7 July 1900  
Hamburg, Germany  
D. 8 January 1955/57

**Johanna Hartung**  
B. 16 September 1876  
D. 1 May 1947  
Hamburg, Germany

**Bertha Dahnke**  
B. 24 April 1877  
Hamburg, Germany  
M. William Petersen  
Germany  
D. 17 November 1954  
Hammond, In.



## BONNIE GIBBS HOFMANN TRAVEL DIARY

This journal was kept by Bonnie Jean Gibbs Hofmann when she and her husband Albert William Hofmann made a trip to New York City in 1953. At that time they were 27 years old and living in Indiana.

We left Chicago at 6:50 PM on Sunday October 26 on the Lake Shore Limited. We arrived in Grand Central in New York on Monday at 1:30 PM. We had lunch in Grand Central and took a cab to the Hotel Taft. After unpacking our bags we went down to the bar and had a couple of drinks. Max was our waiter. We had dinner at McGinnis's, then walked up & down Times Square. We saw Billy Williams on the street. It was fascinating.

Tuesday morning we took our first subway ride to the Empire State and afterwards we walked thru Macy's, Saks, & Gimbels. We also looked through all the big camera shops. This picture was taken on the 86<sup>th</sup> floor. We had a coke and went on up to the 102<sup>nd</sup>. The elevator moves at a rate of 1,000 feet per second.

From the top of the Empire State we could see all the sun decks, penthouses, & car parking lots on the roofs of other buildings. It was very hazy but we could see the *Queen Elizabeth* in its docks and the *U.S.* next to her.

We had lunch at the Cottage. Afterwards we went to Rockefeller Center & took the tour through it. The building was beautiful and very modern inside.

At midnite Al had to change to his suit so we could get into the Village Room to hear Charlie Drew. He lets everyone sing with him and we had lots of fun.

We saw this but the tables were not out & the ice was frozen & they were ice skating on it. The instructors were out teaching the little kids to skate. We took the subway back & had dinner. We went to a show at the Roxy (in the hotel) & saw "The Thief." Johnny Johnson & Jerry Colona were on stage.

*Queen Elizabeth* leaving port. We had a race with it and won on our boat trip around Manhattan Island on the Circle Line Tour. WE WON.

We went to watch Garroway for 1½ hours. It snowed & it was cold. We were on TV but not in Chicago. Had a coke at Rockefeller Center. Took a bus to Park Ave. under the tracks (just like Maxwell St.) At 7:30 we saw "The Names the Same" with Robert Q. Lewis. David Niven was the guest.

In the afternoon we took the Circle Line Cruise or the "Sightseer."

Wed. eve. We went to Greenwich Vill. The "Queens" put on the floor show & it was beautiful. The waiters all wore false eyelashes & pancake make-up. Everyone got a pair of noise makers. They were called "a pair of knockers for the women and a pair of balls for the men." That is where we got the Queer money.

Thursday before lunch we went to Central Park and fed the squirrels & the pigeons. The zoo was nice & they were just feeding the monkeys. In the afternoon we went to the Broadway Theater. It was the







most fascinating thing we ever saw. We got our tickets from a ticket agency.

We took a bus to Chinatown & looked in the windows. We bought some souvenirs in one place. We went back downtown & had dinner at McGinnis then we went to Leon & Eddie's. The walls are covered with celebrity pictures but we were disappointed. The floor show had a couple singers & 6 dancers & a tap dancer.

We went back to the hotel & listened to Charlie Drew. We met a man there who was from Chicago & boy was he a real loud mouth.

Friday in the morning we went to the U.N. Building. We had to wait in line to sit in on an assembly meeting so we didn't wait. The building is beautiful inside & out.

At 1:30 we went to the Garry Moore Show on TV. We were on TV & Mom and Karen saw us. While we were there a girl asked us to sit in on a reviewing session for a new TV show. It was in the CBS Building where Godfrey has his morning show. The show we watched was "Mr. Pippa Fox." We gave our opinions on it, and they gave us an Eversharp pen. We went to the hotel & took our bags to the station. We walked around & finally found a Chinese restaurant to eat in. We both had a whole lobster & it was delicious.

We got on the train and got settled. Al talked to the conductor & got us a lower berth. So we changed seats about 5 cars back. Spent the rest of the night in the club car & really had a picnic. A man gave me an "Ike" pin. We got off the train in Gary at 12:00 noon & took the South Shore to Hammond. Chuck & Kate & Karen picked us up.

## INTERVIEW WITH ALBERT AND BONNIE JEAN GIBBS HOFMANN

I conducted this interview with Al and Bonnie Hofmann on October 15, 1983. At the time of this interview, Bonnie was 57 years old. Much of it is not in true interview format; it is, instead, a monologue—a response to my request that Bonnie talk about her life. Sometimes her husband Al would comment during her discussion, so I began to ask him some questions as well.

B.H.: I was born on Sibley Street in Hammond, maybe the 700 block. Aunt Blanche (Gibbs) had a date with Allen O'Rourke. They were coming back from Michigan. They stopped to see Mom, and I was born. They had just seen a candy store, and it was *Bonnie Jean*. And so they named me Bonnie Jean after the candy store. It was so funny. When I had Karen, I wanted to name her *Candice* and call her *Candy*, and I didn't know that until about 3 years ago. Mom never told me that. Aunt Blanche told me that about three years ago.

Blanche was in Hammond. Ethel went to California in 1941. Blanche went, then Gerry. They all ended up in California.

Dick was born at home on First Street, west of Calumet, in South Hammond. My parents were renting a house. They were just getting ready to buy a house when dad died. A house in South Hammond. Dick was born on New Year's Eve. Mom had to call the doctor, and he delivered Dick in a tuxedo—Dr. P.Q. Poe. Delivered me, too. I was home. Don't remember Dick being born in the middle of the night. Richard Charles—Charles after her dad.

I swear my dad built me a rocking horse that hung under the basement steps, but Mom doesn't remember that.

Lowell (her father) was a railroad clerk. He would take me to work on Saturdays when none of the guys were around. He'd take me to the North Hammond yards. He'd stand there, and as the cars would go by, he'd write the numbers off the boxcars. He would match those up to the bills, and then he'd know what was in the cars and where the cars went. He'd take those cars to the right buildings. That was an industrial switching yard—took care of all the industries in North Hammond, and there were a lot of little ones.

Everybody in Hammond worked in the railroad yards. You had your choice of railroad or steel mills. Uncle Clark (Moon) worked on the railroad, Uncle John (Moon), Harry (Moon) before he went to California.

Mom met Chet (Ottarson) when she and Marcia went to Madura's Danceland in North Hammond. That was a big place to go dancing.

I was dad's favorite. Everybody tells me that. I was his girl. I was nine years old. I remember that.

Mom and Dad played poker, had company on Saturday night. The gang would be at our house every Saturday night, and we would go other places, too, to play cards. We'd go to Cedar Lake. That was a big trip. They would fish, and the women would play Bingo. It would take three hours to get to Cedar Lake. And they'd always have flat tires going out there because of the old cars and the roads. 41 was the biggest thing going. No speed limit.

Dad was looking at a new car. That was the year he died. That was in February on Valentine's Day. He came home, late as usual, drinking. He was a drinker. He came home late and brought it home for Mom to see. When we lived in Hessville. The year he died.





I went to kindergarten in Maywood School in Hammond. We lived on Eaton Street and Dracken Street. Then to Old Morton. Then out to Hessville. I think I started at Hessville in third grade. Lafayette School 5-6-7-8. I was in fourth grade when Dad died. Don was only 16 months old when Dad died. He's eight years younger than I.

He caught cold, and Mom kept saying, "Wear a hat to work. Put a hat on." Finally—I don't know if he went to a doctor, but he ended up in the hospital, and in three days he was dead with double pneumonia. He was at St. Margaret's.

We had no phone. I went to school. We lived across the street from Hessville Park, and I got to the other side of the park, and I turned around, and there was a police car out front of our house. So I knew something had happened. I went back home under the pretense that I had forgotten a hanky. I went back in the house, and they'd told Mom. Nobody ever told me he'd died. I went to the funeral home, and I saw him. Nobody ever told me.

Aunt Ethel came; Blanche came; Alan was there. I can remember going to the funeral home. There were lots of flowers and lots of people. I can remember Aunt Florence leaned over and kissed him good-bye. I can remember looking back and seeing all the cars going to the cemetery. I thought, "Boy, that's a lot of people."

He was in Oxman Funeral Home on Hohman. He was buried in Elmwood Cemetery in Hammond. Grandma and Grandpa (Moon) are in the cemetery on Hohman and Standard. John, Florence, Clark, Charles—everyone else is at Elmwood because Aunt Edythe and Carl bought up so many lots. Grandpa Petersen is there. Chet's mother. \$10 a piece. Al's Mom's at Elmwood with her second husband. When Poppy (Chet Ottarson) died, it was too cold to go to the gravesite.

My father died in October. One July 18, 1936, my tenth birthday, we moved into 1170 Sibley. The house was built by Grandpa Moon, Uncle Daggy, John. Aunt Edythe paid \$4,000 to build it. Dick remembers when they dug the hole for the basement, they used a horse to pull the dirt out. Dick has a picture. Dick was six. There were houses all around. The Fineberg's grocery store was less than two feet away.

Nanny didn't go to work until we went to Sibley Street. The Christmas after Dad died, I was picked out of the class to go to the Wicker Township party for needy kids. When they called the kids up to give the kids gifts, I told them I didn't need it. I didn't know I didn't have anything. That Christmas was a good Christmas because of friends of Mom's. Harry Fineberg who she later dated. And Blanche and Alan gave me a snowsuit. I got a lot of presents. Fineberg would take Dick and me out on Sunday, and we would go out and get an ice cream at a drugstore in Highland Park, and we'd come back with a bag of candy.

I remember going down to Lacon (Illinois) with Blanche and Allen. We visited relatives. Aunt Lizzy's house and Louis' house. Dick and I spent a week down at Aunt Lizzy's house.

Everybody helped. Mom's house was open to everyone when they needed help. Gerry—Uncle Gail—was at our house. My dad went down to four days' work a week so they wouldn't lay off another guy on the railroad during the Depression. He was just a guy. (Note: She means he was not a friend or relative of Lowell's.) He (her father, Lowell) didn't want to see him laid off.

One night they went out, and my dad got hurt. I think Uncle Daggy beat him up. They were in a tavern, and my dad had a black eye.

I got my two-wheel bike on my tenth birthday. They were not big two wheel bikes.

Mom (pictured at right) went with Harry Fineberg 5-6 years. He promised her we would all go through college, that she would have a maid, that she'd never have to work again, and she just couldn't do it. She did not care enough for him. I think because they'd been friends before my dad died. But she told me many years later that he never kissed her and never touched her all those years, and she said, maybe that was it. Harry Fineberg never married, and his mother would not speak to my mother because her son the Jew was dating a White woman. We kids had to go into the store to get the groceries because Mom would never walk in that store. We kids wanted her to marry Harry.

The whole family went to Edythe's house for Christmas because Edythe had the big house. She could handle







everybody. Everybody was there. We went even after we were married. As the family started getting bigger, we started going to Nanny's house. When she married Chet in '41, we moved into Columbia Center, which was a government project. We were the first people to move into the two-story apartments.

Grandpa and Grandma stayed at Sibley Street by themselves.

The first night in Columbia Center—all the houses looked alike—the kids are coming to pick me up to go to a basketball game, and they didn't know where I lived, but they knew in Columbia Center, so they rolled down the window and yelled out, "Bonnie!"

My first teacher was Miss Blunt. In fact, she was principal when Jim and Bob went to Morton, and I walked in, and she remembered me.

I was a tree. Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" at Lafayette School. I was at Hammond Tech four years. Chet and Mom got married when I was in high school.

Mom worked. She worked in North Hammond making rope. Plumber Street and Industrial Boulevard. They made rope for the government. She worked in a place where they had canned goods, and she would buy a case of canned goods at a time. Before she married Chet, Uncle Clark (Moon) had a store on Conkey Street in Hammond. They lived in the back. He started making Moon's potato chips. Mom made the potato chips down in the basement. She would go to work, and it would be so hot down there with those big vats of oil boiling. And she peeled them—they finally got a mechanical potato peeler—and took the eyes out, and then she sliced them and cooked them in oil at a certain temperature, and bagged them. They were famous in Hammond. They delivered them mostly to neighborhood taverns. They didn't get into the grocery stores.

A.H.: We'd always try to get Moons. We'd get someone to go into the tavern and buy them.

B.H.: The profit wasn't there, and they had to quit making them. The bags had blue writing on them, at an angle. They tried to keep it going after Clark died because Mom had a vision of Uncle Clark walking down the steps and talking to her after he died. Lily couldn't keep it going.

There was just Nanny making the potato chips. She was Moon's Potato Chips. She stapled the bags. Every day they went out. Clark worked on the railroad at that time. She wore a little halter and shorts. The kids stayed with Grandma Moon. It was a normal thing. Everybody's grandmas lived with them.

Grandpa Charlie Moon sat all day long with his felt hat on. He only took it off for meals. He always had a coffee can next to him because he chewed tobacco. They never paid a cent of taxes, but they collected social security for 30 years.

He sat in the window from morning to night, and every night he played 500 Rummy—he and Myrtle.

Everybody in the family hunted every fall and winter for rabbits and squirrels. They went down south past Cedar Lake. They ate them.

I can remember Grandma Moon saving string during the war. Pieces of string he would tie together and put on this ball. It kept getting bigger and bigger in the basement.

Somebody sent Grandpa Moon a pet alligator, six inches long, in a cigar box. The alligator kept getting bigger and bigger. I was in grade school. It was three feet long in a cage in the basement. I put the cage in a wagon and pulled it to Lafayette School. Miss Baptist—who was obese—she had some disease—dropsy—She was one of my good teachers. I always got A's in her class. We took this alligator in, and she rubbed its belly and put it to sleep. I was in the 7<sup>th</sup> or 8<sup>th</sup> grade. It got so big, and it started to get mean. So Grandpa chopped it up and threw it in the furnace.

We had Brownie. He sat on that front porch so much that that side of the house and part of the step was worn and polished. They had him 17 years. They put Brownie to sleep. He was Dick's dog.

Grandma Moon broke her arm when she was 80.

When we lived in the Sibley Street house, Grandma and Grandpa had the back bedroom, and the four of us had the front bedroom. Don was in a crib. Two big beds then—they took up the whole room.

Nanny would go in the closet and smoke. They didn't smoke in front of Grandma Moon until she was blind and couldn't see anybody. Then I was smoking and Mom and Kate and Chet and Dick.

When we lived in Hessville, I would take the bus or my dad would take me in on a Friday night, and I would spend the night at Edythe's. I spent a lot of time at Edythe's house. Marcia and Janet and Katherine were growing up. They were dating then. I can remember Marcia and Harold going out on a big motorcycle and her with a cloth helmet on. Edythe rebuilt their house.

Hazel never had a house until she bought that house by Dick in Hessville. She lived on Columbia, seven or eight blocks from Edythe. John had a cottage on Shafer Lake near Monticello.

I had a pretty good childhood, but I was on my own from ten years old because Mom was working and dating and had nothing to do with me at all. She was occupied with making a living and finding a husband. I drove





my bike all over Hammond. Harrison Park. I would go to Kate and Chuck's. I was always wanting to go. Dick was on his own, too. We all were. We never did anything together. All kids were on their own. We all ran the streets. I would have to be home at 10. Mom would be gone. I can remember going over to Whiting so Mom could pick up a guy. "Now, don't you let his mother know you're my daughter. You're my sister." Because everybody took us for sisters when I was a teenager. She was 18 when I was born.

Every Sunday night she would put on a black formal and go up to the Trianon and the Aragon. Drive up there in her old car. Man, did she like to dance. Mom loved to ballroom dance. She was good.

My mom never took us any place. A family—we didn't have a family. I didn't like Dick. Dick didn't like Don. I used to beat the hell out of Dick. Pull him down the street by his feet. It was terrible. We never got to be friends until after Dick got married. I always took care of Don. Grandma—that was her baby. Her special one.

She was meaner than hell, just like Grandpa was. We came and went as we wanted to. Nobody ever told me what to do. I never had any discipline.

Mom never told me about menstruating. I was at Girl Scout Camp when I started. I thought I was dying. A counselor took care of me. And then I wrote home on a postcard. What did I know? I didn't know what this was. I told her what happened. When I got back, I remember they thought that was the funniest thing that they ever saw. Was that good for a twelve-year-old? For the mailman to read that? They were laughing.

I was a girl scout. I even tried to keep it going til I was a freshman in high school. I started out with Wanda Lee Newkirk. Her mother was our leader.

I met Al when I was 16. I can remember walking through the dime store downtown with Mary Alice and Willie, and I said, "Al's birthday is next week, and I sure hope he's going to be 18 and not 17." He was going to be 17. I had been going with a guy who was four years older than I was. When I met Al, he was working at Quint Brothers, which was an auto parts and mechanic place in Hammond—one of the biggest. Nanny was driving a Quint Brothers truck. She was picking up and delivering parts. She would go to Chicago for parts.

There were two truck drivers and both were women—during the war. Al was working as a mechanic. When he applied for a job, he told them he could do it and really couldn't, but he learned it. He worked there after school, rebuilding generators and starters.

A.H.: I just learned real quick. I figured the electrical part out, and the guys there showed me how to do the rest of it. I worked there part time in the afternoon, I worked on the railroad at night, and I went to school in the day time, and I dated Bonnie in the evenings.

Mom got me a job. She was sitting there applying for a job. And I saw her sitting there and I thought, "Jesus, God, look at that girl. Goddamn sailor hat on. Oh, Jesus, look at that stringbean."

B.H.: We had one date. We went to the Paramount Theater and saw Donald O'Connor. He had a car—Model B Ford. His dear stepfather said he could not have it that night. It was Al's car; he paid for it. But he could not have the car that night. So I had to take the bus and meet him in front of the Paramount. In the show on the first date, he says, "I'm going to marry you." Then we sat in Harrison Park watching them play tennis at 11 o'clock at night. Acting like idiots. Playing tennis in pitch dark.

Oh, boy, was my mother mad. That was the year Butch was born or your mother was pregnant. My mother did not like that, and your mother did not like me. They didn't have anything. That was terrible.

We dated September 4, 1943. All the guys were in the service except him. Then since he worked at Quint Brothers, and I worked at Quint, he would call the school and say, "This is Mr. Tony Quint. We'd like for Bonnie Gibbs to come to work this afternoon." And I'd write him a note to get him out of high school. And we'd go to the show. Sit in the Hohman Theater.







We saw the truant officer. One day Betty Richter and I ditched school and took the bus over to Whiting Park. I went into Whiting High School. They stopped us. "We're from out of town. We don't have school today."

Mary Alice and I worked in the nurse's office. I'd say, "I don't want to go to school this afternoon." She'd put the thermometer on the radiator. Miss Erickson would come in. She'd say, "Bonnie's got a temperature."

I would go to church because that's where the boys were. I'd talk to the boys and write notes back and forth.

A.H.: All of us guys from Hammond High couldn't go to the Hammond Tech functions. They had a dance one night in the third floor cafeteria. They had an enclosed spiral fire escape. You'd crawl up that fire escape. It was night. If you weren't caught, you'd crawl out the top of it and fall back down inside it. You didn't fall out of it because it had a dome on it. But you'd put your next hand out, and some guy would fall back down, and some other guy crawling behind you would fall back down. Because what we did was, we crawled past the door. The guys would stand around that fire escape door so nobody could see them, pull the bolt on it, and all of us guys would sneak in.

B.H.: John Murray, one of the teachers, was Al's scoutmaster, and Al came out of the fire escape, and he says, "Hi, Al." I'd never know. I'd come out of school and go by my locker, and there he was. He spent a lot of time ditching school. They called it *incorrigible*.

R.H.: But you were ditching with him.

B.H.: Oh, yes, but I was a good student. I was called into the Dean's office three times.

I always ran around with girls who were out of school. They were two years ahead of me. Betty Canner was engaged five times. She had five diamonds. That was the gang that wanted to have a party and didn't have a place for one. So we said, "Oh, we'll get Nanny out of the house. We can have it at my house." We invited the main members of the football team. Nanny went some place for the whole night. This was in Columbia Center. All night long—cars. The guys started coming in and coming in. They were coming in the front door and going out the back, and the cops came because of the cars. They were up and down the grass. I had to go next door and call my mom. She came walking in and said, "What the hell is going on here?" The cops said, "You're underage, and you're underage." My friends Lola and Martha and Ellen were not underage, and they got caught for contributing to the delinquency of minors. Everybody left, and the next morning Mom found liquor bottles in her lingerie drawers, inside of the wringer washer machine, in the coat closet downstairs, outside in the yard. We had to go to the police station. My name was *Mud*. Everybody had to go to the police station with a parent. Then I got called into the Dean's office.

And the second time I got called in—I was with Lola and Martha. We were going to the football game, and they were taking a train to Mishawaka, South Bend area. It was a train for the kids. Martha had a car, so we said, "Why don't we go in the car? Nobody will know we weren't on the train." Not knowing the school kept an eye on us six girls. So we went in the car. We came back, and the next day we got called into the Dean's office. It was the South Shore train.

I can remember Coach Carlson. Willie Clark and I were in the car with Coach Carlson. Oh, was he cute. He was straight out of college. We were always giving dances for the football team. We were going from the Civic Center to Old Tech, the building behind Nipsco. Coach Carlson offered us a cigarette. We said we didn't smoke. He was shocked at that.

When Lola graduated, she went to work at the draft board. Lola would call up and say we need Bonnie at the draft board. You could work ½ a day at Hammond Tech and get credit. I'd do filing—whatever. One night Lola called. She had been working in Washington for the draft board. She came back and brought six sailors with her that were working with her. She needed dates for these six sailors. In Hammond then Thursday night and Saturday night downtown was open. You couldn't walk the streets it was so crowded. Here we are with these six sailors, walking down Hohman Avenue. I was the talk of the town that night. It was 1942. I was 15 or 16.

I started dating at age 13 or 14. That was the war years. Everybody grew up quick. If you had a boyfriend, and he was going in the service, you got engaged. Everybody was gung ho about the war.

I had the ration book. Nanny didn't use the coupons and gave them to me. All the guys knew I had the coupons—"Let's go take Bonnie for a ride." She got a B card because she worked for the government. An A card was 4 gallons a week. If you had a B card, you could get more and ask for more.

The guys and girls were in groups. Nothing sexual. Not even a kiss. Everybody was one of the guys. We six girls probably had a bad reputation. We knew everybody in the school. There were 150 kids in our class, maybe 500 kids in four classes. Hammond High had about 700.

I walked to school. The electrified car went down Sibley Street. When it went by my house, it had already





picked up kids from Hessville and East Hammond. By the time it got to my house, the kids were hanging out the windows and the back. I walked to school every day—a good mile.

When they declared war, I was sitting in the front bedroom on one of the two beds, and I was embroidering a brown, heavy cotton babuska with white fringe on it. I was embroidering these football players' names on my scarf. When it came over the air. Then the next day when we went to school, they brought radios in and had radios in all the classrooms. We all talked. And man, the guys that went and enlisted. It cleared out the school. They went. I had four bummed high school years because of the war. The guys were gone. We never had a yearbook my four years in high school because of the paper shortage. Everybody's boyfriend was in the service. You'd have a dance, and — all girls— or you dated younger guys. I enjoyed my high school years, though. I enjoyed school, and I was very active.

A.H.: When the war was announced, I was at home. I was working for the *Chicago Sun*, delivering papers. I ran down, figuring I could make some money. Sure enough, they came out with a special edition. I was selling it. The papers sold for ten cents, and I was getting a buck. I'd say, "Do you want to read all about it?" The guy would be in his car. He'd say, "Yeah," and I'd say, "Give me a buck," and he'd give me the buck. First paper, I said, "Ten cents," and he said, "Here, take it," and gave me a buck, and I said, "Hell, I'll sell them all for a buck." I paid six cents apiece for papers. Supposed to make four cents, and I made 94 cents. I was the first profiteer of the war.

B.H.: We did not expect the war. We didn't care anything about what was going on over there at that time. We were in high school, having a great time. It didn't mean anything to us until the guys started going.

The gasoline and the shoes. You only got one pair of shoes or two pairs a year. Sugar was rationed. We saved drippings from chicken fat and lard. We saved tinfoil. Grandpa Moon had a tinfoil ball. You took the tinfoil out of the cigarette packages and gum wrappers. String and foil. You saved your grease. They used it with making ammunition somehow. You would put it in jars, and they paid you so much for a quart.

I was an air raid warden for our block. I had to be fingerprinted. You went to meetings. Then they would have black-outs. Had black curtains. The steel mills. They were worried about airplanes and the steel mills. California was very conscious of that. Aunt Ethel heard bombs out in the ocean.

I would take the South Shore to Chicago. It took eight quarts of oil and three gallons of gas to get there.

I went to the senior prom with Al. All anyone wore was a sport coat and a pair of pants and a shirt and tie. The prom was in the cafeteria. Aunt Edythe made my dress for the junior prom. She made a white dress and put little red bows all over it. I wore a yellow dress to the senior prom. I wouldn't have had that dress if Edythe hadn't made it. Edythe and Carl were good to everybody. They helped so many people out during the Depression. They couldn't tell you the people they helped, that they would buy a ton of coal for their house or food at Christmas. Uncle Carl had money. He was in business for himself. He owned gas stations all over Hammond at one time. I can remember him owning the Maywood Garage, the Hessville garage up on Kennedy, the Lindora one, owned the gas stations on the corner of Summer and Columbia. He was a machinist. He went to work for Socony Vacuum during the war. He was making \$11,000 a year during the war, and they saved ½ of it.

Everybody knew everybody in Hammond. I'd ride my bike to his garage, spend two or three hours in the garage. Nobody knew where I was, cared where I was. Nobody ever asked you where you'd been. None of the kids ever did.

Nanny never took us any place. I resented Nanny and Chet never took Allen and Karen any place. They would babysit lots of times. Buy them things. Christmas was very good. But they never took them any place. To a park or a zoo or a picnic.

We had this refrigerated truck. We went out to Wolf Lake in North Hammond. We went to one park because we had beer. I'm a kid. This is the family. So we went to Wolf Lake for this big picnic. The parties we would have at Edythe's house.

The night Kate and Chuck got married. I remember that. Uncle John peed in the closet because he got in the wrong door. He thought he was in the bathroom. And Uncle John fell off the porch. He was too drunk to get hurt.

When my dad was still alive, that was prohibition. I remember we lived in Hessville, and he would come in on Saturday mornings. The house on Summer Street. The first block south of Columbia. It's a white house with a round porch with all windows. It's still sitting there. I can remember going down in that basement, and the guys drinking wine—home made brew.

At one time there were over 40 of us in Hammond and at least 25 offshoots.

Nanny did not give Edythe's kids presents. It was Edythe giving. I would go over on Saturday, stay all night. Uncle Carl would say, "Why don't you polish that front fender on my car this morning?" And he'd give me fifty cents. I would go to the roller rink, go to the show. They were only 10 cents each. Uncle Carl kept me in





spending money.

A.H.: When you went to the Orpheus Theater on State Street, if you had a nickel, you'd walk around, looking for someone else with a nickel because it was 2 for 1. On Saturday you'd walk around with a nickel. If you could find another kid, you could both go in for the dime it cost ordinarily. During that time on Saturday, you could watch all the serials and see the cartoons and the feature, a cowboy feature.

B.H.: Remember the Paramount Theater? They always had Sunday night big bands, good bands. It was a big stage show plus a movie. Magicians and this—like vaudeville. 35 cents. You'd stand for hours, outside for hours. Then you'd stand for hours waiting for the show to get over. The Parthenon, too.

A.H.: You'd get thrown out for making noise. All the kids were up in the balcony. I don't know how you could hear anything. During the show everybody watched. Nobody watched the movie. Everybody running around, picking on each other. Hammond was a nice town then. It breaks my heart to drive through there and see how rundown it is. It was a blue collar town. It was a close area.

I went to Lafayette School kindergarten-first grade-part of second. Then to Columbia Irving. To Washington School in 8<sup>th</sup> grade. Then Hammond High. The dummies went to Tech. It was a vocational school. If you were going to college, you went to Hammond High.

My mother lived on the south side of Hammond, and everybody went to Hammond High. I tried to go to Hammond Tech. I went to Hammond High, but I spent all my time at Hammond Tech.

B.H.: I had no books in high school. You had job sheets, and you worked. I took comptometer, typing, book keeping, home economics, cooking, sewing, and all that to prepare yourself for a job and getting married.

I worked at Cousins' Jewelers, Goldblatt's when I was 16 (Betty, Betty, Willie, and I worked Thursday evenings in the boys' department), Quint Brothers. I worked at the telephone company when I was married.

I got out of school early and went to work at General American Tank Car Company with the railroad. I was working there when it came over the radio that Roosevelt had died. That was the month Al went into the service. April. I got out of school two months early which was good because you got a job before everybody got out of school.

I still have my earnings from the telephone company. I made \$27.50 a week. I quit when I was pregnant with Allen.

Poppy (Chet Ottarson) went into the service. He made \$21 a month. He and Mom went together—seemed like forever. He slept in jail the night before they were married at Crown Pte. for being drunk. I hated that man with a passion.

He never spoke to me the entire time he dated Mom. He walked up those steps, and I would be walking out, and he never spoke to me. He didn't do anything with us kids, and I didn't like him. They married in 1941 when I was 15. I cried and cried. I was going to move out to California. I knew Aunt Ethel would take me in. I was not going to live with that man. I can remember that day in school crying and crying and telling Mary Alice I was going to move to California. It's the only person I've known that has died, and I've never cried over.

A.H.: She needed him for security, a meal ticket.

B.H.: I think she wondered, too, why she married him after a while. Chet said he always knew the date of my dad's death because Mom cried all day.

Al's mother really tried to stop our marriage. We got married one night, and I went home the next day. We sent telegrams. Aunt Ethel was the first one I sent a telegram to. Then I sent one to my mom. And we must have sent one to his mom. I was going home on the South Shore.

I had two engagement rings. We split up because he started dating someone else, and I caught him. And in the mean time, he'd already given her a ring, too. Cause he worked at a jewelry store.

A.H.: And I had access to real good stuff.

B.H.: He walked out of the jewelry store one night, and I was standing in the doorway next door, and he had her with him. I walked out, and I said, "Hi," and she said, "Goodnight, Al." We had a little go around then. His mother already had a shower planned for the other girl. She thought she was the best thing that ever came along.

A.H.: My mother tried to dominate me. The first girl my mother brought in was a big wakka wakka. God, that was a big, fat girl. First my mother wanted me to marry a German girl. That didn't work. Then I found Bonnie on my own.



Ma just despised that. She didn't pick her. That's why my dad didn't like her. He didn't pick her. In the old country they picked them. They couldn't believe we had sense enough to pick our own. There were a lot of promises made. So Ma picked this girl, and I said, "The hell with this crap," and I went back with Bonnie. Ruth. Doris was the fat one. I did not go with them very long. Bonnie and I weren't broken up. We traded her ring in and the other girl's in and bought a bigger ring. I bought diamonds at cost there. The first one cost \$125. That was expensive for then. I had worked on the railroad since I was 15.

B.H.: I got my ring for Christmas. We were going steady at 16, engaged at 17, and married at 18 (a month before I was 19). We went to get married, and he said, "Are you 21?" And we said no, and he said, "You have to have permission from your mother." We went back the next day and said we got permission, and he said, "Ok."

The day Al left for the service, Nanny was in Cheyenne, Wyoming, with Chet. He was in the service. I was staying at Aunt Edythe's house. Just before Al went into the service, he had gotten in a fight and gotten beaten up.

A.H.: A teacher took a yardstick to me, and I turned around and took the yardstick and just beat the crap out of him until I had no more yardstick left. They sent a letter to the air force and said, "Get this guy out of school. He is an incorrigible. We'll give him a diploma to go." I'm a frail little weakling, but he was an old man. He was ready for retirement. I whupped hell out of him.

B.H.: He left from the Greyhound Bus Station by the Calumet River on Hohman Avenue. Grandma Petersen had put a new pair of pajamas in his suitcase so he could go to the service, and he threw them in the Calumet River. "You have to have new pajamas, Albie."

She hated me with a passion. I took her Albie away from her.

A.H.: It was her and I. We became real close. In fact, we lived together for many years when I was real young. Because my mom didn't want me. My dad sure as hell didn't want me. So her and I lived together, and the only time my mom had anything to do with me was— See, she got support money from my dad. We didn't get it. She got it. They sent it to her. And when she wanted more money—I remember the time she raised it from \$2.50 a month to \$5. She took him to court and offered to give me a bee-bee gun if I lied about what he did. So I lied to get the bee-bee gun. She got \$5, and Grandma and I went back to Wilcox Street and lived in that little house by ourselves. Well, my grandmother took good care of Albie. She did a lot for me.

B.H.: I'd walk in that house, and she'd turn her head and walk down in the basement, back to her apartment.

A.H.: I used to think she didn't like me. She used to send me to bed without any dinner because I was so bad. Years later I found out the reason she sent me to bed without any dinner was because we didn't have anything to eat. We didn't have any food, and I didn't know it. She used it for an excuse.

Christmas time she'd give me an orange. Something like that. That was Christmas.

I was six when my parents divorced. My dad wanted to take me to Germany, and she (his mother, Wilhemina) wouldn't let him because she said he'd leave me in Germany. He had no intention of doing that. He took Kurt Karl.

B.H.: He left for the service in April. In June I took my two weeks' vacation. I went to Aunt Hazel. I didn't have any money. I asked to borrow money. She said, "I'll give you the money if you promise not to get married while you're gone." I said, "Aunt Hazel, I wouldn't think of it." We had no intention of getting married. We got married at 8:30 at night.

A.H.: Every son of a bitch in the base came and kissed the bride. Til I got mad and said, "Oh, enough of this."

B.H.: When they started running out in their shorts from the barracks and getting in line, he says, "Okay, this is enough." The guys chipped in money. \$13.00. They gave us \$13 and a bunch of rubbers with holes in them." Thirty guys chipped in. I went down on the train. Through Missouri. It was flooded.

One guy had a wife, so they stood up for us. He knew him. We never saw them again. One guy was there from Hammond that we knew. We took the bus into town and fed them dinner with the \$13. We had rice in our hair. Standing up on the bus laughing.

Two weeks later, I'm laying in bed, and stones are thrown at the window, and there is Al in uniform. Mama was going to annul the marriage. He got emergency leave and borrowed the money from the Red Cross to come home, and that's when it started. Arguing and fighting. She had already started legal action.

A.H.: I went to the Red Cross. I had no use for the Red Cross because of it. They wouldn't give me the money at





first. I wanted \$50. They wanted to make sure I could pay it back. I had to sign notes and the whole bit. It was just terrible. I took the money anyway.

B.H.: My mother did not speak to me for three weeks after I got married.

A.H.: Nanny had a way of carrying a grudge. I went home and talked to my mom. That was probably my first selling job. I sold her on it sort of. She figured it wouldn't last anyway. Everybody said that.

B.H.: That was when your mom really told me off. She told me that the only reason I married him was for what he had hanging between his legs. That mother and I never—. We did not see them for a long time. Then one day I took Allen over to her house. He was maybe three months old. So then we got back together with them then. But that resentment was there. You don't say things like that to me because I don't forget. I don't care what she could have done. I would never have forgiven her.

A.H.: I had to make a choice.

R.H.: Couldn't you have seen them alone?

A.H.: No, I don't play the game that way. That wouldn't have been fair. That was the end of my Dad.

B.H.: We didn't see him for 14 years. When you went back with your dad, you were cut off from your mother because she was coming out to the house in Lansing. His dad started coming out. You told her very nicely, "If you come out, and the Cadillac's out front, please don't come in." We never saw her again.

A.H.: She said the reason she was annulling the marriage was for my own good. That it wasn't going to last, and Ma was a tramp. And Dad told me you were a tramp. They were firmly convinced I had married beneath myself. I don't think either one of us could go any lower than we already were.

B.H.: He didn't know me. He lived in Gary. I thought she was such a lowly person. Such a filthy person. Her house was filthy. I thought I was marrying beneath myself because I was marrying into that family. Because I had this big, wonderful family.

A.H.: I became a drill instructor at Shepherd Air Force Base. I messed myself up. I qualified for pilot training. I had one of the highest stanine scores— this series of technical tests they gave you was for bombardier, pilot, and navigator. What they did was, wherever the guy had the highest score, that's what he qualified in. I was one of the very few guys who got a 9 in all 3, so I had my choice.

You couldn't be married and be any of those. They felt you could not devote yourself to your training. Then I got washed out. I liked Texas, so I stayed there and became a drill instructor. Then I didn't like it after all. I wanted home. There was a teletype operator school near St. Louis. So I went there, and she came down, and we got an apartment.

B.H.: Before we got the apartment, I was with one of the girls from General American, and we went to a fortuneteller. We went up into Chicago. We walked down this street with these big brownstone houses. We walked in, and it's dark and dirty. Gypsy— got our fortune told and took the bus back. There was no bus from East Chicago to Hammond, so I got in at 11:00. When I got home, there was a message from his ma, saying we were going to St. Louis for the weekend, so I stayed up all night getting ready.

Our first apartment was one room that held a 3/4 bed and a dresser. No room for a chair. No cooking. No bathroom. It was upstairs. I had to eat out every night.

A.H.: I ate on the base and came out afterwards.

B.H.: It was a Jewish family, and he made a pass at me one day when I was hanging up clothes in the basement. We had to move. We were there when the war ended because they were throwing the girls in the fountain.

A.H.: They tied the commanding officer of the WACS and tied her to the hood of the car and took her blouse and her bra off of her. They were tearing every town up.

B.H.: I was only there six weeks, and I got a job in the bank. The war ended in Europe in May. He never missed a Christmas at home. He left overseas after Christmas and was back before the next one. For our first Christmas I gave him one of those Air Corps Pilot Jackets— the ones with all the fur inside. The lambskin. The leather outside. Oh, that was expensive. I gave him a little box with a note and another box. I sent him all over the house.



A.H.: I was home for Christmas 1945 and then went overseas. I was back home for Christmas, re-enlisted for a year. That's how I came home for the first Christmas in 1946. I wasn't due for a discharge. I re-enlisted because I only had to re-enlist for one year, I got a bonus for re-enlisting, and I had visions of making a career— so I went ahead and re-enlisted.

When I was overseas, I wanted Bonnie to come over. I was going to sign up for three more years if she'd come over, but she wouldn't.

B.H.: I was scared. He kept saying, "You'll have a maid. We'll have so much more money if you're here, and if we have a baby, we'll have a governess." I was scared.

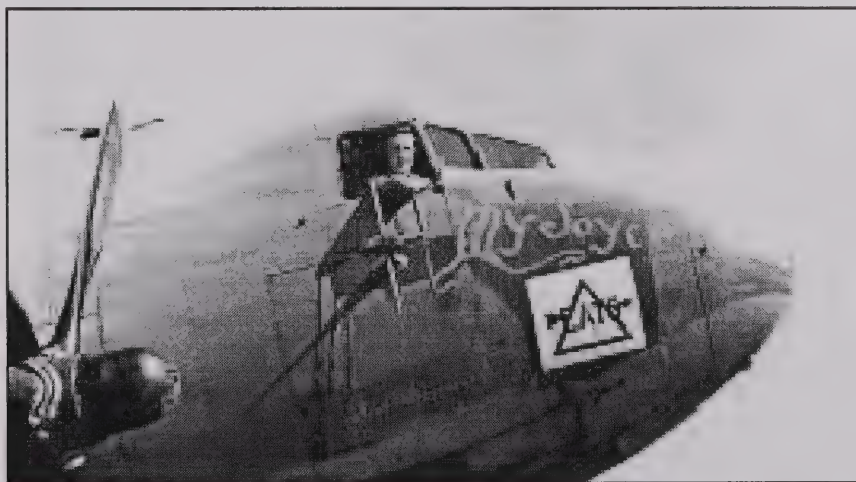
A.H.: I got home just before Christmas 1947. Allen was born in December.

R.H.: What did you do in Italy?

A.H.: I did nothing except wait to come home. I was in a fifteen-man outfit in Italy on a base that had 600 men. We were 15 men, and we were so bad and so corrupted that they put us over in the transient area. Because one time when we were with the regular area, the general came then for an inspection, and here are these 5 motley tents in there amongst these nice, sharp looking tents, and he says, "What is this?" That's ATC— American Transport Command. We were air transport. First we were MATS— Mediterranean Air Transport. Then we were combined with European Air Transport. The guy says, "Get them out of my group." So we went to the transient area.

The last day of the month, they'd give me my raise in rank. The first day of the month, they'd give me my liquor ration, and the second day of the month, they'd bust me. So it got to the point— we had these Italians who did our laundry and our tailoring. I had a set of shirts that had one stripe, which was my permanent grade, another set of shirts with two stripes which I made once in a while, and a couple months I didn't get my liquor ration for some reason, so I had three stripes. So I had an extra shirt with three stripes. I only wore it once. But the rest of the time I'd get busted down to PFC.

The problem was each tent had three guys in it. And the two guys in my tent didn't drink. You got a quart of booze a month. So I got three quarts of booze, and I'd try to drink them all in one night. The first night I did that, it took me a month to reconstruct what happened. I drank most of the three quarts, and then the guys said they saw me lying in a ditch by the latrine, and I said, "Why didn't you pick me up?" And he said, "I wasn't going to touch you. You were all dirty!" He was a Casper Milquetoast. Then the medics found me and put me in the infirmary. They put me to bed. I didn't like the bed. It was a gurney cart, so I found a cot and went to sleep there, and it was one of the doctor's cots. He came in about 1 or 2 o'clock. He got mad, hit me on the butt, and told me to get the hell out of there. He didn't know who I was. He didn't know what I was because I didn't have any clothes on, so I didn't have any rank. I walked out of there and was going back to my tent. The guy was looking for me. They said, "Well, he's out of his head." So they had the MPs out looking for me. I had wandered into this Italian hangar that had been mined. People walking into it and it blew up. I was in that hangar.



The guys wouldn't go in there because they could have gotten blown up. There was a bunch of neat stuff in there





I could have got it if I'd just had my sense. So I got through there and got back to my tent. And I went to bed. But after that I'd only drink one quart and save the rest for later. I was always in trouble.

We'd go to the theater in Rome. They had no air conditioning. The roof rolled back on rollers to give you air, and you could look at the stars. They'd have different American movies, but they would be dubbed. When the cowboys would come through, we'd all pull guns out and shoot through the ceiling, and they would get mad at us and throw us out of the theater.

They had an Italian church, catholic church, the Santa Maria Magura. It was a very religious place. The people would go through the streets of Rome, prostrating themselves and then pulling themselves along. The street ended on those steps. The steps were about 5 or 6 feet long. They'd pull themselves up on one step and lay down, prostrate themselves, and pull themselves up. I said I'd like to drive a jeep up them steps. So one day I went right through the chain and up them steps. I had the *carabinieri* police, which was really regular army, chasing me up them steps and all over Rome.

They said, "Are you packed?" I said, "Yeah." They said, "Okay, we're going to make you a corporal because we can't send you home a PFC. They said they were going to take my pass away. I said I had to go into town to get some last minute presents. And I said to the guys, "Let's do it." And I went back to the base, and they took my pass so I couldn't get out of the field again. They learned about it afterwards, but they didn't do anything to me.

We were always stealing planes. We were taking B-17's to Roja for dismantling. They were smashing them and getting rid of them. We took the numbers off the things. For 13 men we had 4 planes. We took the gas from the four planes and put it in the B-17 with four engines. For weekends we'd go up to Orly or London. It worked out pretty good for a while except we had no maintenance on that thing. We couldn't go in for maintenance because it was illegal. So it kept getting worse and worse. We'd go for the weekend or we'd go to AF headquarters in Germany. That was not a good place to take that plane. We did that twice. So we were on our way up to Paris. G.I.'s would come out and hitch rides on planes. We told them, "You can come with us, but we really don't think you should." But they did.

It was funny because this time was the only time in my life in the Air Force that I ever got in the plane and checked my chute and made sure it fit me because you had to adjust all the harness. It had a chest release. I never did that before or afterwards. So I adjusted it and got it all set and threw it on the side. I was the radio operator.

We got over Lyons, France, and the number three engine caught on fire. We had two GI's—regular dog faces on there—they'd never been on a plane before. And this one guy says, "What do we do?" And I said, "I'm getting the hell out of here." It was burning bad, and he picked up a parachute and said, "What do I do with this thing?" And I said, "Watch me. I'm not going to take any time with you." I would take a strap and he would take a strap. His chute wasn't the same as mine. I told him to pull the straps. He said he'd be okay, so I jumped. And







I'm going down, and the chute opened. "This is fine. I'm going to have a cigarette." So I take a cigarette out, and I can't find no damn lighter. So I threw the cigarette away. Then I find the lighter, and I ain't got no cigarette, so I threw the lighter away. I did hold on to the D-ring. I've still got that. Because that was the joke— if guy got too excited and forget the D-ring. This poor guy. His chest chute just about tore his face off when he hit the air. He didn't pull the straps down. He couldn't get to the D-ring. Finally, he did it. When he hit the air, the chute went right up on him. He got it open, but the chute was so loose, he almost went down through the chute, but his leg shot straight out. He broke his pelvis. But the worst part was— the wind took him across the vineyards— his things played a tune on the pipes when he crossed the vineyards. He was laid up for weeks. Four of the guys did that. Four of them died. The plane blew up. Some didn't get out. Six got out.

We went to Wiesbaden for a general court martial. We signed a release that we would never sue the government for anything, and that was all there was to it. There was no court martial, no nothing. We were in big trouble.

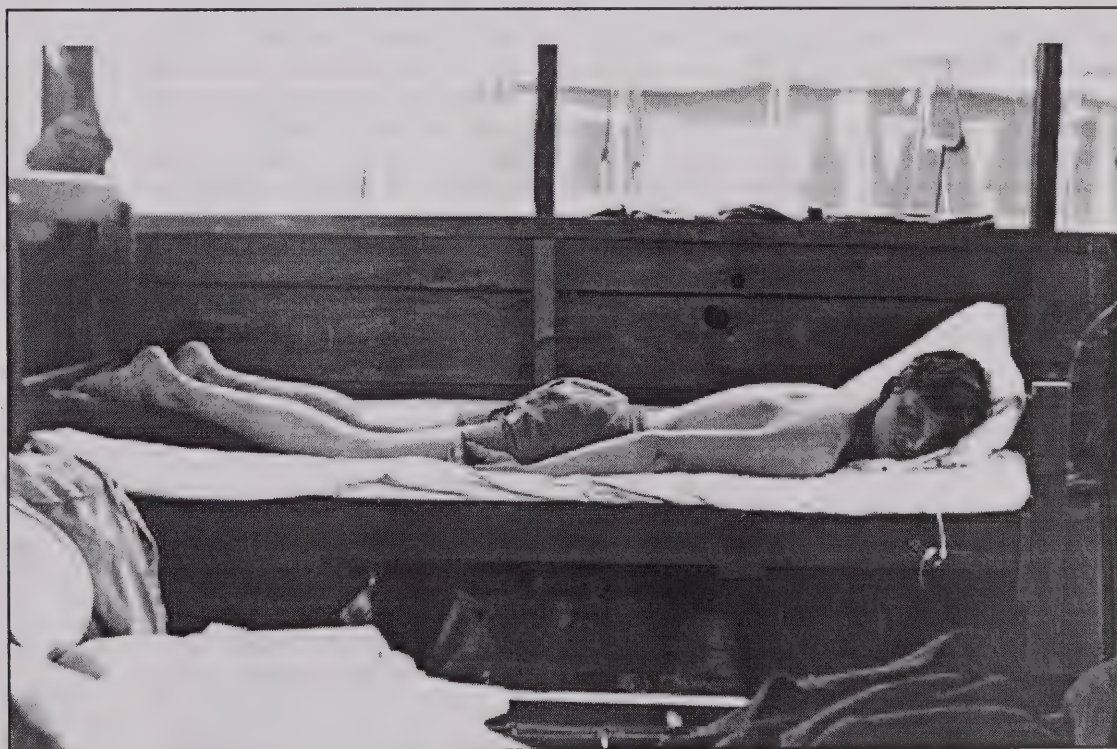
B.H.: There was the time when I didn't hear from him in two weeks, which was unusual because he wrote almost every day. Don't ask who he was with.

A.H.: I wasn't with anyone. A bunch of us guys went out to the beach, went to the shore. It was an overcast day, and I knew I had sensitive skin. We were getting rapped about sunburn. So I had a towel over my legs. My legs to this day have the marks where the sun went through the towel and burned them. I had huge blisters. My legs were bent. I couldn't straighten them. I went to the hospital. They kept me in the tent for days feeding me. They finally found out. I couldn't appear for anything. My commanding officer saw it, and he said, "Get this man to the hospital." By that time I was out of my head. Infection or something. So I came out of it. By that time I was laying on my stomach, and my legs were flat. Previously I had been laying on my back, and my legs were curled up. I couldn't go to the mess hall because I couldn't walk.

So I came out of it. They had me with ice and stuff. I said, "What the hell is going on?" They said I'd get gangrene, and they'd have to cut my legs off. My legs were full of poison. They'd already been in. They thought I'd die. They had marks on my legs where they were going to cut and try to leave me enough for a prosthesis.

I was on the beach 30-45 minutes around noon. But that was close to the equator. Summer of '46. So I thought I'd divorce Bonnie if they took my legs, so I didn't write her.

I came home on a boat. A troop ship. I went over on a banana boat that was so small we had 200 guys on it, and it was overcrowded. We came back with over 3,000 guys. We volunteered for permanent KP. You ate all







the time, you had the best quarters, and you had something to do. You didn't sit down in the hole in the stench of the others. Because the guy on the bottom was the one that vomited, and if you could keep from vomiting, you kept working your way up. We were in our own area because we had to get up at 4:30 to start the first food, and we worked til 6:30. What else was there to do?

When we went overseas, I didn't know what the hell the food situation was. So I had my barracks bag completely full of canned goods. What I forgot about was, you can't pick it up. I'm going down the gangplank; they call *Hofmann*; I threw my duffle bag over my shoulder and damn near went over the side of the ship. I brought home two pistols. They were not legal as booty. I couldn't declare them. So I had them in my boots and rubbed my feet raw walking off the boat with those things.

We were on the ship going over, and it was so rough. It was such a small ship. They had all that cement in the hold to keep it from tipping over. I remember Honan, my buddy, and I were serving the line. We had these dry eggs, those green looking eggs. The guy was sick to his stomach. He threw up right in the eggs. Honan stirred it up, says, "Oh, you're only the third one today," and the whole line broke up. Honan stirred it up, and that was the end of chow. Nobody ate. Landed in NY harbor. I saw the old girl, and that was a good feeling. It was fun.

B.H.: The day he was coming home, I was working at the telephone. Everyone knew he'd be calling me as soon as he landed and could get to a telephone. So everybody had a sign up, waiting for this call. That call came in, and they put it right through to the head operator, and everybody's head was up over the board. Away I went. I worked there 14 months. I took a leave when I got pregnant. I worked til July. Either Al or Bill Cole— whoever got off work at 10:00— whoever got off shift work first— would meet me after work. We'd go to a tavern and wait for the other to show up.

A.H.: I went back to the B&O for a short time period. Then went to the IHB and went switching in Hammond. Bill followed me on the board.

R.H.: What was your early life like?

A.H.: Everything they told me was a lie. They were married in New York. They came over here. He came over with his uncle who was a baker. He brought him over to work in the bakery in Miller. Then he worked as an electrician in the steel mills. But he knew nothing about electricity, and he couldn't speak English. He worked at U.S. Steel.

B.H.: He did not know he had an accent until I told him.

A.H.: After he divorced Mom, he started working for Dreyfus Furniture on Broadway in Gary, selling appliances. He lived in an apartment over the appliance store. I got back in with him after that. He got married to Kay. I would come over there on a weekend once in a while. They would rent an apartment over a tavern on Miller Beach. I could hear rats running across the roofs at night.

I would ride with him when he'd make his sales calls. He would peddle appliances door-to-door. They were fairly new at that time. He peddled Maytag washers— ringer washers. They had a truck they set up. They'd take a ringer washer in it. They'd take it around and show women the ringer washer could do a better job than a scrub board. And they had vacuum sweepers which were really new.

He sure knew how to sell. He sold a vacuum sweeper to a lady who didn't have electricity out in Ogden Dunes. She didn't have it yet but knew it was coming.

The war started. I met Bonnie, and my relationship with him went to hell. The appliance business went down the tubes because of the metal use. 1941 was the last full production of cars. There were no appliances til 1946 or 45. My stepfather Jim had a 1940 Pontiac Silver Streak.

My father went to work at American Bridge Company, was a time study guy— electrical stuff. At the end of the war, he stayed there but started an appliance store on the 3800 block of Glen Park. He had ½ the store. Then 3720, a block down. Then he had a heart attack or something, and Kay called and said, "Your dad needs help." We'd never seen them for 14 years.

B.H.: I said, "You have two grandchildren." I got all dressed up. Put a hat on and white gloves. We didn't take the kids the first time. 4392 Pennsylvania. He owned it.

A.H.: Grandma Petersen was a little tiny, short, white hair— could hardly speak English. I spoke German 14 years. I spoke it til Bonnie came in. I flunked German. I got into an argument with the teacher at final time; she flunked me. I was Casper Milquetoast.

B.H.: One Thanksgiving Day, his stepfather's maid, Jesse, served us— her daddy was Jim Adams. He was married



to a black woman. They think he was black and passing for White. Grandma Adams didn't know it til he died. Their maid had his name— Jesse May Adams. She was a maid in his house. After he died, we were getting death records, and they said there was another marriage.

## INTERVIEW WITH BONNIE GIBBS HOFMANN

I conducted this final interview with my mother-in-law, Bonnie Gibbs Hofmann at Christmas of 1996 at the home of her daughter Karen Fellers in Coral Gables, Florida. At the time of this interview, Bonnie was 70 years old.

R.H.: Tell me about your Uncle John and Uncle Harry.

B.H.: Harry was postmaster in Bakersfield, California. That's where he retired from. John was on the railroad, and he had a retarded daughter, Rita. She's still living. She's in New Bedford, Indiana. There's a home there. They put her there when I was like eight or nine— maybe ten or eleven. She's Marcia's age. Her and Marcia are the same. I think Marcia is 78 now. I'm 70.

Aunt Florence died the same day as Poppy (Chet Ottarson) did. She would go see her all the time. To this day she still plays with dolls, but she would always look up and say, "Here comes Florence!" Never called her *Mom* but knew her name was Florence.

I can only remember her coming home one time— maybe in the 60's. They brought her to Mom's house on Sibley Street. John would never have another child after that. That was it. He was too scared. I have pictures of her.

R.H.: Why did they choose at that age to put her away?

B.H.: I don't know. To me she was not uncontrollable. She was not a mongoloid. She was retarded.

R.H.: What was John like?

B.H.: A quiet man. He tatted. A very nice looking man, I thought. They built that house on Cherry Street.

R.H.: I meant Harry.

B.H.: Harry never had any children. Irma had been married before, and she had a child. So that was Harry's family.

R.H.: Did you have much to do with them?

B.H.: No, because they lived in California. I was probably closer to Clark because of Mom working for him. He was a jolly man. Everyone loved Clark.

R.H.: Did he have any children?

B.H.: That was another case of where Lily had been married before and had a daughter Lillian. And so— So many of them didn't have kids. Out of the nine on both sides— only two on my dad's side had children: Elmer and my dad.

R.H.: Do you think they couldn't have them or didn't want them?

B.H.: Aunt Ethel did. She loved kids. Goldie was not married until she was into her 50's, and Blanche never got married.

R.H.: We stopped at 1947 before, and you said that Al never missed a Christmas at home. What did you do while he was away (in the service)? I know you worked as a telephone operator while he was gone.

B.H.: I was only there when he was overseas. I probably didn't work 13 months there, but yet met some of my closest friends during that period of time that I'm still friendly with. Shirley Ceeagar in Hammond; Dorie and Bill Cole.

R.H.: Did they have the big switchboard with all the plugs?

B.H.: Yes, just like you see in the pictures.

R.H.: Why did you go there?

B.H.: Because all the girls from high school— that's where you went to get a job.

R.H.: They took a lot of girls from Hammond Tech?

B.H.: Yeah. My mom knew the supervisor, so she said, "Go talk to Ruth Eaton," and I had a job.





R.H.: How did that work? Was there a person's address under each plug?

B.H.: No, there was two numbers. Like this board would be 1800, 1900, and 2000. And then 100 holes. So hole one would be there at 02. And at that time there was J, M, R, and W. If your number was 352W, you would put the thing in the hole and then push it up to that corner. To the right bottom would be the *M*; left, *R*. That way, *W*. The number had a separate hole, and you held the plug up to that corner. Each number had four corners. I was on the long distance board most of the time which I loved. You could listen in. That was fun.

R.H.: Did you work eight hours a day?

B.H.: No, shift work—split. 10-1 and 6-10. Seven hours.

R.H.: Were there busier times?

B.H.: Evenings. Mornings and evenings were busier times. Afternoons were slack times. We were busy. When you took your 15 minute rest, you'd really have to slide in and let her slide out, because, I mean, that board was lit. I loved it.

R.H.: What did you like about it?

B.H.: It was just interesting. The cops would call in. They didn't have to pay for the calls—when you worked the pay phones. They would say, "This is Officer 362," and you didn't collect the money from them. When you put the money in the box and then you could pull a switch and that would collect the money. But with the cops, you returned it.

R.H.: Al said you never worked another day in your life.

B.H.: Except to work at Hofmann Appliance. Lori Beth and I were the only ones there because we needed a new washer and dryer, and I worked it off. So, I went in and worked it off. So, I went in and wrote up sales and stuff like that.

R.H.: It must have been lonely without Al for all that time.

B.H.: No, because I had—that was when they had neighborhoods. Coffee Klatches every day. None of the girls worked. When we lived in Munster when Allen was born, Lorraine was next door, and she had three kids. I saw her last year. It was just all of us girls sat around and talked.

R.H.: And then he came home (from the service), and you became pregnant with Allen.

B.H.: I didn't know it for three months.

R.H.: How could you not know it?

B.H.: I lost count.

R.H.: He was a breech birth.

B.H.: Allen was, yeah. At that time, they'd knock you out. Bingo. You're gone. You knew nothing about the birth. With Karen I was scared to death. With Allen I didn't know what to expect, but with Karen, I knew what to expect. I mean, I was like that—. I remember the nun taking me down to my room, and I was petrified. But they knocked me out, so—. And I woke up, and I can remember Al kneeling on the bed, and he says, "We've got a little girl."

R.H.: Was he excited to have a boy first?

B.H.: Oh, yeah.

R.H.: Was Allen a good baby?

B.H.: Oh, yes, they've been good kids all the time. There was no fuss. Absolutely no fuss, and I couldn't believe it.

R.H.: What was he like as a little kid?

B.H.: Quiet. You didn't know he was around.

R.H.: Was he a clinger?

B.H.: No, Karen was. She hung on my skirt and never let me go because she was afraid of men. She was cute, and all the guys loved her. One of our friends wanted to hold her and pick her up when she was three or four, and she



wouldn't let him go near her.

R.H.: Tell about when you gave Allen the scout knife.

B.H.: We told him, "Don't open that knife wrong." This was Christmas morning. "Don't open that knife wrong." And he opened it— slash. As he opened the knife.

R.H.: Then he got his sister down.

B.H.: I don't remember that.

R.H.: He said you took the knife away from him.

B.H.: Oh, yeah. We sent him to Boy Scout camp. We were living in Lansing. Maybe when he was seven or eight. We took him—they left from the Civic Center in Hammond. And when he came back there, he got off of that bus—he was so dirty. His uniform was black. His face was black. Oh, God.

But he never really got into scouts. (In the picture below, Allen is the first boy in the back row from left.)

R.H.: Allen thought his father was an Eagle Scout.

B.H.: No.

R.H.: Was he a scoutmaster?

B.H.: Yeah. No—he wasn't a scoutmaster. He worked with the Cub Scouts, and they would come to the house every week, and he would teach them and work with them and stuff.

They won a cake baking contest one time. They had to do it themselves. I stayed out of the kitchen. I think they won second prize, and we were mad because first prize we knew they had help. What a mess.

B.H.: Allen didn't stay in it too much. Karen got into Brownies and that wasn't her thing either. I was in Girl Scouts and I loved it. I tried to get a group going in high school. That's how I wanted to keep going. We tried it, but it just didn't work in high school. It doesn't work at all any more.

I hate to see that go down. I was always picked to go to Girl Scout Camp free because we didn't have any money and no father. I don't know who sent me. But I knew I went every year to Winamac, Indiana. Two weeks.

I raised Don because Mom always worked. He was only 16 months when Dad died. I was nine and on my own.

Nanny was dating all the time. She had boyfriends all the time. She had a black formal, and every Saturday night she went dancing. She loved to dance.

R.H.: What were Allen and Karen like as kids?

B.H.: They were good kids. Allen was going to run away. I did pack his—I got a bandanna and a stick, and I gave him a peanut butter sandwich. And when he got out to the curb— We lived in Lansing—he turned and looked back and said, "Mom, I can't cross the street."

They were born (when we lived) in Munster at 235 Hollywood. Then we moved four blocks away to Lansing on State Line because it was a bigger house. We lived there— Karen was five when we moved there and 12, going







on 13 when we left. Then we went to Merrillville. Then to LaGrange. Then to Lombard. Then three months at the trailer at the lake. Then to Brooksville (Florida).

R.H.: Allen had problems in school when he was little.

B.H.: He could not read. We did not know it, but his third grade teacher said she was having problems with him. They thought he was reading the letters backwards. So I took him up to Chicago to the Beverly Section, the South Side of Chicago. Twice a week. He was tutored. He had an eye test. There was nothing wrong with him. He finally got a teacher that cared, and he was okay then.

R.H.: But he was good in math.

B.H.: When he was 12, I picked him up at Nanny's house. It was just he and I. He said, "You know, Mom, you never have to worry because you've taken care of me all this time—"

R.H.: Nanny used to take him somewhere where there were slot machines.

B.H.: It was a private hunting and fishing club in Calumet City. It was a key club—you had to have a key to get in. If we went out, we could always take them to Nanny's house. I never paid a babysitter.

R.H.: Chet was always good to Karen and Allen.

B.H.: Oh, yes. The sun rose and set on Allen. That was it.

R.H.: Did that make you feel better about Chet?

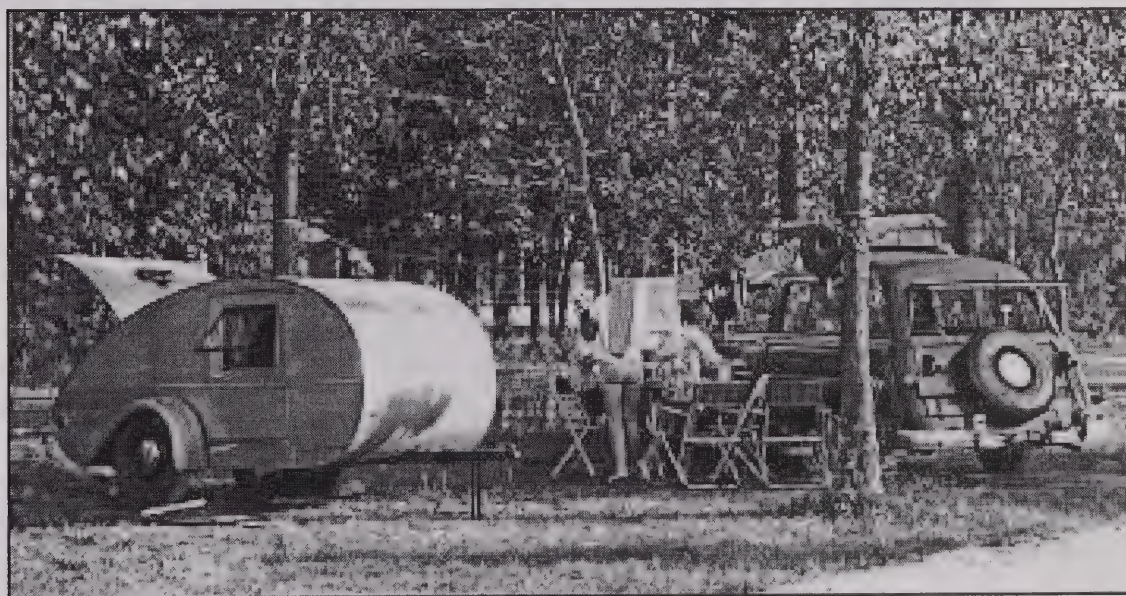
B.H.: No, that didn't have anything to do with it. Allen took his first steps with Grandpa Moon. He died when I was pregnant with Karen.

When we first moved to Lansing, Karen went to preschool over to Munster because we thought she should be with other kids. She didn't like it. She was very quiet.

I was very active at Coolidge School when they were there. PTA. I was membership chairman. And the Fun Fairs. Room mother. The principal really liked Allen. She thought he was a very intelligent child. She gave him an IQ test. She wouldn't tell me what it was.

R.H.: Didn't you encourage him to go into football?

B.H.: No, when he went up to Thorton Fractional, they said, "Everybody that's going to try out for football, come down now." And he got up and ran. I never knew he was gonna go out for football, and there he was. I said, "This quiet kid of mine is going to go play football?" That absolutely shocked me. I was glad that he was going to be out with the other kids. He had his group in the neighborhood, and that was it.







R.H.: Karen was more social, wasn't she?

B.H.: When she got older. Then she shocked me by being president of the PTA and president of the Women's Club. This was the girl who was so quiet.

R.H.: You were in a lot of clubs, weren't you?

B.H.: Junior Women's Club and later Women's Club. She was used to hearing about it and the things we did. She grew up with that. These clubs were very active, and we were always doing something and socializing and helping people like women's clubs do.

R.H.: then Allen went into wrestling. Then he got the football scholarship to Evansville. Were you pleased he chose to go to Evansville?

B.H.: Yeah, he chose it. That was up to him where he wanted to go. Then he said, "Mom, I'm not going to school to play football. I'm going to learn." And that was the end of football. Too much time.

R.H.: You were worried about him going to Kent.

B.H.: I was glad when he went to Purdue.

R.H.: You haven't said anything about the camping.

B.H.: Oh, the camping. We started with a little trailer shaped like a teardrop. It just had a bed. You crawled in the bed, and the back shelf just had enough room for a one burner. And that was it.

We had a tent. The kids were going to go in the tent. Karen was only three, so we decided she was too young, so she went to Nanny's house, and Allen took his friend Earl Franzen, and we drove. We were going to Bass Lake, Indiana, from Lansing. And we got as far as Rte. 30 in Hobart, and we had forgotten the suitcases. They were sitting on the curb in Lansing.

So we had to unhitch— which Al thought was a huge thing to pull behind him— which was probably 12 feet long— and drive back. We dropped it at a gas station. They said we could leave it there and went back for the dumb suitcases. It was probably an hour out and an hour back.

I think it rained that weekend, of course. We paid \$200 for that thing. That was a lot of money back in '53.







We didn't have that too long, and we said, "This is not for us." And we got a regular 13-foot trailer. And we just kept graduating— 18 foot, 22 foot— and we camped, and it cost us 50 cents a night because it was a state park. I think we paid a quarter for electricity. And we had a lot of good times at Bass Lake, not knowing because Al was not talking to his dad at the time, that his dad had his cottage at Bass Lake. Later on, we put that on the property there. The kids slept in the cottage.

We took the kids to Washington, D.C.; we took the kids on a trip around Lake Michigan. Al wanted the kids to see the last span on the new Mackinac Bridge. (In the picture below, Allen puts some change in the parking meter.)

R.H.: How big is your motor home now?

B.H.: Thirty-four feet.

R.H.: How many motor homes have you had?

B.H.: This is our third. The only time we did not camp was when the kids were in high school, and they decided they did not want to go anymore, and we weren't going to go without them. So we quit camping. Then all of a sudden, we said, "We're going camping. You guys are on your own." All of a sudden, we got the boyfriend and the girlfriend with us.

R.H.: What do you like about camping?

B.H.: The people. We can go to any town in Florida right now and call somebody because we've met so many people from camping.

R.H.: Do you belong to a camping organization?

B.H.: We have a Winnebago, and the Winnebago has an organization called WIT, which is Winnebago Itasca Travelers. And that's a national organization, and each state has a chapter with a state president. And Al and I are state presidents of Florida. This is his second year. He'll be done in March. And they have just elected me to be president for the next year. So we'll have two years. It is a 24 hour job. We have three meetings a year. Right now we have 250 or 260 members, which is 260 couples. It's our responsibility to get the campground for these meetings and set up everything and plan the whole weekend which consists of breakfast on Saturday morning which our VP does, catered dinner Saturday night, do all the entertainment, and have everything planned from Friday noon to Sunday morning.

R.H.: What kind of entertainment do you get for them?

B.H.: We usually just play cards and have crazy games. But the March Rally is the big one. It's held in Orlando in March. Last year we had 350 coaches which is the biggest state rally in the United States. We expect at least 400 this year. We have been working on this since September, and we will be working on it til March. We just sent out our newsletter, and they are just starting to send their reservations in. And that is a job. We just sent out 150 letters last week. We have vendors, we have dealers, from all over the state that come in. We have about 60 coaches for them to look at. We have maybe 50 vendors, and we have professional entertainment three nights. We just finalized that this week. We have a guy who sounds just like Sinatra with a 14 piece band. We have a little magician for Saturday night. And for Friday night we have two guys who do the Blues Brothers. Last year we had a guy who did Liberace. You'd swear it was him.

R.H.: So where have you traveled in your motor home?

B.H.: We have traveled to all 48 states. Just finished the last two this year— Washington and Oregon. Those were the last two. We just did that this year. We're going to Texas this year and Iowa for the Grand Rally. But no more 7,000 mile trips.

R.H.: Is this your favorite motor home?

B.H.: Yes, we do enjoy it.

R.H.: Is it hard to live out of it?

B.H.: Three months is enough. I'm ready to go home. All these people, they 365 it. That's their house. I couldn't do that. I have to have some place to go. I don't want to give up what we have. He wants to do it now. Karen wants us to, too. She says, "Why do you keep that house? You're never home." Which is true. But I don't want to do that. Karen wants us to put the stuff in storage, travel for a couple of years, and move down here. There's no place down here we want to come. We have looked and looked and looked.



R.H.: Tell about the time you put Allen on a leash.

B.H.: We were living in Munster. They were building the expressway behind our house. And the trucks were coming. They used our street constantly, and he wouldn't stay out of the street. So I put him on a leash on the clothesline. He was so embarrassed. He was running down the clothesline.

## SUMMER TRAVEL DIARY OF ALBERT WILLIAM HOFMANN, 1990

Albert Hofmann kept this journal from May 31, 1990, until August 10, 1990. At the time of this writing, he was 64 years old and travelling in a motor home with his wife Bonnie Jean Gibbs from their home in Brooksville, Florida, out West.

Whenever Kids return home from summer vacation and return to school, they are asked to write about their vacation experiences. We would like to tell you about our motor home experiences this year.

To begin, no matter where we went we were sure of three things. We knew that the area we were in would experience all time high temperatures, we knew if it were a weekend we would break down, and we were sure that tornados were just around the corner! Let's see if we can do this chronologically:

5/31/90 Took coach in for new fan belts, lubrication, and check the tires so that I wouldn't have to worry about them on the trip. Cost \$143.65

Bad tire wear on front and suggestion was made to take it in for wheel alignment. We have already done other pre-trip things such as having the furnace gone over before we head up to the northern states,

Cost \$338.41

and buying and installing a new valve for my air horns because the old one leaked so badly. Cost \$62.25

6/1/90 Took coach into Hudson Tire for alignment and they could not do it because both air bags in the front end were gone. Bring it back Monday and we will do it then. Okay, but I'm supposed to be leaving Wednesday morning.

6/4/90 Well, we are back to get the air bag-alignment job done and it should be ready for early afternoon. That's good because we have a cocktail and dinner date with some very good friends at 5:00 PM. Oops wrong bags, but we should be ready by 4:00 PM. We finally get out of there and to our friends by 7:30. Cost \$426.57

6/6/90 We finally made it. We are actually leaving on time!

6/7/90 Second night out and we are in an RV Park recommended to us and it is a slum with no running water and no sewer facilities.

6/8/90 Oops, I have lost cruise control on an intermittent basis and it just drives me nuts. I rely very heavily on it for fuel consumption and keeping my right foot from getting so tired holding down the gas pedal. I wonder why the air horns don't seem to operate every time I hit the horn button?

6/10/90 Other than still having the cruise problem we made it to the Amana Colonies and met our Florida camping friends, Hattie and Loretta at the Sleepy Hollow Campground in Oxford, Iowa for a delightful visit to the colonies.

6/11/90 It is our 45<sup>th</sup> anniversary and Hattie and Loretta take us out to celebrate it.

6/13/90 Arrived in Forest City, Iowa at the Village Chateau Motel and Campground. Great hosts!

6/15/90 Played golf in the pre-rally WIT golf outing at the Forest City Country Club. This turned out to be a rinky dink golf course that we had to play twice and due to the fact that Bonnie and I couldn't play together I had to rent two carts and my cost for this horrible outing was \$100.00! Would you believe that I actually won three golf balls donated by the Onan Generator, but I couldn't have them because I was not there to receive them. What a fiasco! The reason I couldn't stay for the "awards," was due to the fact that I was having the coach cleaned and polished.

6/16/90 We are at the Winnebago Surplus Store buying goodies and we spot a familiar coach—our friends from our Mobile Home Community in Florida, the Louvars are here buying goodies too. We all talked them into staying for the rally and they agree to do it. We had a great time with them.

6/17/90 There is a fly-in breakfast at the local airport and some of us have decided to go. We had a good time and saw two men that made their first parachute jump. They received this as a Father's Day present from their wives. Boy, were they excited!

6/18/90 It is the first day of the Winnebago Grand National Rally so we are going in to park for a week of dry camping. Saw a guy fixing windshields and talked him into fixing two stone chips that I had picked up on my windshield.





6/19/90 First official day of the rally and the evening's entertainment is cancelled due to tornado warnings. Many coaches are being pulled out of bad mud puddles to higher ground and water is standing all over the place.

6/23/90 Time to hit the road again with Hattie and Loretta. I am now really having trouble making my air horns work. I have to keep hitting the horn button three and four times in order to make them work and this is not safe if I really need them quickly. Of course it rained last night, as usual, but a new thing happened this morning. The bathroom rug is soaking wet. The bathroom roof vent has cracked and is leaking like mad all over the toilet and the carpeting. I can't get a new one right away so I just taped it up temporarily.

6/23/90 Late Saturday afternoon and we are getting gas before we stop for the night. Now what? My coach won't start. Come to find out that both the starter and the solenoid are burned up and not working. We get a wrecker to come out with a starter but no solenoid, so he called in to have a parts house stay open till we can get there. Jump started the engine and limped in to the service station garage in Fergus Falls, Minnesota. It is so late when he got done with the repairs that we couldn't get into the local campground due to a big softball tournament. No problem, we were invited to stay in the service station all night and we had cocktails out by the dumpster in back and watched the traffic on the interstate go by. Cost \$208.34

6/24/90 The service station had such good water that everybody took long showers and we filled our water tanks up with their water. We got to Minot, ND and met friends from Colorado at the K Mart downtown. No problem finding them, they were the only ones there. North Dakota closes down on Sunday!

FMCA The week of the rally was really a lot of fun, with a nice tour of the SAC Airbase. Many hours of rain followed

RALLY by huge puddles of water— oh yes, tornado warnings!

6/26/90 We need some money so we go to town and visit the local ATM. The temperature outside is over 95 degrees, a huge puff of vapor comes out from under the hood and we have lost our air conditioner for the car.

To

Cost \$29.95

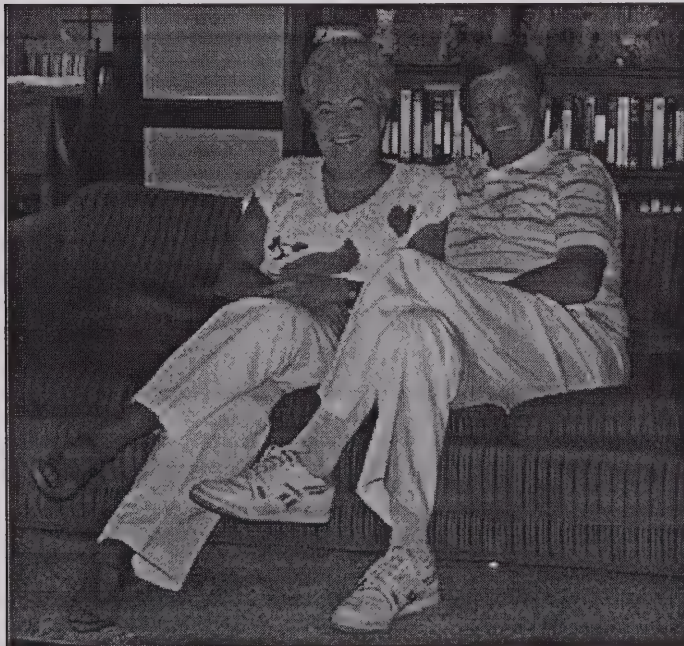
6/29/90 Hattie and I bought solar powered fans for our refrigerators so they will work more efficiently. The dealer only had two units in the boxes and I took the dented box and gave Hattie the good box. Next day I installed the fans in our coaches and they work great! It is now two days later and I am sending in the warranty card on my fan. What is that racket? The fan has gotten noisy as can be, while Hatties just keeps humming along. I get so mad that I put a note on the warranty card about the racket. Oh well, what else can happen to us on this trip?

6/29/90 Heading south out of North Dakota and we are leaving our friends and heading over to Teddy Roosevelt Park. We went into the registration center and couldn't help but laugh at some child's comment about the park in the guest register, "all we saw was three lousy buffalo." We were given a Golden Age Passport which allows us free admission to all National Parks and a 50% reduction on camping charges, and all for free. Heat has been terrific but we turn on the generator for a few hours and run the air conditioner and things cool off nicely in the coach. Oh oh,

the generator just quit, but no problem. It was a quart low and automatically shut off.

6/30/90 The generator just quit again. Now what? I must not have put the fill cap on tight because all the oil came out and made a horrible mess in the generator compartment!

7/1/90 Heading for the campground at Rapid City, SD to visit the Mount Rushmore monument and it is over 95 degrees and one of my rear tires lost the steel belt and blew out. When it blew it also took the other tire with it. What a mess! I damaged the wheelcover, the tire well housing, and a rear quarter panel. Of course it is Sunday evening and nothing is open. Luckily, we found a wrecker making a service call. We talked into him into helping us change the tires. Bonnie was our official flagperson, trying to keep people from running us down while







we were doing the repairs. While he was under the coach he noticed that the rear seal on the opposite side seemed to be leaking badly.

Cost \$25.00

The spare that he put on was partially deflated, so we had to limp into the campground at something approximating a snails pace. We took one of the last spots in the Holiday Campground which was overcrowded and cramped for room. We were unable to use our air conditioner due to a lack of voltage, so it was a miserable night. Oh yes, our generator isn't fixed yet so we couldn't even turn that on.

7/2/90 Had to take the coach back down to Rapid City today to get the tires replaced and come to find out that we also have the steel belts coming out of the front tires. This meant that we now had to buy four tires, not two.

Cost \$700.66

Oh yes, they also said that it looked like I was losing my rear seal on the opposite side. We checked into a different campground today and found out that I had better not tell them that I belonged to RPI or they would tell me the park was closed. As long as I was willing to pay full price I was welcome to stay.

7/3/90 Went to Deadwood, SD today— They have legalized gambling and we decided to lose \$100— no make it \$50— we lost \$23 and quit! Deadwood just can't handle the crowds that they have.

7/4/90 Today was Mount Rushmore day. How impressive it was to see on this particular day. We were afraid that it was going to be packed, but found out that there were only 12,000 people there, instead of the usual 15,000. There was a fife and drum corps performing and it was a very delightful day.

7/5/90 Went back to Rapid City to have our rear seal replaced. It took some four hours but it went fast.

Cost \$115.14

We also went to the Onan Generator man to show him how I had cleaned up the mess and he said I had done everything exactly right and it works great.

Cost \$5.00

7/6/90 Time to start heading Southwest again. Boy does Wall Drug Store look different from when I was there in 1937. Bonnie the shopper saw some Indian pottery for \$19.50 that she saw for \$6.50 at Rapid City!

7/7/90 Stayed at Honey Creek Resorts, just outside of Omaha, NE on the South Dakota side. It was a very nice park and we went into Omaha on Sunday. We see only five to ten people on the streets. Where are all the people?

7/8/90 Time to start heading East— Now what? I just lost my alternator and it is Saturday again. Oh well, I'll just turn on the generator and keep things charged up that way and keep going. While going through one of the many construction zones a car picked up a rock and chipped my windshield again! Had lunch in Des Moines and about an hour later the engine began overheating. I pulled in to a rest area and checked the oil to make sure I hadn't lost some and would you believe that the paper towelling that I used to wipe off the dip stick started smoking something fierce?! Went into Grinnel, Iowa after things cooled down and managed to find a 24 hour grocery store that offered me the use of an electrical outlet in their parking lot. Nuts, it wasn't enough amperage and the two attempts we made to find another outlet in town, including two stops at the local police station were to no avail. Oh well, we just pulled into a car dealers driveway and spent a warm Sunday evening watching the traffic go by. You couldn't go outside because of the proliferation of gnats. They were there by the millions!

7/9/90 We were treated royally by West Miller Chevrolet. The owner had driven by the evening before, reassured me that his service manager would be in by 7:00 AM and they would do what they could for me. It turned out that the service manager showed up at 6:15 and put the first available man on my unit and I was back on the road by 8:10. One of my new belts that I had installed before we left, broke and wrapped around the fan hub causing the overheating.

Cost \$30.77

Man, is it windy! Now what? There was a horrible racket outside and apparently the wind actually unwrapped the awning and almost tore it off. This happened three times, but it looks like we have it fixed now. We pulled up to register at Fox River Campground in Norway, Illinois, and who is in line ahead of us? I'll be darned, it's the Louvairs again! We spent a few more days with them playing golf and going out and it was delightful.

7/13/90 Where did all the heat and rain go? 60 degrees in the day and 50 degrees at night and guess what? The furnace won't work, and we had a new control board installed before we left. Thank goodness we were able to buy some electric blankets and didn't freeze too much.

7/14/90 Left early for Indiana, and a couple of weeks of visiting friends and relatives, and play a lot of golf. Oops, it's Saturday, but nothing bad happened. While in Indiana I repaired the furnace, the side panels, and the cruise control. We really enjoyed ourselves. I also replaced a door catch because the old one had rusted and quit working. I put on a new heavy duty one, the wind caught the door before I latched it and punched a big hole in the fiberglass door!

7/29/90 I am sitting on the toilet seat and it cracks and pinches my fanny. Now we have to look for another toilet seat.

7/31/90 We are doing the tourist thing and visiting Water Tower Place in Chicago and going out to dinner. Now





what? I am having terrible chest pains but don't tell anyone.

8/1/90 I finally tell everyone about the chest pains and promise to do something the next morning.

8/2/90 Went to the Emergency Room at St. Marys Hospital in Hobart, IN and the ER doctor told me that I had better see a Cardiologist and fast. I called our doctor in Florida and he could not believe that I would be released with CPK Enzyme numbers of 293 when the normal range is 40-170! He wanted to know what kind of hospital would release me with numbers like that without doing a proportional test on the CPK numbers. We immediately made an appointment with Dr. Rosenberg of St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago. The girls there said that they would squeeze me in some time around 12:30 tomorrow.

8/3/90 Not only did the girls get me in to see the doctor but they put me ahead of everyone else. The first thing he wanted to know was what kind of a doctor would release me with numbers like that. He did an EKG and ran all kinds of tests and then ran the proper blood test that should have been done before. Tomorrow is the weekend but he said that he would have the results for me tomorrow.

8/4/90 Talked to the doctor this morning and he said to go on with our vacation because the proportion tests showed 0% brain, 0% Heart, and 100% Skelatel Muscle CPK Enzymes! All this trouble over a muscle strain. It has rained all night and now the stupid hot water heater won't come on. I blew out all the water that I could find in and around the pilot assembly and lit the heater manually. This dried everything out and the water heater is working again.

8/5/90 It is Sunday and we are on the road for Ohio and trying to see my son and his family before we head for the East Coast. Bonnie has found us a place to stay for the night some distance from the Turnpike and it sounds like a nice place. Man, what did we get into now? The place is on a river but you have to be a mountain goat to get in and out, and the road is only one way through the park. It is really bad and we are pulling right back out again. Now what? It sounds like the transmission is going bad and it is screaming like mad when I accelerate. Oh for crying out loud, I'm still in first gear. Don't think that we don't get up tight driving on weekends. We finally found a campground closer to the Turnpike and I spent the evening blowing out all the fuses on three different fuse boxes. We finally moved into a different area, let the car dolly and car hang out into the street and went to sleep.

8/6/90 Well, it's Monday so we should be all right going on in to our son Allen's house. It is raining like mad and I have lost my windshield wipers. I have about 140 miles to go and we are going on in because we are meeting the family for dinner today. We made it to the campground and checked in. The fellow ahead of me was complaining about the horrible rain we had to drive through and I asked him how he would have liked to have driven it without wipers and 52 feet of motor home and car. He agreed that wasn't fun at all. We set up in the rain and I came in to clean up. I didn't think I was shook up till I laid my lower lip open with the razor while shaving!

8/7/90 I have tried everything looking for a problem with the wipers and have come to the conclusion that the trouble lies in the key-switch assembly.

8/9/90 Left Allen's house and of course it is raining, turned on the wipers and they work. Went in to get gas and now we can't start the engine. I try and try and it finally does work. Now I am sure that the switch is going and can only hope it lasts till we get home. Yes, we have decided to call an end to this years trip, forget about going on to Maine, and head home. We figure that we will spend a few days in St. Augustine, FL and then go home.

8/10/90 We are at the North Carolina Welcome Center and I do my usual walk-around check on things, touch the grease cup on the tow dolly and burned my hand because it is red hot! A trucker suggested that I go to the next off ramp to a truck stop and have it looked at there. We went as slow as we could and when we got there I pulled the wheel. The two bearings, races, and the hub were burned up and the wheel was ready to fall off. We spent over three hours in the truck stop, hooked the dolly and car back up, and started out again.

Cost \$108.86

Well, as long as we are here let's get gas. Now the \*\*\* key won't start again! We finally get it going and Bonnie says, "Let's go home." And we did.

## CONCLUSION

Our trip was only 5,422 miles, but no matter how bad I made it sound, they were some of the most enjoyable times and miles that we have ever had. We are already planning our trips for next year. This time we will go in caravans so that we can feel like someone is sharing all these fun breakdowns, rather than keeping them all to ourselves. I just realized that at six miles to a gallon that comes to 913 gallons! Let's see now, at \$1.21 average price that comes to— oh my goodness.

Since we have been home the golf cart has had the battery go bad, the throttle cable broke and the governor went out. The car got two new tires, and the car is burning oil like mad for some reason— it's only got 127,000 miles on the four cylinder engine. The first weekend out with the motor home we were invaded by fire ants, I got bitten all over, and had to come home at 2:00 AM for first aid. You should see the hospital and doctor bills that are coming



in from those two days of tests! However, all those things are probably enough to write another story on.

## **DIARY OF ALBERT WILLIAM HOFMANN**

### **“CAMPGROUND HOSTING IN THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS NATIONAL PARK”: JULY 1 TO AUGUST 17, 1998**

Albert Hofmann kept this journal the summer that he and his wife Bonnie Jean (Gibbs) worked as hosts in the campground of Great Smoky Mountains National Park. At the time of this writing, they were 71 years old and living in Brooksville, Florida.

We arrived at the Big Creek Campground on July 1, 1998 and met the people we were replacing on the first of three one-way bridges that you must go over in order to get to the Campground. We said hello and goodbye and proceeded in. Bonnie went ahead in the car on the winding single lane gravel road to the top and then called back to me on the radio to let me know that it was okay to come on up. We found a nice level spot waiting for us with full hook up. While setting up we found that we had no TV of any kind— nothing! The first thing that I did was assemble a 6 foot dish that I had brought along and tied it to a tree and we had ABC and NBC. I went down and ordered CBS and the networks would not allow me to have it because this area was covered by Knoxville and you must put up a tower to get it because we are so close. I figure that the tower would have to be 5,300 feet tall and then we would have no trouble getting a picture. So we decided to stick with what we had and hope that they don't take that away from us by scrambling the signal.

The head ranger gave us a tour of our responsibility and outlined our duties. We are responsible for a 12 site campground, a Horse Camp that has 8 sites and 22 horse stalls and a Group Camp that handles some 25 or more people. We are really on our own out here miles from anyone. The only help we have is the Handie-Talkie that we were issued.

#### **The July 4<sup>th</sup> Holiday**

The July fourth weekend experiences could almost be a complete book in itself. The book would tell how we had to try to put 13 campsites in 12 spaces or 27 horses in 22 stalls and the four owners of four of these horses were so drunk and obstinate that we had to get the Rangers in to handle the situation. Or how about the boy who almost cut off his heel with a hatchet?

Let's try to put it all down.

#### **Wednesday July 1**

Set up camp at 9:30 AM. Went in to Newport, 20 miles away to Wal Mart to do some shopping. I found an Internet Service provider and he let me get into Yahoo and create a new mail-to address. Then I went into my mail box in Florida and found my new password. I had been using Yahoo all around the country, including Canada, but some kid had gotten into it at one of the libraries that I had been using and I had lost my mail privileges. We went to the local library and we both got library cards and I went on Yahoo, wrote everyone and found that I could not carbon copy the America On Line people so I wrote everyone individually from then on. We can even check out video tapes without library cards.

#### **Thursday, July 2**

Day one of our work, and we met a delightful, down to earth, “horse” couple (Debra & Roger “Rooster” Grice). Their little granddaughter got bit by a spider and had an allergic reaction and we suggested they take her to Newport and go to the emergency room. A girl found a little Beagle puppy up on one of the trails and turned it in, Mountain Moma's dog decided to follow Grices from the store (2 miles away) and stayed for a couple of days.

At 10:30 someone knocked on the door, and there was a young man, his wife and 2 little ones looking for a place to stay— the campground was full. I found them a spot in the Horse Camp and went back to bed.

#### **Friday July 3**

Went back to Newport and the library to see how the new Yahoo address is working. It is really working great.





While checking the horse camp out a beautiful Malmute (Husky) walked into the area. It had apparently broken the sled type strapping that it was tied with and decided to check out the area. A frantic owner was very glad to get that animal back!

Uh oh, we lost our pump and the campground had no water for the bathrooms and drinking water. We had to go around telling everyone what was being done and what was being tried to relieve the situation— they were all very good about it and no complaints. We did get the well going for a little while but the bearing was gone and the pump was trying to shake itself to pieces down there. Tried to locate another one but every place was closed up. Tried to get portable toilets but the same problem. Finally gave up late at night on this one.

Oops, somebody snuck in an extra horse and we now have 23 horses for 22 stalls! Rooster took his 2 horses down to the Ranger Station at 9:15 PM (the horses did not like going 1.5 miles in the dark). What a nice couple.

At 9:30 PM a young lad came up to us explaining he had driven in from Georgia (8 hours) and wanted to know if any of the other campgrounds were available to him. We did not want him driving the back roads at night and we put him in the Group Camp which was already overcrowded, and then put him into the Horse Camp the next day. Would you believe he called “Momma” to let her know that he got here okay? We really felt good about helping him out.

#### Saturday, July 4

The whole area is packed— 13 campers in 12 sites, the group camp is overflowing with tents pitched everywhere, we had the 27 horses for 22 stalls with the 4 drunks episode (they left, the drunks did). We had two dinner invitations today, one couple in the day use area had 30 to 40 cousins, etc., coming in and invited us to come to their fish fry. Our new “horse” friends also invited us down for hamburgers, but we did our own thing on food.

They finally found a submersible well and the guys put it in today, hooray! Over 22 hours without any water was really tough! The campers gave “us” real thanks for a job well done and I told them that it was some very dedicated employees that did it and not “us.”

#### Sunday, July 5

Went to Newport, oops, Bonnie forgot her purse and left it on the table outside of our motorhome. Went back, picked it up, and went looking for Morristown, TN. Got lost, ate in a terrible restaurant full of locals, went to a little flea market and came back to camp. At 7:30 PM a little lost girl walked into our site and said she was lost and was looking for the Ranger Station. We told her who we were and she told us that her brother had hurt himself very badly up at the campground. When we got there we found the father holding the wound closed on a heel that the boy had hit with a hatchet. The bleeding was beginning to slow down and we went back and put together an ice pack to slow the bleeding further and keep any swelling down. When the wife got back from the store we loaded the boy into their car and off he went to the hospital. It seems that his brother did the same thing last year and had cut his knee badly. When they left for the hospital he told his brother, “Have a nice time!” The next day we found out that the boy had to have 4 stitches in a muscle and 7 to close up his heel.

We found a delightful town called Greeneville, TN. It is named after our grandson Nate’s namesake, Nathaniel Greene and was also the home of Andrew Johnson. We also saw the house that flew both the Union and the Confederate flags as a command post. This building saw a Confederate General shot and killed and Morgan of Morgan’s Raiders was captured there. What a lot of history in such a small area. We had lunch in the Stockyard Cafe, we laughed so hard at sitting in a restaurant that had such a tilted floor that Bonnie was waiting for me to fall right out the door. For lunch (they call it dinner) everyone paid one price \$4.00, plus tax. You had your choice of chicken, ham, or chicken livers. You could have all the vegetables that you wanted— mashed, fried, or sweet potatoes, green beans, spinach, macaroni salad, macaroni and cheese, corn, cucumbers, peas, and cole slaw. They also had biscuits and corn bread— oh and you also got your drink and dessert included! When you paid at the register there was tip jar for you to use.

Meanwhile back at camp. So far we have had reports of finding and killing a copperhead snake in the campground and otherwise Week 1 has come to a quiet close. Even the 30+ kids and counselors in the Group Camp were very good. Thank goodness, because the group camp is in our area, across the road from our coach. Oh yes, the FBI is in the area looking for the Atlanta Bomber. Nice looking young man.



## Week 2

We have 2 regular bird feeders out, and I had just about given up on seeing any birds but today we saw that the hummingbirds had found the feeder that we had just got from WalMart and are they really drinking up the nectar!! However, the only other birds that we have attracted are some tiny wrens. They are feeding on the seed that went on the ground when one of my big feeders hit the deck for some reason. Maybe I should just go ahead and dump the feeders on the ground and watch the fun.

We lost our two network stations on the satellite dish and now we have no TV of any kind. I went down and called my satellite provider and complained bitterly to a supervisor about our problem. She told me to write them a letter and I would probably be put on line. Let's hope we get it.

A couple from Gainesville, FL came into camp wondering about the bear problems on the trail. Last year they were here, and a bear kept them up all night trying to get to their food. Now they are going back up into the back country and staying for nine days! Man, that is sure a lot of hiking, and a lot of nerve!

A horse and rider rode into camp at about 8:45 PM and we had about 30 kids having a ball in the Group Camp site so I ran out to stop him. It seems that one of his horses had broken out of one of the stalls and had run off. I walked back to their campsite, got on the radio, and one of the other campground rangers had found it already. I told the people where it was and they went down and got it. Boy, it sure makes us look good when you can find something lost that quickly!

Had about 30 to 40 young people come into the regular campground about 1:30 AM and occupy one of the sites and they were back on the trail before dawn. Thank goodness the campground itself is about ½ mile away.

Went into town to do our Email— works great! On our way back to camp a pick up truck had to hit his brakes for a car that cut him off and he had no stop lights. We thought we would be good Samaritans and tell him at the next stop light. I got out and told him that he had no stop lights and he got all flustered when he saw my NPS (National Park Service) volunteer shirt, and told me he was just trying the truck out to see if he wanted to buy it. He was really nervous and thanked me for telling him about the light many times. When I got back to our car we realized that he must have thought I was some kind of police and Bonnie said that the boy in the seat next to him was bug-eyed looking at the antennas on the car. We really got a good laugh out of that one!

Oh boy! We found out that CBS is not scrambled and now we can only hope that it stays unscrambled for the weekend. I sure hope those satellite people put us on line with the 3 networks.

We have set a new record for filling camp sites. We got 16 campers settled in and we only have 12 sites. Had a newlywed couple come in late last night and we put them off by themselves and they really appreciated it. It is almost 10:00 AM and they are still sacked in! They are going up into the back country for their honeymoon— Bonnie says, "No way!"

Our new "Horse" friends have come back again for another weekend. They had said they probably would not be back for quite some time and here they are, back the next weekend. Really nice people. They came into our site at 9:30 AM and we had a nice visit and coffee together. Then last night they came in at 9:30 PM and stayed till 11:00 PM. We are certainly getting to be night owls.

Went into town and checked our Email, which is really working out fine. Bonnie went into the grocery store to get some supplies and some guy came up to the car to apply for a job on the trail gangs that they have working in the park! He must have seen the emblem on my NPS shirt, funny! What next?

People came up to me complaining about the young guys who were up drinking and having a good time till about 2:00 AM on what was their last night here. I went over to the tent site, got their dog barking, which woke them all up. I gave them a citation for improper food storage, too many tents on one site (not true) and having an unrestrained animal on their site. I thought it was a waste of time to do this till I found out that one of the people that I had cited a few days ago got so nervous about it that they apparently gave one of our regulars their new camp stove and might not do any more National Park camping! "Junior" said they were really scared about the citation.





Came back and we are sitting outside, under the canopy, having coffee and two deer are grazing at our site. One of them came less than 25 feet from the rear of the coach. What beautiful, nervous, animals. The fawn must stay down in the valley while mama is grazing by us. Speaking of animal life, it is fun to watch the Daddy Long Leg spiders catch moths and eat them. Also I have a field mouse living in my holding tank compartment. When I dump, I have to wait a minute to give the mouse a chance to run out and then I dump— FUN!

Friday evening and things are running true to form at the Horse Camp. I have a group with 4 horses that claims to have a reservation, which I have verified that they do not have. The problem is that we have more horses coming in than spaces again. If we kept all of them, we would have 26 horses in 22 stalls! I told them they could stay one night but then we will have to watch out for a cancellation tomorrow, and they will have to leave if everyone shows up.

A bus driver with a group of church kids has a high class problem. He has lost his ignition key (he thinks one of the boys got mad because he was not allowed to go swimming took it and threw it away). A so-called locksmith came out, worked for three hours, and then someone finally hot wired the bus so that they could get going. Boy, these church group kids are sure rowdy and noisy!

The weekend has arrived and the excitement is on. We are full again (the campground I mean) and I am scrounging around for campsites for people. The 15 Boy Scouts in the Group Camp turned out to be 8 people. So I explained to one of the leaders that we were full and in the past I have put people on the perimeter of the area and this helped the park gain funds by renting out extra sites for \$10.00 nightly (the park just recently was given the right to keep 80% of all funds generated rather than sending all funds back to the Federal Government). The guy said no problem because their group turned out to be so small. After I had put two people in the site, the head man complained vehemently that it was unfair to charge him full price for such a small group and everyone should chip in on the \$40.00 group camp fee. I had to get the rangers involved and it ended up that he had to pay only \$20.00— nice man. Furthermore I am getting reports on the Boy Scouts antics while they were here. They tried to stuff our money box up at the campground with blank money envelopes, and we empty it only once a week! They broke a dam that the fishermen had apparently put up to create pools for the trout that the people like to catch here. They somehow got the Men's room toilet seats full of mud, don't know if they stood on them or if they just fixed it so no one could sit on them. A guy down by the swimming hole is chasing and trying to kill a big copperhead snake. He did not get him. I asked him why he was trying to kill one of our pet snakes! That area is just loaded with snakes of all kinds.

Went to town for lunch and to take my computer in for repair. My monitor on my computer went "south" on me and I had a panic over it and was told by one place to just buy a new one. However, we found a fellow in Newport that can fix anything and we got it repaired while we went to lunch. I just might send him my video camera that does not work when I get home. He replaced three video circuit board components and with the labor charge I paid him a total of \$44.00. It is the first time in my life that I had a technician ask me, "What do you think is a fair charge for labor?"

Got home and was talking to one of the lady rangers about the snake that lived in my wood pile and she wanted to see it. Our three and a half foot snake turned out to be a Timber Rattlesnake! I did not want to do it, but I killed it.

Tuesday morning and we watched them loading up the mules and horses to take up 30 day supply of materials, food, etc. for the two crews of college kids that are working here on the Appalachian Trail for a month. We think they are probably doing it for college credit in their major of forestry or some other allied curriculum. One crew led by a lady park employee and 8 boys hiked past us on the way up. Man, were their packs big and heavy looking. There was another group but I don't know which trail they took.

We went with Ruthie and Joe from Brooksville, to Ashville, NC for the day and it was great until a crazy guy in a pick up truck tried to run me down and I hit the pavement and really skinned up my knee, elbow, wrist, and hand. I thought it was all over that time.

Lost the battle of the networks. They are supposed to be sending me a waiver (to my Florida address) because I cannot receive Network stations, I am to sign and return it, and then they will send it to the local station and then they will send out a crew to check and see if I am telling the truth. The lady supervisor did not think that this would all be done by the time that we would be leaving on August 17<sup>th</sup>! If I get the letter before I leave here I will send it back with the Longitude and Latitude because there is absolutely no physical address where we are located. RIDICULOUS!





On the way back to our site we picked up a young man and his twelve year old daughter hitch hiking and took them back to their car. They had gotten on the wrong side of the river and they were quite tired when we picked them up. With all the activity in the area looking for the Atlanta Bomber and we go and get a soft heart and pick up two hitch hikers!

Our marijuana smoking couple checked out today and would you believe? They have seven kids. They were very well mannered kids and I really felt sorry for them. (The kids that is.)

Our NPS radio is asking for people to help a woman that cannot get back out of the woods and they are going to have to carry her out. Couldn't figure out why they needed so many people and then we found out later she weighed some 300 pounds and gave out walking one of the short trails. They took the litter in and carried her out to the parking lot and then cancelled the ambulance because she got up off the litter and walked to her car! The fellows were really not too happy over that one.

It is 8:00 PM and we are sitting here in the coach watching a deer about 50 feet away feeding in the woods. She has been rooting around in the underbrush for something and really working at it for the last 20 minutes. I put out some of the feed that the deer have been stealing from the horses. She can actually hear us talking to each other inside the motor home! Fantastic! It ended up being over a half an hour that we watched her.

Thursday morning and Bonnie is watching a doe and her very little fawn in the woods. Some of the college kids came into our area and they were looking for predatory type of plants like kudzu and logging their locations on a site map. They will then have the gangs come through and get rid of all the exotic, non-native plants that they can find.

Hey, two guys and another of the pack mules just came through. I wonder how far they took those supplies? They have been gone a couple of days themselves.

The new group camp bunch is here, some 25 people. Can you believe that they are bringing a breast fed six week old baby and a little girl that requires a vaporizer at night. Being soft hearted, we are giving them one of our circuits to use for that. We cannot believe that someone would bring little ones out into the woods, miles from help, and have nerve enough to ask for electricity. They will be running some 200 feet of cord to operate it.

We're heroes again. One of our campers walked down and gave me a set of keys that she found at the beginning of one of the trails up at the day use area. She had tried the key in the only Ford up there so she turned it in to us. Within 30 minutes one of the people from the Group Camp came over to tell me that he had lost his keys somewhere. I asked him the car make, he said Ford, and I handed them to him. He could not believe that he got them back and thanked me very profusely. From the looks and mentality of these people I have to believe that is the only set that he brought with him.

The same camper that gave me the keys also reported to me that someone was camping in the woods out on an island that they had gotten on to by going across the rocks and taking their gear over there. I reported it to the Rangers and those folks are not in the park anymore! They ran them out.

I got a report on the scruffy pair of guys that I had put into the horse camp last week and told the Ranger about. It seems that he caught them with marijuana pipes and a loaded 357 magnum in their gear. I knew that I did not like their looks!

Today we had a visit from our grandson Kelly and his wife. We got a chance to show them where we were located and the area. After seeing this I think they will come back and see us again. I need someone to check out some of the back country stuff with me, and Kel would be a good choice to go with me. We had two young scatter brained girls come in after the campground was full and I put them into one of the Horse Camp sites. Came back to the coach and a real thunderstorm came up. A wet bedraggled young fisherman walked into our area looking for two young girls in a red pick up truck. It sounded plausible but I just didn't know for sure. I told him where they were and then had second thoughts, jumped into the car, went down to the Horse Camp and they were gone. I then went up to the tent area and there they were—all of them. The girls didn't know how to put up the tent, the lightning hit, and they threw the tent, bedrolls and all, into the cab of the truck and ran off looking for the young guy that I sent down to the Horse Camp. He was on the trail and they were on the road, so they passed each other. I think they finally ended up in the tent area with one of our regulars, "Junior" who had plenty of room for them on his site.





We heard someone calling out for someone just now but he only yelled three times and that was it. Bonnie wouldn't let me go out and check, and we haven't heard anymore. Good!!

### Week 3

A very quiet start for the week. We went over and visited one of the other ranger near Gatlinburg and then went on up to Pigeon Forge for the day. Came back and checked out all of our responsibilities and went back to our coach and relaxed. Man, that Outlet Mall shopping is tough!

Wednesday, and we went in the other direction today. We went to breakfast at Shoneys, checked our Email at the library, went to another one of the Park campgrounds near the Cherokee reservation and then back here at 5:00 PM! We drove 160 miles, it's no wonder that I am tired. We gambled at the Harrah's casino on the reservation and we lost all of \$2.00 apiece in one and a half hours. We came back to find that our campground filled up by noon and now they have spilled over into our group camp area. It looks like we have put 20 campsites into a campground area that only claims 12 spaces! Nope, it turns out that 7 were a scheduled Group that I had put down for the wrong arrival today. We then put one more down at the Horse Camp.

One of the regulars at the Horse Camp kind of took a liking to us and gave us a bunch of vegetables out of his garden. Last week he gave me a couple of tomatoes and now today he gave us cabbage, potatoes, tomatoes, green onions, zucchini, and some "Bent Squash," all out of his garden. How 'bout that? He says, "people on farms never go hungry as long as they have their gardens."

We sure have had a lot of radio problems. First we had battery problems with our Handie Talkie and now the stupid thing won't transmit. I guess I will have to ask for another radio. Just had a meeting with the head ranger and he has ordered me another radio—GOOD! You really need help out here in the boonies and not having a radio and being miles from help is not good. A lady locked herself out of her car with the lights on and came looking for help. A gentleman drove her down and I gave her my "Slim Jim." She tried it and it was just a little too short, came back, and I gave her a coat hanger to try. It must have worked because she didn't come back.

Thursday morning and I did my 7:00 AM walk-thru of the tent area. Junior told me that the lady with the locked out problem was a nurse camped here with her husband and she would not go back to the site to tell her husband that she had locked herself out! She had all these guys helping her and all the time her husband was at her site. RIDICULOUS!

### Week 4

Here we go again. Two riders just reported gunfire on the trail in the back country and also the problem of two boys on mountain bikes on the same trail where they are definitely not allowed. The boys paid no attention to the warnings by the riders. They just told the riders to have a nice day and rode on up the trail. If they meet the rangers carrying AK47s going on up to the back country to check out the gunfire, they will have the daylighters scared out of them for sure!

MORE!! The 25 people group (Boy and Girl Scouts. Are they co-ed now?) has arrived and one of their cars were cut off by some drunks right at the park entrance, went off the road, and blew a tire. Nobody got hurt and no other car damage. I cannot get them any help for a report because I don't have any ranger vehicles within hours of here. The only 2 rangers on duty I have available are miles into the back country by now and walking. At least it makes it look good to have their empty cars sitting around.

I decided to go up to the tent area and see if we had any vacancies for a change. I am coming up to the area parking lot and here comes a horse at me at a full gallop. Both the horse and I really had to put on our brakes so that we would not run into each other. The rider and I had words—I am glad that he did not know that I had no one to back me up for miles. I asked him to leave and then drove back to an empty squad car and wrote a note to the guys about this experience and he rode off out of the park.

We heard the report on the radio—firecrackers—not gunfire! Now it is dark and they still have to walk back out over 5 miles in the dark.



The 14 boys and girls and their leaders have come back a day early from their big trip on the Appalachian Trail. They are absolutely beat! One of the boys had to be carried out and they all have suffered from sore feet and ankles, and also one boy had some 20 bee stings. One of the ladies said that in some places the trail is so narrow that you have to put one foot in front of the other and hope you don't slip over the side. No wonder we have heard about people falling over the side and requiring rescue efforts. The other 11 traveled in cars and did things the easy way.

What a small world. One of the tent campers is from Brooksville and we drove over to the other side of the park, a 170 mile trip and found a couple from Brooksville as hosts there! We have decided that we do not like any of the other places that were available to us for hosting. We sure have gotten to like our little place that we have here. This evening there were 2 deer grazing right by us and the hummingbirds were having a feeding frenzy at the feeder. What a riot watching them. It's really beautiful here.

Wednesday morning and we went to town for our Email and some supplies from Walmart. I was working on the computer and saw Bonnie talking to this young boy. It turns out that he was interviewing her about the computers that are available in the library that very few people use in this town. It also turns out he is the photographer for the town's newspaper and took my picture at the computer, without me knowing it. He was there to take pictures of the kids that were there for the annual Summer Reading Program luncheon.

We asked the librarian later when the pictures would be in the paper and she said that it sometimes took weeks. The reason for that was because they waited for the roll of film to be used up before they processed it and used it in the paper. The paper only comes out on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Who knows when it or if it will ever be printed

Haven't seen a ranger since the big "firecracker" incident Sunday and now it is Wednesday! There has not been one since Saturday in any of the campsites. They are just spread too thin for safety's sake. Middle of the week and we have a full tent campground, maximum in the group camp and all the horse stalls are taken but one. I did sneak two tents into one of the sites and they were both grateful for having a place for the night. I just no one else comes in; we don't have any more room!

Thursday and we decide that we will go into Asheville, NC today after we check things out in the tent area. We took the car and almost ran over a big Black or King snake in the road. Thank goodness we didn't get him. We enjoyed the trip to Asheville and had a great time. We even went in to the local library and sent Karen an electronic birthday card which saved us a 40 mile round trip to Newport, TN to do it. No, I did not get "almost run over" like the last time we were here.

Friday, and it is really raining and has been for two days. We always try to stay here in camp all day on Friday as much as possible. So I waxed all the woodwork in the interior and vacuumed the floors. I know we will track it all up again with all the wet leaves out there but it looks nice for a little while anyway.

Saturday morning, and we went into town to get some breakfast, came back, and the hummingbird feeder is empty. Bonnie refilled it and now we are watching 6 birds trying to get at 3 feeding holes! We now have a new "bully" guarding the feeder but he is much slower than the last one and now more birds are able to sneak in. The deer are visible but not very close. I guess the 25 people in the Boy Scout group in the group camp are keeping them away. The scouts are leaving today and it was a real pleasure to have them here all the way from New Orleans, Louisiana, area. Wow, did they ever police up the area. There was not one tiny piece of debris when they left here. I was so impressed with this group that I put them on our family Web Page that I have been working on. I can't wait to see this page, when I get it "on line" when we get home. Also, many people are interested in seeing it when it gets on the web.

It is afternoon and Bonnie is down counting the money deposited by the various campers, with the lady ranger in charge of the money counting. I get a call on the radio asking me to go down and check on a 911 call that came from the pay phone at the Ranger Station. Everything down there had been quiet and we figured out that it was a young lad that had tire trouble and had been helped by the lady ranger. She called a tow truck for him, but he got it fixed and left the scene.

Saturday night and the campground is full, as usual. I have put two fellows and their 3 little ones in an empty site at the Horse Camp and then had a "mountain" woman with 3 kids and two dogs come in at 8:00 PM. She was really





driving a beat up car with the headlight and parking light laying in the back seat. I put her in the Horse Camp and about 9:00 PM I can hear the loudest barking that I have heard since we got here and it does not stop! Yep, it is the lady that I put up for the night and her dog will not shut up. It is driving everyone nuts and she is over 1/4 of a mile away. The horses are really getting nervous and so are all the people. I had a little talk with her and she finally agreed to leave just as soon as she fed the kids. AH! It is peaceful again and everyone turned in for another quiet night.

Oops, how 'bout that? A guy comes in and wants to stay here for the night even though everything is full. He insists that there is room for him in the Group Camp site but I told him that I was under orders from the head ranger not to put anyone in there if a group is in there and paying their \$40.00 per night. He got quite upset and told me that he was "Somebody" and would be in Washington on Monday and tell the Secretary of the Interior about his shabby treatment. As he said, "I know him personally!" Can they fire me and the head ranger? I doubt it because they don't pay me anything and I don't think the rangers are very worried about him. Fun!

Sunday morning and I am doing my early morning rounds. Junior is already packed up and going home. He is here almost every weekend and is a Mountain Man that is a delight to talk to. Whenever I talk to these Mountain People I sure do say a lot of time, "What?" He said the next time that he came in he and I would go over to a place outside of the park for an egg sandwich that everyone likes so well.

The bird feeder has so many humming birds at the feeder that they are now trying to feed on our patio lights hanging from our awning! If we had more feeders we would probably be able to have more room for all the birds.

Can you believe that there has still not been a ranger in the tent site area for eight days? The head ranger told us that is because we do such a thorough job that they leave us alone. I sure will be glad when our ranger comes back off of vacation next week and we have some coverage. The people in the tent area change so often that they do not realize that somebody besides us should be checking on them. I just keep on doing my thing and having a ball.

Got an Email from Ruth and Joe from Brookridge and they asked me to find out for them if I could get them some info on working on one of these same volunteer jobs for next year. They sure enjoyed being here for those two days. They only spent a few hours at our site but they sure enjoyed it.

## Week 5

Monday morning and we are going to run around today. After we did our campground check we got in the car and went back to Greeneville, TN. The town is named after our grandson Nate Hofmann's namesake, Nathaniel Greene. It is much larger than we thought and had many interesting places to visit. The highlight of the day was Bonnie finding a Big Lot store and getting 90% off Christmas items. She was in shoppers' heaven for a little while. Our house is definitely not large enough to handle all the decorations that she now owns. She will have a lot of fun decorating for Christmas this year!

We had a deer come into our site and we watched her for quite some time this evening. The fawn was supposedly behind our coach but we did not see her. One of the does was over in the deserted Horse Camp munching on left over hay in the stalls.

As usual we are full in the tent campground and we even had a car come through at 11:30 PM! This campground is definitely too small for it's location only about five miles from the interstate highway.

Tuesday morning and I have 4 people lying on the ground in the tent area in sleeping bags, the couple and their little ones, that came through at 11:30 last night is in their car sleeping (they apologized for waking me up), and a young lad is sleeping in his van and told me he had come in at 4:00 AM. I don't like having too much conversation with some of these guys by themselves with the "Atlanta Bomber" less than 30 miles away when last seen. The lad stopped by the Ranger Station while I was down there, bought a trail map and went on his way.

Wednesday morning and I have just made my rounds of the tent and day areas. Somebody had a beer bash last night in the parking lot. I threw away some empty cases and bottles and found that one of the garbage cans was already full of beer cases and bottles! I wonder how much they drank? We have a Gibbs (Bonnie's maiden name) in the tent area and also a ranger out of Florida. He works in the Everglades and asked if we wanted to come down





and volunteer there. The answer, "No Way!" We only had one overflow group and I put them in the Horse Camp. They are locals and like to be by themselves and fish— Bonnie says, "Yeah and smoke their pot." Time to go to the big city of Newport for breakfast and the wonderful world of Walmart.

Would you believe that a couple and their 3 boys came in this evening and they are horse breeders out of Alabama and using a horse trailer as their utility trailer but no horse? They were thrown out of one of the campgrounds here because they do not have an RV or utility trailer and now the powers that be want them out of here because they don't have a horse! They cannot go up to our tent area because no horse trailers are allowed on that road. We finally worked around things and they are going to pay for their non-existent horse.

Thursday and I am waxing my coach and getting ready to leave these parts in less than two weeks. Also we are going out to dinner with Kel and Dawn in Newport, TN tonight. We might as well go, we have been full since noon, and I just hate to tell people that we have no room for them.

Our regular bird feeders sure did nothing. (One of them actually had the bird seed sprout!) But our hummingbird feeder is going great. Today we had 8 of them going nuts around the feeder at one time! It is really funny to watch them and their antics. I can walk up pretty close to them but all attempts to take their picture just does not work. They just do not show up on my digital camera at all.

Friday— Ozone Alert! We were officially notified today by a directive from the park superintendent that we are under an alert. Apparently the pollution comes down on one of the Lows and then gets trapped here in the mountains. Bonnie and I are both experiencing discomfort and are really taking it easy. I woke up at 4:00 AM with breathing trouble and Bonnie has been having a tightness in her chest for more than two days.

We cannot keep the hummingbird feeder filled anymore. We put in over half a container and it disappeared while we ran into town to do our Email! Maybe I should have had more feeders, but we only have 10 days to go and there is no need for that now.

Well, we finally have our own ranger, Paul, back. He is working 10 hours per day, which gives him 3 days off and we are without coverage on those days. As long as we have our radios we are okay. Since he is back, the "crazys" have come out of the woodwork. We had one lady go roaring through our area, apparently looking for a campsite. We had just seen her going through the horse area looking and she is so frantic that she didn't even stop to ask about camping. Then another woman comes down and wants to sleep in her van down here because she does not want to stay in the tent with the fellow that brought her and "the campground is too noisy and smoky." I told her to go back and talk to the ranger when he comes through and she went into the Day Area parking lot and stayed there for the night. I closed our gate to stop the weird traffic coming through here. I saw her and did not bother her but Paul roused her out and said to me that he sent my "Airhead" back up to the campground.

Talk about "Airheads," Paul went over to another campground to help count money yesterday and saw a van parked just inside the park next to a wild apple tree. It looked like whoever was in the van was eating the apples because there were cores all over. Then he spotted this "thing" walking down the road and did not know if it was a man or a woman. Then he saw why. It was a woman wearing a gas mask! She explained that she could not stand the pollution created by the campfires and there was also an Ozone alert going on, so that was the reason for the gas mask!

The radio has been going all morning, due to break in, theft, and vandalism, to 8 cars in an area quite some distance from here. They seem to be hitting that area quite often. It seems to be an area where the locals do not like the Park Service and it has rubbed off on their kids. This was to be another Gatlinburg but the EPA stopped construction of the scenic highway that was being built and now it is a road to nowhere. All the people that were going to make a fortune out of the tourist boom are now left with land that they purchased at inflated pricing, which now has deteriorated in value due to the highway construction stop.

Last night we watched a big old hairy spider building a web on our awning rail and Bonnie is really ready to get out of here and back home to Florida!

Sunday morning and there have been more break-ins at that same location again, but not as many as yesterday. Walked through the tent area and found two young girls laying on the ground and sound asleep— I could never do





that! Found a pop up and two tents down in the Horse Camp but they were making breakfast and will be on their way before any rangers catch them and give them any trouble. If our ranger catches them he won't say anything because he is a very people oriented person and wouldn't hassle them at all.

We are going to Morristown (about 45 miles) to go to the flea market and then come back about halfway to Newport to go to the "Big" Cocke county fair. I'll bet it is a little one but we shall see. LITTLE? The fair was almost nonexistent. It seems that they don't really get in the swing of things until Monday evening. The rides aren't even up yet and it started on Friday! The Flea Market also left much to be desired.

## Week 6

Yep, this is our last week here and it seems like someone closed the gate on this place. It has suddenly gotten deserted and boring here. We have 2 parties staying over, in the Tent Camp and none in the Group Camp and one in the Horse Camp. Since we have been here July first, we have had one night that one spot stayed open and the last two nights we have had four vacancies each night. The kids are going back to school this week and you can tell it.

Thank goodness that we have CBS on our satellite dish and video tapes from WalMart! This is going to be my last chance this week for any more pictures for my Web Page and I have quite a few still to take. I did get one of the BIG bugs that we see at night. It must have gotten the gloomy wet day confused with night time.

Tuesday, and it has rained all day and when it does these roads get slippery and then embankments and trees fall into the creeks. Sure enough, a car has gone into one of the larger creeks and they got one person out, but three are still in the car and cannot move. It is going to require rescue units and wreckers among others. The only ranger that we had for 25 miles has gone to the scene to assist, so we are without assistance again. Oh well, we are used to this so what the heck. This is on the other side of the park again, thank goodness. It is exciting to listen to all of these things, but we can only hope that everyone will be okay. The first reports is that they are elderly (probably younger than us!) And have stroke and heart histories. They got everybody out, took them to the hospital, pulled out the car and now things are quiet again.

Wednesday and I take back what I said about the gate being closed here. We not only filled up but I "caught" two sleeping in their van. I walked away and acted as if I didn't see them. However, leaving their shoes on the roof kind of gave them away. Well, it's off to town for our last regular mail from home and the next to the last time for getting our Email. Even I am getting kind of excited about the thought of going home.

Thursday and things are still pretty quiet. One couple from New Jersey was hiking along the creek bank and found an old concrete base for some kind of pilings. On it were scratched some names. One of them down near the base and sideways appeared to say, "Jesse James, 1907, could that be?"

Friday morning and the New Jersey people left us their name and phone because they were so interested in the signature on the concrete. I can't believe it at all. We have a very interesting meeting to go to this afternoon concerning the Park's problems with Horse and Group Camp reservations. Should be fun.

I guess we will have to wait till we get home to solve the puzzle of the Jesse James autograph on the piling base. It seems this was the base for an old railroad trestle for a track that came into a big plant of some kind many years ago. The rangers agreed that the signature was there but that was as far as they would go.

The campground is full and can you believe, a boy scout troop came in from Alabama and we had to turn them away. Boy, that was really hard to do! I cannot believe trying to come in here without any idea of what they were getting into or trying to get reservations. They had a printout of the area off of the internet and it showed that we only had 12 sites, and tents only. They are pulling a pop up too! DUMB! It is after 8:00 PM and no one is in the Group Camp and I could have put the scouts in there. DARN! We did put them in the Horse Camp for one night.

Well, it is Saturday, and we put the scouts in the Group Camp this morning because the people scheduled in did not show. They were really grateful. The scouts went rafting this afternoon and had a really good rapids coming down. In fact they were so good that I got out and took some last pictures of the activity. The pictures came out beautifully and are now the last ones on our Family Web Page.



We went up to my favorite restaurant just outside of the park for one last time before we leave here. Trucks were out there with dogs tied to short 6" leashes on top of cages with a bunch of young dogs in them. When inside I got into a conversation with one of the maintenance people from the park, and for the past many weeks when talking to these mountain people, my constant remark has been, "WHAT?!" However, I was carrying on a lively conversation and Bonnie said something to me and I said to her, "WHAT?!" and she said it was time for us to go home to Florida because now you don't understand me! While we were there we met and talked with the bear hunters that owned the dogs. These people spend upwards of some \$7000.00 each for a trained bear dog! Upon looking at these people you realized that they were people with quite a bit of money. Each dog has a directional binding collar on it so that they know where the dog is at as long as he is within a few miles. By spreading out and using walkie-talkies they can keep pretty good track of their dogs. They can even tell if they have a bear treed because a mercury switch in the collar emits an intermittent signal to let you know the dog is looking up at a treed bear. The season for teaching the dogs begins today for over a month and then the actual bear hunting season is in mid October. What an interesting bit of information I got from these people.

Now we have a young lad trying to get some of the campground fees out of the pipe safe. We don't think that he got anything but will have to see when Bonnie counts the money this afternoon. Hope it comes out right. Oops! He is back again. I just saw him going down the trail to the Horse Camp and he could be making another try at the Fee Envelope pipe safe. I called the ranger, he spotted the boy, and the kid took off towards us. Would you believe that the ranger called me to "hold him" if I see him. How does a 71 year old catch a 13 year old? I asked him to stop and would you believe it, he did. I would never have caught him if he wanted to run.

Bonnie is doing her last money counting job for the campground and I am sitting here waiting for her and doing this typing. It usually takes some 2 hours to get everything up to date and reconciled, we shall see.

Sunday—time to leave and head for home. Our area ranger, Paul stopped by to say goodbye, asked us to come back next year and updated me on the young lad and the pipe safe. It seems he saw other teens doing it the last time that he was camping here and apparently saw how much money there was for the taking. By the time Paul and the boy got done with him I believe that he has learned his lesson, and that is good. This was probably the first theft attempt by this 13 year old honor student and being caught might be good for him and deter any future attempts at crime! We have apparently solved the previous shortages problem in the horse camp, great!

I washed the coach, it started a downpour before I was even half way through and we are on the way to Savannah and eventually, before the end of the week, home.





## INTERVIEW WITH ALBERT HOFMANN

I conducted this interview with Albert William Hofmann in December of 1996 at his home in Brookville, Florida. At the time of the interview, he was 72 years old. The initials, R.H., are my own.

R.H.: What's the first thing you can remember?

A.H.: Four years old. My grandmother coming to the United States.

R.H.: Grandma Petersen?

A.H.: Yes, I met her in Gary at the train depot. I can still see the train. I can still see the engine. I can still see the train coming down the track at night with head lights, and here was this little old lady coming off.

R.H.: Did you know it was your grandmother?

A.H.: Oh, yeah, because Dad and Mom, they took me down there to meet her, and I thought, man, she was really old. She was really little. Almost my size, I thought. At that time I thought she was my size, and I'll never forget that. Of course, she only spoke German. Couldn't speak English. I couldn't speak German, so we had a devil of a time communicating.

R.H.: I thought you spoke German.

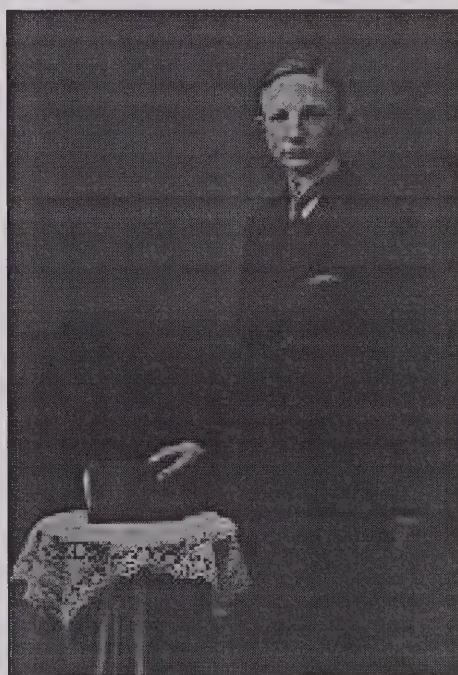
A.H.: I learned after Grandma came. That's when I learned to speak German. I spoke German from the time I was four until the time I was 18 when I got married. And I never spoke it again after that. But I spoke it every day from four to 18.

R.H.: Did she come over because her husband died?

A.H.: Yeah, and Mom brought her over here. My Mom and Dad.

R.H.: They were still married then?

A.H.: Yeah, that was just about a year before they got the divorce. And then Mom and I moved to Hammond. She wanted to get away from him. And we moved to Hammond and took Grandma with us, and we lived in Hammond for years after that. (Pictured below are Wilhemina and Kurt Hofmann.)



R.H.: You lived with your mother?

A.H.: I lived with Mother and Grandmother over on Calumet Street in Hammond for quite a long time, and I can't think of anything that happened then.

I can remember one night they went out to get something for Christmas or something. It was cold, and the snow was on the ground. And I woke up. Mom said that was the first time they'd ever left me alone.





We lived on the second floor. And I woke up, and the apartment was empty, and I got scared and ran out. No shoes on in the snow. I was I think five then. I can remember that one, too. Walked down about 2 blocks. There was a Graham Dealer, Graham Page Automobiles two blocks down. They saw me. They were working inside there. Setting up a showroom or something. And they grabbed me and brought me inside the showroom cuz it was cold. And I was in my pajamas, barefooted, no coat. They didn't know me, but I was able to tell them where I was from and what was the matter. I had lost my grandmother and mother. Scared the living hell out of my mother and grandmother. And they told me afterwards.

R.H.: Did they seem more German or more American?

A.H.: Well, probably, you know my grandmother was an old, old lady when I met her. She must have been at least 40 we figured out later. But she was white-haired and dressed very old-worldish. They wore the widow's weeds. Black. She wore black for years and years.

R.H.: When did Adams come into the picture?

A.H.: I don't know exactly when that was. Grandma and I, when my Mom started going with him, we kind of resented him. Cuz he was very, very rough. *Rough* meaning *uncouth* for want of a better word. He really wasn't uncouth. But we looked at him as from the sticks—that kind of a person. He was a gang foreman at the railroad. He was a foreman for the section gangs. He worked with these Black people all day long and the Mexicans. That came home with him at night. He didn't speak to you like we talk to each other. He talked railroad. And so we, Grandma and I, we just couldn't seem to get along with him. And I think Mom would really have felt better if those two were alone. So then Grandma and I went on our own, and we went down to Wilcox Street in Hammond. Had a house to ourselves. No, first Mom was with us there, and then Adams, he bought a house about two blocks down. She married him and moved in with him. And Grandma and I lived in this house. We stayed there together. We had no money. I was 8 or 9 then. It was tough going. I didn't know it was tough, but it really was.

I thought I was the worst kid in the world. I was really bad. I'd have to go to bed at night without dinner because I was so bad. Didn't know there wasn't any dinner. There was nothing to eat.

Then the big deal, of course, was at Christmas time. Worst kid in the world again. At night. It wasn't really Santa Claus. I can't remember what they called it. But they would leave you a fruit. If you were a good kid, you'd get a fruit by your bed. When you woke up in the morning, there'd be an orange there or an apple. Man, I got a lot of coal. I got so much coal. I'd get a lump of coal because I was bad.

Now I know and later on in life I learned from my Mom that the reason I got the coal wasn't because I was bad. The reason I got the coal was because there wasn't nothing else there. They didn't have anything else to do.

We slept up on the second floor. I can remember that. It was a little house. Downstairs all we had was a kitchen and a living room. We had a stove in there, a space heater. But it was coal. We had to stoke it. I can remember running like hell from the upstairs to the downstairs in the winter time because, man, it was cold down there. But then, of course, the water was down on the first floor. There was no running water up there because it would freeze up. They shut it off in the winter time. The landlord did—the people in the front. Betts. It was Betts.

R.H.: Your mother must have paid the bills for that house, I would think.

A.H.: No, we were on relief. Grandma and I went on relief. We got our food from the township. That was how they did it then. The township gave us food.

R.H.: All the time?

A.H.: Yeah, we got \$5 a month for food. And so then Grandma and I would go behind.... Over on Michigan Avenue was an old IGA store. We'd go back there and go through the produce that they'd thrown away. She knew how to make turnips. She went through WWI over there, and that's all they had was turnips. She could make turnips 50 different ways. They were always throwing turnips away because nobody wanted them. So we'd get the turnips, and she'd fix them somehow.

I never knew it was tough going. I thought I was really living the good life and here...

R.H.: Did relief pay for the apartment then?

A.H.: Yeah, the people that owned the house had some kind of a deal with the township to where they picked up the majority of the money. And probably Uncle Jim Adams—I think he still picked up a portion of it because they still had a responsibility.

And then, of course, I remember going to court. God! If I did it once, I must have done it five times. We'd go to court and my dad would try to get the support money reduced. He was paying \$2.50 a month. And Mom wanted \$5. I didn't even live with her. She'd give me all these lies to tell about my dad so she'd get the sympathy





of the court.

I found out if you lied—I got a BB gun one time and I got something else another time. I tell you that was very difficult for me later in life because I learned if you lied, you'd get more. If you think that wasn't hard to mark out of my head—not to do that.

I do owe my dad something. I learned how not to treat my children. I think I had more love for my children even though I had a very difficult time showing it. Because I used to get the hell beat out of me for "affection." Affection would always backfire on me with my father. And my mother was a very cold woman. She couldn't show affection or love. It was very difficult for her. So I had to become the same way in life. It was very hard for me to touch a person or put my arms around a person. Very difficult.

R.H.: Your father would hit you for touching him?

A.H.: It wasn't really that. You'd come up to him thinking you would get a hug or something—And I learned don't go too close because you don't know if he had a bad day or not.

I can remember one time I opened the glove compartment on an old '26 Oldsmobile and it had a little food storage thing in there. He had candy bars in there, and I took one. I got the living crap beat out of me for that one. Hell, I didn't get candy that often. Christmas I'd get some down at the Township shelter, you know—when they handed out the stuff for Christmas. I got the living hell beat out of me for that one.

I can't remember any other correction of any kind other than getting yelled at. That's the only time I can remember actually being touched or hit.

R.H.: Was Grandma Petersen loving?

A.H.: I guess she was in her own way. I don't know—the German people looked like it was a sign of weakness to show affection—in my estimation.

I got my first job at 12 in order to help Grandma and I out because we really had tough going. I worked 2 jobs. I set pins at Twentieth Century Bowling Alley at night, and I had—at one time when I wasn't setting pins—I had five paper routes. I had two in the morning, and I had three *Daily News* routes in the evening. In the afternoon, the *Chicago Daily News* and in the morning the *Chicago Tribune*.

R.H.: How much did you get paid for that?

A.H.: You were paid commission by how many people you had. So I just got all the people I could get, you know. Then you got fifty cents if you were able to get a new one that would stay with you for three months. I'd do some of that. That was my first salesmanship.

It was tough going though because if you had a person who called and said they didn't get their paper, it cost you fifty cents for them to go out and deliver it. And I'll tell you, you didn't make much more than five bucks in the five routes. You didn't make much money in a week.

You collected every week. You had to go to all those people and collect every week. I used to collect every two weeks. One I'd collect three, and then the other two the other week. I did it that way.

On my bike. I delivered on a bike. You couldn't have walked it. It was too far. I started on Walbus (?) Street clear up to 169<sup>th</sup> so that was 2-3 miles. It was wide besides that.

R.H.: What was your next job?

A.H.: Oh—at 15 I went on the railroad. Because of the war I got on. My parents had to sign a waiver. So I went on the railroad. I lived in Hammond and had to go to Blue Island, so I got a car. I got a special permit to drive a car.

Then I worked at Quint Brothers garage. I went to school, worked at Quint Brothers garage, and worked nights on the railroad. A whole eight-hour shift on the railroad and two or three hours at Quint Brothers every day.

R.H.: How were your grades?

A.H.: Not too well. They were not very good. The emphasis was not academic at that time anyway. The emphasis was to get out and get a job. And then, of course, the war effort. It was to get out of school as quickly as you could so you could help out your country. That's what I did. I left school early and joined the military.

Of course, there's a story behind that, too. I was an *incorrigible*. I wasn't really. I was a Casper Milquetoast. But what happened was—when you work full time—eight hours—on the railroad and three hours or two hours at Quint Brothers and then try to go to school at 8 A.M.—you had to be there at 8:20—so I had to barrel from Blue Island, Illinois, to Hammond to go to school. I fell asleep in one of the teachers' class. One of the nicest old men you ever saw.

Pop Witham—nice man. He had just had it that day for some reason. He had a yardstick, and he hit me with the yardstick. I took the yardstick away from him, and I beat him to smithereens with that yardstick. When I



was done with that yardstick, there was nothing left except the piece I still had in my hand. I just beat it all to devil.

I went down to Mr. Spone, the principal, and he says, "Albert, that's it. We can't keep you here. You now have a record with us, and we can't keep you." I says, "Well, I've enlisted in the air corps. I'm just waiting to graduate." He says, "Fine. We'll take care of that." He wrote a letter, said I was incorrigible. Seemed to be more interested in helping his country than in getting an education. So they said, "Okay, we'll take him, and we'll give him credit towards his diploma." And that's how I got my high school diploma.

I'd never had any other problems before that. It was just that one time. I spent all my time over at Hammond Tech anyway with Bonnie.

R.H.: Why were you at Hammond High?

A.H.: I had enrolled at Hammond Tech. Hammond Tech used to be over on Hohman Avenue as Hammond High School, and then they built the new Hammond High School over on Calumet Avenue which was miles away, and they moved the old Hammond High School off Hohman Avenue. It was an old dilapidated building. So they used this old building for Hammond Tech Vocational School. I had enrolled at Hammond Tech because I wanted to get skills for going on the railroad and improve myself. I knew I was going on the railroad because Uncle Jim, my stepfather, he was on the railroad. I was going to earn my keep because by this time Grandma had gotten sick, and we had moved back in with them. She died of cancer of the stomach.

So I had enrolled in Hammond Tech, and I walked in that school, and I looked at that thing. And a piece of plaster had fallen off the ceiling and hit the desk. And I said, "The heck with this. I'm not going to this school." And I walked out and went to Hammond High. I didn't know Bonnie at that time.

Then when I went to Quint Brothers, her mom was driving a parts truck for Quint Brothers. And so that was how I met Bonnie.

My only friends in Hammond High School were the kids from over in East Hammond—the incorrigibles, the low lifes—and the Black kids from East Hammond. Those were my friends. I knew them from my paper route. The route was over there. The Black guys and the Bohunks from East Hammond.

I swam. I got into swimming because you had some sort of physical education you had to take for your credits. So I took swimming. I said, "I'm going to learn how to swim." I seemed to be a natural for it. So Coach Davey, the swimming coach, he took me under his wing. I actually tied the state record, and I was only a freshman. Of course, we had a twenty-yard pool, and that was not the right length—it was twenty-five. They had a special category for students whose pools were twenty yards. He wanted me to go on. He said, "You can get a scholarship, the way you swim." My stepfather said, "Bull crap. That boy is going to earn. I've carried him all these years. It's his turn to start carrying me." Davey offered to let me come live with him—he and his wife. I didn't do it. I was scared. I was 14. At 14 you are scared to walk away from even as poor a family as I'd got and be alone.

Oh, Uncle Jim, he made sure I got on the railroad at 15. Legally I could get on there then. He got me a job there. I packed boxes. Journal boxes on the box cars. There's an axle that protrudes from each side of the wheel and goes into a journal box where there's a bearing. I'd oil and pack those. We'd get these oil trains and the perishable trains come in at night, and we had to go oil all the boxes on it. They'd be out there on the main line. We had to go out there just as fast as we could so that train could go on. It was required by law every so many miles they had to be inspected.

The caboose was on; the engine was on; they were waiting for you to get done so they could go on—that was the B&O, over in Blue Island.

I did that until I went to the service, to the Air Corps. When I came back in '47, I asked for my seniority back. Because they had not given it back to me because I quit, they said. I said, "No, I didn't. I went into the service. Here's my records." And I got my seniority back.

I found out that packing boxes was not what I wanted to do the rest of my life. So I decided, I thought I wanted to be a car man.

R.H.: What's that?

A.H.: You repaired the boxcars. I started at night. I wanted to try to make as much money as I could and going at night, you got a differential. It was hard work because these were all the rush cars that came in during the evening, and you had to try to get them repaired as quickly as you could and get them going again.

Then I got a job as a burner. This was still the B&O. I got an acetylene torch and learned how to burn. Like if you took a journal box off, you had to burn the bolts off because they were usually rusted solid, and you couldn't get them off. But you had to be careful that you didn't burn the box. So I learned to be a pretty good burner. Sometimes we'd have to change the couplers, the draw bars. The entire draw bar. Then you had to burn off some of the bolts and cut holes so you could bolt them back together again.

I found out that I didn't want to do this forever because, man, it was tough. In the winter time you had





these refrigerated cars full of ice. And they would drip. The water was salt water because you'd put salt on the ice to keep it from melting too fast. Here I'd be laying in that salt water at 10 degrees below zero. I said I don't think I want to be doing this too long. So I went to switching. I started switching boxcars. And I did that and kept trying to get higher paying jobs as I went. Started with the steam engines, as a switchman, of course.

When the 40 year syndrome hit me, when I became 40 years of age, it hit me one day, and I said, "Wait a minute, when I started this job, I stepped one foot off the ground onto the footboard of an engine, and I'm still there today." I said there's got to be something else.

When I worked on the railroad, I wasn't making what I thought was enough. I worked a full time job. For a while I was cleaning rugs and then helping a guy out. And, of course, I was always shooting pictures to get money for Christmas. Photography.

Then I had a full time job in the steel mills, switching. Then one night I jumped on this car as we were pulling the ladle car full of molten iron. I jumped on this thing and there was no sill step, no stirrup for my feet, and I just dropped. And all I could see when I looked down was where they dumped the molten steel into this great big ladle, and I said, "You know what? This ain't for me." I worked there just two months.

Then I was working at Towers one night— when a train comes in from the East, it goes into the hump, and then we classify these cars. Some go to— We were an industrial railroad. We serviced all the plants and all the railroads in the Chicago area. As we always said, "We are not very long, but we are wide." You would classify the cars and send them out. You'd send some to CBQ Railroad, some to the Sioux Railroad, some to industrial plants, and things like that.

We had 36 classified tracks but some of those had 10-12 designations. Some of them didn't get very many cars from us. So these guys would go out on the outer belt. We'd have them all classified. They'd cut off three head cars. Maybe these three would go to IC South. They'd cut them out and go back on the train.

R.H.: The train comes in. They stop at the hump?

A.H.: It pulls into the hump. The engine goes off to the Roundhouse to be serviced. Then they take the caboose off and put it over where they store the cabooses because those guys are over the road guys. They weren't allowed to do anything in the yard. Then the car men would bleed the air out of the train because the brakes were all flopped up. Then they would check all cars to make sure there was no damaged vehicles in there. If there were, they would call it a bad order, and they would mark it, and we would send it over to the repair tracks to be repaired for those guys to repair it. After it was all blowed out and ready to be humped, we would hump it. We had 14 tracks there in the hump.

Cars come up, and you had a typewritten list that came in over the teletype in those days, and it had all the numbers of the cars on it, and the ultimate destination of the cars, and you had to know if you were the conductor— and I used to do that all the time— I liked to be the conductor of the hump— and you had to know where that — you'd mark it on your list with your pencil— and you could get maybe 2 or 3 cars to go at one time, otherwise you had to keep pulling one car at a time. And that hump where I used to work all the time, that's where Bonnie's uncle was killed. He was a conductor. Clark (Moon)— He was killed there because what happened was— Clark had a long overcoat on. You were not allowed to do that, but we all did it. We'd go in between because you couldn't whip the pin, they called it. You couldn't uncouple that car, so rather than stopping the train that you were humping, you



stepped in between the cars and reached and lifted it up with your hand and pulled it that way. And as it started to break away, you'd jump out because the other car was coming behind you, too. And he got his coat caught, they say, in the wheel of the car, and it just climbed right up on him, and it killed him. That was Clark.

That was an interesting job. I liked the towers the best. You made more money, and you got to be inside, and you had a little stove that you could keep warm with, and it was a lot easier work.

R.H.: What did you do in the towers?

A.H.: There were five towers on this





hump. The chief, as they called him, the guy in the junction tower, he would send the cars down two primary leads. You had retarders you slowed the cars down so that they didn't run wide open down there and crash down there and bust up. And then you would divert these cars into these different tracks either to the right or left. And the chief also had two or three tracks that he had to handle and handle the retarders on. You were really busy. It was complicated.

Nowadays it's all automated. It's all computerized. The only time the tower operators touch a switch is manually to allow an engine that's been down there coupling up tracks — they allow him to come up. The actual humping of the train is all done automatically today. We had to do it all manually. It was kind of tough because if you weren't careful, you'd throw a switch right under a car, and I tell you, that really caused a lot of trouble because you'd derail it. You'd probably throw and put the next car right inside of it. I had that happen many times.

R.H.: How did you get that back on?

A.H.: Well, depended on how bad you did. Sometimes you could pull it back on with re-railers that we had. Or sometimes you'd have to call the wrecker out and pick it up. They had investigations on that kind of stuff.

I bemoan the fact that the railroads are no longer the entity that they were. I think that this government missed the boat because you go anywhere else in the world, and the railroad is still a viable, necessary part of transporting goods. Here we do it all by trucks. You've got all these millions of trucks on the roads, beating the hell out of the roads. You could put 100 trucks on a train. For every truck you've got a driver and equipment and breaking up the roads. You could put them on a train and get them there. The problem is you can't get them as selective, especially with all the railroads being torn up and put out of business. There's just no place for it to go. You can't go to these different plants like they used to.

R.H.: How many guys worked out on the hump?

A.H.: Oh, quite a few. In the winter time we had as many as three hump crews, three engines working, and then, of course, three switchmen and two up in the engine. And then you had the five retarder operators. And when you worked the South Hump— when I first started on the railroad, you had hump riders, cuz the South Hump was a small hump, and it was very difficult to control those cars over there because you had such a short run. And it was just as steep as the North Hump. So what they did was, we had hump riders. You would get on a car— if it were a dangerous car— the hump rider would ride that car until it reached the other cars on the track, and he would stop it there. You used a brake club if it was one of the old ones. In those days we had a lot of the old type brakes— one wheel like a steering wheel sticking straight up in the air? We used to like the other ones. The steering wheel ones were tough because they didn't have any power. All it did was wrap a chain around this rod, and you just couldn't keep it tight enough to really stop those things, so when it was your turn to ride a bad car, you'd walk back down while they were humping and get on that car and test the brake and see how good it was before you got over the top of that hill because that was kind of late to test that brake out. Because if it didn't work, you'd have to yell, and they'd have to shove that car over. The yard master never liked to do that because he wanted to keep his car count up. It was exciting, especially at night. You'd be riding down there with some heavy cars that they wanted you to ride because they were afraid they were too heavy, that they'd get away from them. And you'd be riding that car in the dark and looking down there in the dark. You'd see them cars ahead of you, and you'd say, "Ok, I've got about three or four hundred feet at least before I have to really tie this brake down." And here's a bunch of flat cars. And you hit them things. I got knocked off. I tell you, that'll scare the daylights out of you when you're flying through the air. I only did that once. I got knocked off once.

R.H.: Did you get hurt?

A.H.: No, I just landed on the flat car and that was all. But, I mean, Jesus! Did it hit! They said they heard it hit. They figured that guy's dead. They came down there to see if I was ok. I limped around for a while, but it didn't work. They put me on another car and made me ride another one down.

R.H.: Did you like working on the railroad?

A.H.: Oh, yeah. I think it was an exciting time in my life. Early railroading was an exciting time. After that, it got to be old hat.

R.H.: Was there a lot of camaraderie?

A.H.: Yes, yes. They would think nothing— like a guy— I remember one case. A guy called me at 3 o'clock in the morning. He said, "Al, I've got a chance to buy some golf clubs for \$5. Would you like them?" Bonnie says, "You guys are nuts." Didn't think a thing of it. They didn't think anything about calling me. I didn't think anything about answering the phone. We were so used to it. We lived on call. We never knew if we would be called at one o'clock





in the morning or get called at three o'clock in the afternoon.

R.H.: You didn't have a regular shift?

A.H.: I did later on. Yes, but for the first few years, you were on the extra board. And then when the forty-hour week came in, when it first came in, we were short-handed. So you got a chance to go on an extra board like for any extra work that came along. Man, I would get on that sucker right now. You never knew when that was going to come along. That was time and a half. You had to be there for that one.

R.H.: Bonnie's father, Lowell Gibbs, worked on the railroad.

A.H.: Yes, he was a yard clerk over in East Hammond. They were car checkers. He was in the industrial part in East Hammond. He went to all these industries—and there were a lot of them. Like where Allen started—LaSalle Steel. And he would go in there and check all these cars to make sure that they were in the right place, whether they were empty or full and how long they'd been there. Because these people had to pay to merge if they were in there more than 72 hours. So he had to do all that.

R.H.: Have you ever been back to the hump?

A.H.: Yes, when Hedgie was alive, he took me out there. Hedgie Hendricks. About four or five years ago. We went out there, and it was so sad to see the hump gone—both humps. They had torn them all down in order to—. What killed the railroads was taxation. What they did was tore this all down so they wouldn't have to pay taxes. There's all the rails still there, but the buildings are bulldozed down; the signal towers were all knocked down; the hump towers were all knocked down. It was sad to see it all gone.

R.H.: Does the hump look like a hill?

A.H.: Yes, it's a hill. It's a real gradual slope where the inbound trains came in. And then there's a very severe drop where the classification part of the tracks started because you had to build this speed up to get them off because in those days, not all cars rolled the same. Some cars rolled faster than others. Most cars did not have roller bearings. They had a lead and brass—journal brass, they called it—that rolled underneath the journal box itself on top of the axle itself. And that was how it was able to roll. And then you put oil in the journal box with this wicking, and that kept it lubricated. It was not in a bath of oil.

As they went down the roads—the railroads were rough—in the days when I first started, when you had to pack these journals—they had a tendency to ride up on the back edge of the journal box in the bouncing. And you've got to take this packing iron and push it all back down again to try to get it more towards the front. Because you knew when it got to the next station, it would have to be done again. It was busy in those days.

R.H.: How many years did you enjoy it?

A.H.: Twenty. I worked on the B&O from the time I was 15. Of course, I went into the service. Then I came back and worked a little while. Then I worked at the other one (Indiana Harbor Belt) until I was 40. Then one day—Bonnie was home, and I was working. I was known in the house as "Shh, Daddy's sleeping." Because I was always working two jobs. The kids, that's all they knew of me was "Daddy's sleeping."

My dad had a heart attack, and my stepmother knew where we lived. We had not had contact with them for years because they did not approve of my marriage and neither did my mom. So it was either Bonnie or them, and I chose Bonnie. So she said my dad had had a heart attack, and they needed my help, and I went to the store.

Here's old Casper Milquetoast going to the store. That was the toughest thing I ever did. My dad says, "Don't worry about a thing. You can do it."

R.H.: You felt too shy?

A.H.: Oh, yes. I was the person who—I worked all the time. I had no contact with people—talking like this. I went out and switched boxcars, and I scrubbed rugs. I did things that had nothing to do with intercourse between people. So it was tough for me to talk with people. If the telephone rang, I knew it wasn't for me unless it was a call from the railroad. If I didn't think it was for me, I really didn't answer it because I didn't want to talk to people. I was a Casper Milquetoast. I thought, "My God, I'm going to talk to people?"

R.H.: Did you know about appliances then?

A.H.: No. I didn't know anything. So, I can still remember—Dave Novotny, a friend of my stepmother's, was in the store because my stepmother was with my father, and she couldn't be there. She said, "Don't worry about a thing." My dad says, "I've got these little books. You can learn." I can still see them. Little, tiny red books from LaSalle Institute out of Chicago, made in 1926. It was a salesmanship course. I read this thing that weekend, and Monday morning, I had to go to the store.





First customer walked in, I said I got to go in the back and check because the guys are getting ready to make some deliveries. And Betty took care of him. Second time, I had to go to the bathroom. Then, finally— she demonstrated Neccher-Elna Sewing Machines, made in Switzerland— and she had to demonstrate— she had some people coming in. And here comes a customer. Talk about panic. Thank God I sold that customer. Sold him a washing machine. And that was the start of my salesmanship. (Allen, Albert, and Kurt Hofmann are pictured below at approximately the time being spoken about.)

R.H.: Did you like it?

A.H.: Yes, I loved it. I loved talking to people. I went to Dale Carnegie. To their classes. It was a six-week course, one night a week. And that really brought me out of my shell.

I can still remember Lesson Five. You had to stand up there, and you had to be vehemently against something. And you had a rolled up piece of newspaper. And I got so— everybody did it— they got so wrapped up in what they were doing, when they got done, there was nothing but confetti all over the place. Beating that newspaper on the desk, screaming. I think it was women that I went against— I didn't think of anything else to do. And the women loved it.

It was a ball, and it really helped me. Then I joined the Toastmasters' Club after that. One of the fellas was in it and asked me to join. You got up and talked, and you had an *er* counter. Every time you said *er*, he would count it, and it counted against you in your presentation. And they would say, "Nate, get up and talk about the boll weevil," and you had to stand up and start talking. And you had five minutes to talk. Talk about trying and going far afield. It worked. I could talk to 1,000 people and think on my feet. I don't worry about what I'm going to say.

It was like a club— like a Dale Carnegie type thing. It was a real good thing for people that had to get up and speak in front of people. It was self-help. You'd help each other. It wasn't a formal class. It was fantastic. They still have Toastmasters' today, but you never hear about them.







And then, of course, with Whirlpool. That was the best thing that ever happened to me.

R.H.: How did that happen?

A.H.: Realize I'm not educated. So we just did the whole thing, and everything seemed to work so well, and I said, "What am I going to do with this thing?" I was working at Hofmann Appliance. And Charlie Conturba was the sales manager for Gibson Home Appliances, and he sold to my father, and I was like the manager, so he had to deal with me. And he used to watch me sell, and he says, "I can't believe how you can sell to those people. You can't say the things you say to people and still sell them."

And he was there the day that—the guy's name was Harold, the sales manager of General Electric. They would talk to each other like over in Gary. They wouldn't dare talk to each other in Chicago. And they would try to pick each other's brains as to what they were doing. So they would meet me over there, and then we'd go to lunch or something. So they were sitting there one day, and Harold came in—

They had a washer—I can still remember—the 950. I was the only salesman in the Chicago market that earned the diamond—It wasn't a very big diamond. But I earned a diamond award for selling the most washers in the Chicago market of this model.

R.H.: Was it a ringer?

A.H.: No, it was when they were automatic. The 1020 was the top of the line. The 950 was the next one down. It wasn't that much less, but it was tough to sell. You either sold the top of the line or you sold the bottom. You didn't sell this other stuff that was over here off in left field. They really didn't know how to merchandise it.

And here I kept selling this thing. I kept ordering cuz there were good deals on them. These other guys would order them, and they couldn't sell them. So Harold came in with his sales rep. So he was there, and the sales rep was there, and Charlie Conturba and his salesman. Harold said, "Al, how in the hell do you sell that 950? We can't sell them. We can't give them away." I said, "I'll sell it to the next person that comes in." He says, "Ok."

So they're standing by the counter. My dad was there then. My dad was back in the store by that time. Lady came in and said, "I want a Maytag automatic washer." I said, "Great. Fantastic machine. Let me show it to you." They went into the TV room. Color TV was coming in. So they went in the TV room with my dad, and they're both trying to sell him stuff.

So I came in there after it was all over, and they said, "What did you end up selling her?" I said, "950." They said, "Bull crap!" I said, "Here's the receipt." They said, "Damn."

R.H.: What was your secret?

A.H.: Juts salesmanship. That's all. Same old story.

It was really an experience. So then one day I caught my step-brother, Kurt Karl—when he had come back from the navy. He went into the navy to get away because he had killed a kid one night in a car and rather than face what was going on, he skipped out. He ran over him in the dark. He hit him on his bike and killed him. So he went into the service and got out of there and missed it.







So when he came back, I caught him stealing money. I said, "Don't you make enough money?" It was simple because we didn't have a very good control over parts.

I had found a way to buy GE Pumps— WH23X25— for \$2.25, and we sold them for \$24. I even guaranteed them for a year, and I wouldn't complain about it. Old John, the guy who sold them to me came in. I said, "John, there were ten of them suckers there this morning." So I got the service manager, and I said, "I want to see your truck?" And he said, "The truck hasn't left. I've been downstairs working."

So I went out to the truck, and there were just the normal ones that I had developed an inventory for him. And there were four missing. I remembered that we had sold some, and I looked at the sheet. There was one marked, but the other three weren't marked.

So I jumped him (Kurt Karl) about it. He admitted he had the money. He said, "I need the money. My wife needs it. We gotta have the money. I promise I'll give it back." I said, "Okay, but I want to see it back there when you get paid or I'll tell Dad." Well, he didn't have it. He went to mummy. And they went to Dad and said, "There's money missing, and we think Al took it."

So then they came to the store that next day— my father and my stepmother. And my father said, "I think you're done." And I said, "Yeah, I think I am. I think I know what happened. I caught him stealing, and now the blame has been shifted on me, hasn't it? I have no reason to steal. You pay me so damn much money that I have no reason to steal from you. But apparently my word's not good enough, and it stops right here." I gave him the keys to the store, got in my car, and drove away. Never got my paycheck for the last week. I never went back after it.

So, unbeknownst to anybody— I had not severed my ties as much as they thought I had. I went back to the railroad, and I says, "You owe me a job. I'm under the contract to where I can come back because I've been maintaining my union dues." You talk about bad blood when I came back. They thought they'd gotten rid of me— my fellow workers. Here I am— seniority again. I'm knocking these guys out of their good jobs, and boy, I was money hungry. I worked the long hours then.

Then I really missed the appliances. So I went in Dan Rabin, "Hey, Dan, I'd like to work part time." And he said, "We'd love to have you." Nate Feldman was his manager. He said, "When can you work?" I said, "I don't know." He said, "Tell you what— when you come in, punch the clock. When you have to leave, punch the clock. Whenever you want to, come in." You couldn't beat that.

And then I was doing— I was buying appliances from them and selling them. I wasn't competing with them. People would want an appliance back in Merrillville or Gary— because I was commuting. Then everybody heard I was driving around in my truck with appliances, and they wondered, "Is he stealing 'em?"

Then one day Charlie Conturba became sales manager for Whirlpool Corporation. He started the new Chicago sales addition. And he said, "I want you to work for us." I said, "Doing what?" He said, "Selling appliances to the dealers." I said, "You gotta be kidding." He finally talked me into it. So I went in, interviewed, and I went in there, and I was the only uneducated person they had. Everybody else was college graduates and everything like that. I can remember going to that first meeting. I walked into this room. We had 26 counties we were responsible for. I walked in this room, and there's six guys. That's all there is plus— It was the scariest feeling— walk in that room and around the conference table. I had two counties in Indiana and a part of Cook County. I had Lake and Porter Counties. It was quite an experience walking in there and seeing that. It made me feel good, too, like I'd finally gotten away from that footboard. I was really away from the one foot off the ground.

I said, "I'm going to make this work." And I think I did. I enjoyed myself. That was the fun time. I always said all the years and then when I left Whirlpool— the day I left I said, "There's one thing I remember— that from the moment I walked in this place, I was waiting for somebody to tap me on the shoulder and say, 'It's time for you to go to work.'" Cuz I played all the time. To me, it was play. I enjoyed it so much. It was a good time in my life.

R.H.: Except for all that driving.

A.H.: Yeah, but— I probably drove— It depended. Now, when I first started, I didn't do that much driving because that was a very small territory. But as they got to know me, they'd use me. But they paid me, so you can't really say they used me. They paid me very, very well. I think I probably made more money than any other salesman. Not at first, of course. But they would give me responsibility that was out of this world and say, "Go do it." And then I had a general manager who was there for a short period of time, and he and I did not see eye-to-eye. Myers. We could not get along.

R.H.: Because?

A.H.: I said, "You ain't going to run me out of here." He said, "I'll fire you before this is over."





R.H.: Why did he want to fire you?

A.H.: He was a very vindictive Jewish fellow. He just for some reason— he took offense to the fact that I was uneducated and shouldn't have been there in the first place. Even though I was top performer. Every time they had a sales contest, I would win, and he'd have to take me on these trips. We took dealers all over the world. Top performer went, and that was me every time.

R.H.: Where did you go?

A.H.: We went to Europe a few times. We went to Jamaica. All over the United States, too, because there was a big push on it at that time. Buy American. I didn't like that because we had to stay in the United States. We made more trips this way. We went to Vegas and a real delightful trip down in the Ozarks. Lake of the Ozarks was fun.

You could only take one salesman plus one sales manager. That was the corporate rules. You had to have a contest. And it had to be a feasible contest. It couldn't be slanted to anybody. And they used to go nuts because they'd give me such a high quota that they just knew that one of their kids was going to make it— one of their boys— and they never made it. I made sure they didn't make it.

You could see the handwriting on the wall. We were due for this thing, and it's going to be in October. We hadn't had a contest yet, so I would have stuff in my back pocket.

I remember once we had a sales contest on dehumidifiers. Now dehumidifiers— you can't do much with dehumidifiers. And you sold them in the winter. You didn't sell them in the summer because that was the time for them to build it, cuz they didn't have time in the summer because they were making refrigerators and freezers.

So they came up with a contest. If you could sell— everybody had a quota of 150 dehumidifiers. Here I am over in the boonies in Indiana. This was when I first started. I said, "How in the world am I going to sell this many dehumidifiers?" And the guy who had Polk Brothers had the same quota. I said, "That's not fair." I'm complaining. But they said, "That's the way it's gotta be done."

So, Danny Rabin, my stalwart backer. I said, "If I sell you these dehumidifiers for \$60, and you sell them for \$68, you'll make a lot of money, and I'm a hero. He said, "How many do I have to buy?" I said, "650." He said, "What!" I said, "You can do it."

Dan was just terrified to give me the order. So I went ahead and wrote the order. It had to be in three months or six months from now. Didn't have a legitimate order yet. I kept working on Dan, sweating bullets. I won the contest. And then they started shipping 'em. He'd say, "Jesus Christ! Where did all these come from?" I would say, that's the 650 you ordered. And he'd say, "That's right."

He had so much money. He would buy 400 color TVs at one time. He was like a middle man. I'd just ship the suckers right on through for him. "Where do you want them to go, Dan," A hundred there. And we just did it that way. And it worked out good. When I built up that kind of rapport— From that time on, I finally got that rapport with all my dealers. They'd call me, they'd say, "There's a truck coming in. What's on it?" I'd say, "Well, I wrote the order. Go in my bin there, and you'll see it there." "Oh, okay." Because I'd go check their inventory and decide what they'd need and what the contests are for them so they would get the best pricing, and they trusted me to do all their ordering for them. And it worked out fine.

R.H.: How many years did you work for Whirlpool?

A.H.: Nineteen— almost twenty.

R.H.: Why didn't you go to 20?

A.H.: I found out that due to my age and everything else— At the end I was accruing \$1,000 a month towards my pension, but in November, it would drop off and quit. And I said, I really don't want to keep working the rest of my life. I've enjoyed it. And I was at my peak earning power at that time. I was able to do it. That was the end.

I don't regret it. They hired four MBA's to take my place. I love that part. I used to love to hear the dealers complain it sure was different now. It was a dinosaur. I sold differently from anybody in the United States. That's why I won the diamonds. They sold by the book. I sold like the people I saw sell, and they didn't sell like that.

One time this man who did not like me— He said, "I'm going to put you on a job that's going to be your demise." I said, "Okay." They had just lost two years in a row— they had fired the guys that had this job— Indiana territory in the builder division. They put them guys out, and they all crapped out and got fired. He said, "You're going to go out there. I said, "Okay."

The operations manager— he was vehement about it. He says, "You're taking a guy that's been selling Polk Brothers and all the key accounts and making all kinds of sales records, and you're putting him out in the boonies." "Well," he said, "we need him out there because that's not ever done anything."

He said, "I know what you're trying to do to him. You're putting him on a guarantee." He says, "You can't leave him out there to starve." Cuz we didn't get any expenses.



R.H.: You didn't get any money for gas?

A.H.: No. And I went out there. So I got a one-year guarantee. I was out there six months and wasn't making any money. I said, "I'm sick and tired of this guarantee." The sales manager says, "What do you mean?" I said, "I think it's holding me back. I don't think I'm pushing hard enough." He says, "You're nuts." I said, "Take me off the guarantee." And the next month I started to deliver merchandise. Man, I had those suckers in my back pocket. I had projects all over the place that they didn't know about.

I remember this one guy. He was a real flashy guy. He drove a Cadillac convertible that had the big steer horns on it; he had tassels on his jacket, you know; money coming out of his ears. They wouldn't sell him because they didn't know anything about him. I said, "The reason you don't know anything about him, is because he pays everything in cash." They said, "Bullcrap."

So— he says, "Let's go to the bank." He takes me to the bank. He says, "Sit down." The bank vice-president says, "Hold your hands out." He hands them to the guy. He put two million dollars in CD's in my hands. I said, "Can you make copies for me? I want to take them back and rub my sales manager's nose in them." So they made copies, and I took them back.

I took them back, and I said, "I want to show you the reason why that poor guy doesn't have a credit rating with you." My credit manager says, "Can we go there next week?" I said, "We can go tomorrow morning if you want." Ben— Ben was his name. I said, "Old Ben will see you tomorrow." So I called Ben. I says, "I think we got their attention." He says, "Good." And we started moving the apartments like you wouldn't believe, and he paid them right on time. He came, and he wrote a check. They all came COD, and that was the way he worked. He built all those apartments COD. That was fun.

I stayed in the Builder Division. I loved it. However, when the times got tough, I took over two territories. I made big money. I could sit at home or in the office and make these calls, and I'd yell at them that it was time to be delivered, quit screwing around. And they would take the merchandise. I would put the stuff in garages and everywhere else because I needed the money. I said, "I got a contest. You've gotta take it." And they would take it.

R.H.: The whole thing was based on your relationship with them.

A.H.: Yes. I think most people worked it strictly business. I'm here, and I'm your representative, and I'm your agent, and what do you need? I never asked them what they needed. I told them what they needed.

R.H.: You found your niche.

A.H.: Oh, yeah. I was a round peg in a round hole for a few years and loved every second of it.

R.H.: Was Bonnie in favor of you going into Whirlpool?

A.H.: Oh, yeah. She could not believe I would quit the railroad. I had to burn all my bridges. I had to quit. Charlie says, "You ain't pulling that crap about going back to the railroad after a couple of years. You're coming to work for me and staying here. I said, "Ok."

R.H.: The thing that puzzles me was why if you hadn't heard from your father in 12 years, why as soon as they called did you go help them? Did you feel obligated?

A.H.: I don't know. I have no idea. I feel probably somewhere back in my mind was the idea that this could be a stepping stone to get out of this rut. I didn't know it at the time. But maybe it was.

R.H.: Was your father a successful sales person?

A.H.: Oh, yes. I used to marvel at his ability. He couldn't speak good English. I used to marvel at his ability. We went out to Miller where these big homes were. Out there in the resort area of Gary at that time. They didn't have electricity. He'd sell them vacuum cleaners. He'd sell them Maytag washers. They'd have to wait until electricity came before they could use these things. That's what he was able to do.

R.H.: Did you watch him and learn from him?

A.H.: No, I'd stay in the car. I learned myself from the little red books.

R.H.: How did he learn?

A.H.: That's where he learned. The books. He came over. He was sponsored by his uncle. He was a baker. Came over as a baker. He didn't like getting up in the middle of the night to bake. He got into sales. I have no idea how that happened. But I can remember him down on the 800 block of Broadway. I can remember being out back there. They'd take these ringer washers—they'd sell them to you and then you'd default on it and have to take them back.





Those old Maytags— they'd polish the chrome back up, repaint the thing, paint the motor block again, put that sucker back on the truck and sell it again.

R.H.: Did they get a lot of them back?

A.H.: Oh, yeah, we had a basement full down there.

R.H.: So they had to repossess.

A.H.: Yeah, they had to repossess. Dad didn't do that though. That was bad people that do that.

R.H.: Well, it doesn't sound like Kurt Karl was the nicest of people.

A.H.: Not really. I was hoping he would be, but he wasn't.

R.H.: Do you think your dad was under Kay's thumb?

A.H.: My father was a very weak man. He was controlled. I can remember seeing him cry because she was yelling at him. He was controlled by her.

R.H.: He married her when you were how old?

A.H.: I don't know. Young. And she was young. She was just out of high school; he was in his 30's.

R.H.: How did he meet her?

A.H.: I don't know. She just appeared one day. I don't know how he found her.

R.H.: What do you think was the cause of her animosity towards you?

A.H.: I think it was my success in the store. I took that store from something like \$100,000 a year— which was a lot of money in those days— and in two years, it was \$400,000— \$370,000. She liked the idea of the money, but she didn't like the idea that I was able to do it. And how her baby was coming back into the business, and here he was screwing up, and he was, too.

R.H.: He wasn't able to sell?

A.H.: No.

R.H.: Is he still selling?

A.H.: I don't know. Dad died, and he took the store over, and that store went right down the tubes. In fact, he dumped it to one of the service men, and then it was gone after that. He went to California after that. I have no idea—

It was just like I told my Dad. I said, "When you die, leave me a dollar or two because that's all it's going to be." I said, "When you die, there's nothing going to be left of this business."

R.H.: But he didn't leave the dollar.

A.H.: No, he didn't leave me nothing.

R.H.: You never spoke to him again?

A.H.: No, not after the break.

R.H.: He used to have a cottage on Bass Lake. You went out there for a few years.

A.H.: We used to go out there. We used to have good times. We had fun. It wasn't the same after Kurt Karl came back. Then we got, "Your kids are making too much noise." These two kids never made any noise at all, but they were underfoot.

R.H.: So they didn't want them at the cottage because they were too noisy.

A.H.: No, once Kurt Karl got back.

R.H.: And those years when Kurt Karl was gone?

A.H.: Oh, we had good rapport then. Fantastic. It was a few years. I think he was in three to four years.

R.H.: I don't see how he could avoid prosecution by going into the service.

A.H.: Oh, no, it was an accident. And there was just so much pressure on him. What they did was, they tried to be



nice to the people when he killed the kid, and it got to the point where they were trying to get as much as they could get. "You've got to feel sorry for us." To the point where they said, "You go into the service and get out of here. We're going to sever this whole thing."

R.H.: Was he 18?

A.H.: Yeah, about 18.

R.H.: What was your father like as a person?

A.H.: He liked to drink, party, and enjoy himself out at the lake.

R.H.: Did he have a lot of friends?

A.H.: Oh, yeah.

R.H.: What was the cabin like?

A.H.: It was a little one. Very small. We had a little fifteen foot trailer that we had at that time, so we parked out there. We stayed in the trailer. We were out of the way.

R.H.: You tried to have a relationship with your dad as a young adult. You couldn't do that with your mother?

A.H.: No, never did work out too well.

R.H.: What was she like as a person?

A.H.: Dirty. I always looked at her as unclean. I used to think like, "Why don't you go take a bath?" And I really had no reason to think that. I think because of her relationship with him— with my stepfather. And then because of her animosity towards Bonnie and my grandmother's animosity towards Bonnie. I just never got over that.

R.H.: So she didn't come and visit you and see Allen and Karen?

A.H.: No.

R.H.: So they never really knew her?

A.H.: No. I'm not even sure if they remember my father. It was just a few years...

R.H.: You didn't go to your mother and father's funerals.

A.H.: No, I didn't know about it. Bonnie read it in the paper about my dad. So I called the funeral home and told them who I was. He said, "Oh?" I said, "I'd like to come there and see my dad and say good-bye." "But," I says, "I don't want to be there when any other people are there." He said, "They will go home for dinner, and I'll call you." So he did. I went down by myself, and I said good-bye to him, got in my car, and drove home.

R.H.: That must have been difficult.

A.H.: Difficult? Well, I really don't think it was difficult. I'd been hurt so bad by him that he made it very easy for me. So did my mom. My mom—I never did know when she died.

R.H.: They never told you?

A.H.: No. We know where she'd buried—in Hammond. She's buried in the Masonic area.

R.H.: Did you have any contact with your half-brother and sister at all by Adams?

A.H.: No, Bonnie said he was a school teacher down in Lowell or some place. I've never met him. Ralph. I don't know what my sister's married name is.

R.H.: Where did you move after you retired?

A.H.: We were in Lombard when I retired. What happened was, I went up to quit in February, and one of my friends up in the higher echelons of Whirlpool who happened to be there that days says, "How are you doing, Al?" I said, "Great. I'm going to quit. I'm going to retire." He said, "Don't do that," and he grabbed me by the arm and took me into one of the conference rooms and said, "Don't do that. There's going to be a buy-out. I don't know when. Don't you dare leave."

I said, "I sold my house." He says, "Stick around." I told Bonnie I didn't quit. I didn't leave. She says, "What!" Because we'd bought the home in Florida the year before in January of '85, and this was February of '86.

So, I says, "I gotta stay for a while." So we looked at these efficiency apartments, and they were terrible.





We couldn't live there. So I says, "How about it we go down to the trailer at the lake for a while. There's no water, but I think we could do it."

So we went down there, and the snow was deep. I got a great big wastebasket. Drilled a hole in the bottom of it and put a faucet on it. And every day I'd go fill that sucker up so she'd have running water.

R.H.: Fill it up where?

A.H.: From the pump house in the campground. And I'd fill that son of a gun up, and we lived like that until September.

R.H.: What did you do to shower?

A.H.: I would take my clothes for the day, drive to Don and Karen's house, take my shower, and go to work.



Albert's mother, Wilhemina, with her second husband, James Adams, and her children, Bonnie and Ralph.



# TALBERT, MOON FAMILY CHART

## FIRST GENERATION

Edythe Moon  
B. 23 October 1889, In.  
M. Carl Elliott, 1910  
D. 1987

Jessie Moon  
B. 29 September 1891  
Wabash, In.  
M. Mac Anderson  
Fred Gray  
D. 11 September 1972, Tx.

John Moon  
B. 20 May 1893, In.  
M. Florence Smith  
D. 5 May 1869, In.

Hazel Moon  
B. 4 December 1896  
Wabash, In.  
M. Thomas Parks  
D. 2 June 1974, In.

Harry Moon  
B. 21 February 1899, In.  
M. Freida Beganz, Irma  
Harding  
D. 29 December 1985

Clark Moon  
B. 30 April 1901  
Wabash, In.  
M. Lily\_\_  
D. 8 November 1941

Charles Moon  
B. 16 May 1905  
Wabash, In.  
D. 28 January 1924  
Hammond, In.

**Margaret Moon**  
B. 20 February 1908  
Wabash, In.  
M. 1.) **Lowell Gibbs**  
Chester Ottarson  
D. 7 January 1982  
Hammond, In.

Rachel Moon  
B. 29 December 1911  
Wabash, In.  
M. Walter Daggy  
D. 31 August 1993, In.

## SECOND GENERATION

by **William Gaston Moon**

**Charles Moon**-----  
B. 24 July 1859  
Hamilton Co., In.  
M. **Anna Myrtle Hall**  
19 September 1888  
D. 1962

Mary (Molly) Moon  
B. 27 December 1860  
Hamilton Co., In.  
M. Charles Cassatt  
D. 1932, In.

Janie Moon  
B. ca. 1862, In.  
D. infancy

William Sherman Moon  
B. 28 December 1864, In.  
M. Electra Lambert  
29 August 1888  
D. 24 July 1946  
Temple City, Ca.

by Stillman Knight

Ernest Knight  
B. ca. 1870  
M. Sarah Dolson

E. Vernon Knight  
B. 20 May 1876, In.  
M. Katherine DePauw

Robert Knight  
B. 12 May 1880, In.  
M. Anna Nordquest

Ethel Knight  
B. 5 July 1882, In.

## THIRD GENERATION

Rebecca Talbert  
B. 11 May 1832  
Hamilton Co., In.  
M. Thaddeus Macy, 1867

**Rachel Talbert**  
B. 10 April 1840  
Hamilton Co., In,  
M. 1.) **William Moon**----- John Moon  
2.) Stillman Knight B. ca. 1811  
D. 8 April 1922  
Wabash, In.

William Talbert  
B. 30 August 1842, In.  
M. Mary Stanton, 1866

Nathan Talbert -----  
B. 17 September 1844, In.  
M. Mary Hiatt, 1869  
D. 25 October 1880

Elizabeth Talbert  
B. 17 September 1844, In.  
M. Elisha Mills, 1869

Susannah Talbert  
B. 11 January 1847  
Hamilton Co., In.  
M. Henry Hiatt, Jno.  
Kellar

Elvira Talbert  
B. 11 February 1829  
Hamilton Co., In.  
M. Anderson Scott, 1867

Ellen Talbert (twin)  
B. 6 February 1851  
D. infancy

Enos  
B. 28 January 1853  
Hamilton Co., In.  
M. Rosa Gurtner, 1879  
D.

Newton  
B. ca. 1854  
D. infancy

## FOURTH GENERATION

**Mary**\_\_\_\_\_  
B. ca. 1812, N.C.

**John Moon**  
North Carolina  
M. Mary\_\_\_\_  
D. after 1860

**Elijah Talbert**  
B. 13 September 1815  
Ohio  
M. 1.) **Mary Pray**, 2.) Lorinda  
Boone 3.) Sarah Gertom  
D. 13 September 1869  
Hamilton Co., In.

**Mary H. Pray**  
B. ca. 1815  
Pennsylvania  
M. **Elijah Talbert**  
26 January 1837,  
Preble Co., Ohio  
D. December 1855  
Hamilton Co., In.



Elijah Talbert





## INTERVIEW WITH EDYTHE MOON ELLIOTT

I conducted this interview with Edythe Moon (Mrs. Carl) Elliott at her home in Hammond, Indiana, on October 15, 1983. At that time she was 94 years old, hard of hearing, and wandering in the mind a little. Edythe was the daughter of Anna Myrtle Hall and Charles Moon, a descendant of Quakers.

E.E.: Papa didn't talk much. He didn't say nothing about anybody.

R.H.: What was your mother like?

E.E.: She liked fun.

R.H.: What did she like to do?

E.E.: She played dice. She used to go downtown and wherever she could. She had a lot of get togethers. She liked jokes, and she liked to be with people. She and Papa played cards all the time. The two of them together. And rummy. Five player rummy. It just tickled him to death to beat her. I can still see him laughing. They were just ordinary people. Papa drank at the week's end. He smoked and chewed tobacco. Like everybody else.

When he lived over there at Margaret's, he'd come over every Sunday and give the girls their nickels. Of course, you could smell the ...

Hedgie was a hunter. He always went hunting. Rabbits and all that. They had a lot of fun.

R.H.: What was Margaret like as a little girl?

E.E.: I hated her. She was rude. She was just the awfulest talk person I ever saw. I think she followed around and got bad.

Clark was born down closer to the hill. They had an upstairs. They had a place where heat come up, so we watched when Clark was born through the flues. We didn't see anything.

R.H.: What can you tell me about Molly Moon Cassatt?

E.E.: We went there a lot. She told me I wasn't doing right. I should have another child. It wasn't right to raise a child alone. So I had Janet.

R.H.: How about Libby Talbert Mills?

E.E.: She was a wonderful person. She was hard of hearing, but it didn't seem to hurt her. She had kids up in her house all the time. She played games with them. There wasn't another person in the family who would do things like that. They loved her— everyone of them. She had all the neighbors' (children). She had them in chair games and all this. I can still hear her laugh.

R.H.: What do you remember about Sylvester Hall?

E.E.: He'd come down lots to see us. He walked a lot. He got up early in the morning, and he took his walk. He told me his father was from England. \* He died down at Green \_\_\_\_\_. Green something.

R.H.: What did you like to do when you were young?

E.E.: We had a good many parties. We had a crowd, and we played cards. I had to go through all of them (her siblings) and comb their hair before they could go to the party. Mostly all girls.

R.H.: What do you remember about your Uncle Enos Talbert?

E.E.: Like Grandma Knight. We'd go out there to stay. Jesse was with us. We wanted to go home. She hit her head on the wall so hard because she wanted to go. He had a farm.

Grandma Knight's brother, Uncle Een, had a farm and he had watermelons. He's come in on a Sunday, and we'd all be at Grandma Knight's. We didn't live far apart. We ate watermelons.

Grandma Knight, she didn't have much to do with children. She was not like they are nowadays. She was a large woman, dresses clear down. We could go up and see her, but she never acted like we were any relation. It was so funny. We would sit and watch her. She'd go to sleep in the chair. She took care of us when Mama had babies. She was alright.

When I was a kid and ate dinner there, Aunt Ethel used to tell me how to eat. You were supposed to take a bite of bread every time you took a bite. I had to listen to everything she said. I think I must have buttered the whole thing, and that's what did it.

\* Actually, it was Sylvester Hall's grandfather who was born in England, not his father.



That quilt on my bed—a friend of hers pieced it together. We visited Ethel a lot. Carl and I. So I saw that and said, “How are you going to finish it?” So I said, “Let me take it home and finish it.” So I got the cotton for the center, and I got the lining for her.

Grandma Knight had always been old, as far as I could tell. I remember when she died. We were living here. I couldn’t go because I was sick. I never saw Stillman Knight.

Aunt Edna was old. We took Marcia when she was little. Marcia was always in athletics. Marcia wore jeans. Aunt Edna had a fit because she didn’t have a dress on. All Marcia did was somersets. She got bawled out for that.

R.H.: Did they celebrate on Christmas?

E.E.: No, never anything like that. No parties. No nothing. Being Quakers.

We didn’t have a car. Papa never had a car. Carl didn’t even know how to drive, but he could take a car apart. His partner in the garage on Columbus had to teach him. I drove, but I didn’t like it. One of our men taught me to drive. I would go down and pick him up from the garage. We went to Gary once. He had some business. I took the car and drove around and almost got hit by a street car. I didn’t like to drive. I liked to look around. Anybody that worked for us was our family.

Papa had an alligator. Carl and I went visiting some city. Maybe it was in Florida. But we brought alligators home. I got one for Papa. He had a time with him. He had to kill that. It got to be pretty big. Bonnie took it to school with her one day.

I remember when Bonnie was born. She was born on Sibley.

R.H.: How did Bonnie’s mother Margaret meet her father?

E.E.: An old lady lived over on the north side. Lowell was a neighbor of hers or lived there.

R.H.: What do you remember about Wabash?

E.E.: I was born in a place I was married from. They moved all around Wabash, Indiana, between that. Every time they saw an empty house, mother and Aunt Sarah would go running around. Once they moved, and Papa didn’t know it. He didn’t know they were gone. Aunt Sarah and her—they just liked to move. Well, they didn’t have anything to do, places like that. \$5 was all we had to pay. When they said \$7, I thought that was terrible. I got round steak for 25 cents a pound.

It was on Vernon (the house where she was born). On the corner of Vernon and East. It was on the street where the hill is. Across the river. There was a drugstore on the corner.

We had to go to Benton Harbor because he was under age. He got his father’s consent so we took the train one Sunday, but we wouldn’t get married unless there was a minister. So we had to wait until a minister come out, so we could get married. We had to wait for a minister because we wanted to do it right. He asked for a ring, and we didn’t have the slightest conception of having to have one. We didn’t have a ring. We lived there then until he had to leave when he was through with his work because he was a journeyman. So we had to move to Richmond. Catherine was just born. She was born in November. She was about 4 months old when we went there. He didn’t find anything he liked, so we came back home then. I said, “Well, what do you say we go to Hammond, go to Aunt Sarah’s? She lived in Hammond. They come first. Uncle Vern (Knight) and my other—they had a carpenter— They were all carpenters. Papa came last. All his brothers were up here. He came up after I moved up here. He stayed with us. Uncle Bob was a painter in Wabash. Uncle Vern lived down south.

My father built this house. He built all the big homes on Ridge Road and down on Hohman Street. They were good carpenters. They lived on Truman Street.

My brother died on Truman. He was 17, and he got a job with the electric. He got a wire.

My mother was living in a nursing home. She was there until she died. She was with Margaret until... and all of us — Papa built a house for Margaret so she could keep the— then. I kept her (her mother) several weeks to give Margaret— It got to where Margaret didn’t want to leave her alone in the house. So we all got together and discussed putting her in a nursing home, and we did that. Of course, she was blind, too. She was 91 or 92, I think.

Papa never went to church. Papa’s folks were Quakers. He did things Quakers do. He put his hat on and would only take it off for meals. We figured that was part of it. He wouldn’t allow Mama to sew on Sunday. But he and her played cards on Sunday. I’m not sure....

Six years ago today, Carl died....





## INTERVIEW WITH MARGARET MOON GIBBS OTTARSON

I interviewed (Nanny) Margaret Moon Gibbs Ottarson in her home in Hammond on October 15, 1983. At time she was 75 years old. Margaret was the sister of Edythe Moon Elliott and Rachel Moon Daggy who I also interviewed. A picture of Margaret taken in the 1950's appears on the following page.

R.H.: Where were you born?

M.O.: Wabash, Indiana

R.H.: Where were you living at that time?

M.O.: (shakes head)

R.H.: Did you live in more than one place in Wabash?

M.O.: I think so.

R.H.: Was your Dad a carpenter when he lived in Wabash?

M.O.: I guess so.

R.H.: And you said he worked for someone else, not himself?

M.O.: Yes.

R.H.: Did your mom ever have a job outside the house?

M.O.: No.

R.H.: They were married in Wabash. Were all your brothers and sisters born there?

M.O.: Yes.

R.H.: You remember Rachel Knight, you said. What do you remember about her?

M.O.: Just seeing her. Being in her home.

R.H.: You don't remember any stories about her? Did she ever talk about her father?

M.O.: Not a thing.

R.H.: Describe your brothers and sisters when they were young. What was Edythe like when she was young?

M.O.: I don't remember.

R.H.: Of course, she's 17 years older.

M.O.: She worked in Wabash.

R.H.: Do you remember her marriage?

M.O.: No.

R.H.: You would only have been 3 when she was married. What sisters do you remember?

M.O.: None of them really.

R.H.: Rachel and Charles were close in age to you. How did Charles die?

M.O.: He worked for public service, and he was up in the air. He touched a hot wire. 32,000 volts of electricity went through his body.

R.H.: Immediately killed, I assume?

M.O.: No, the ambulance went by our house. We went to the hospital to see him.

R.H.: How soon did they contact you?

M.O.: Right away. They had him in a tub of water. He was all burnt. He died.

R.H.: I remember somebody said when your mother heard the ambulance, she sat up in bed and said, "Charles!" You remember Rachel. What was she like as a kid?



M.O.: Just ordinary. We were never all close. We never went around together.

R.H.: Why did the family move to Hammond?

M.O.: Cause Edythe came up here first.

R.H.: Why did Edythe come up here?

M.O.: Because Carl got a job in the roundhouse, I think.

R.H.: He worked on the railroad, too?

M.O.: Yes.

R.H.: Carl lost a lot of money in the depression, didn't he?

M.O.: Yes.

R.H.: Didn't he own a car dealership?

M.O.: Yes, three or four of them.

R.H.: What kind?

M.O.: Pontiacs.

R.H.: Was that before the Depression?

M.O.: Yes. He had a garage on the corner of Summer and Columbia.

R.H.: You're practically the age of Edythe's children. (Note: Margaret was 65 at this time.)

M.O.: Yes, Marcia's 57. Kathryn's 65. Kathryn's older than Rachel.

R.H.: What did you like to do as a child?

M.O.: (shakes head) I liked to dance is all.

R.H.: Weren't you in a dance marathon?







M.O.: Was going to be. They canceled it.

R.H.: Isn't that how you met Lowell?

M.O.: Yes.

R.H.: Where was that?

M.O.: Orpheum Hall.

R.H.: In Hammond?

M.O.: Yes.

R.H.: He just came up and asked you to dance?

M.O.: Uh huh.

R.H.: Did you like him right away?

M.O.: Yeah. He used to live with Edythe. He roomed with Edythe.

R.H.: And you didn't know him?

M.O.: Yes, I was going with him then. We were married in '25.

R.H.: And you met him when?

M.O.: A couple years or so.

R.H.: What attracted you to him?

M.O.: I don't know. I just liked him.

R.H.: What was he like as a person? Outgoing? Introverted?

M.O.: He was just like everyone else. He was kind of quiet.

R.H.: Where else would you go to date?

M.O.: Shows.

R.H.: When did they have vaudeville? The 20's?

M.O.: Yes.

R.H.: Did you go to vaudeville shows then?

M.O.: We went to the Parthenon. They used to have vaudeville there.

R.H.: Lowell liked to dance, then, too?

M.O.: Yes.

R.H.: Did Edythe take in boarders?

M.O.: No, he was the only one.

R.H.: You never had hobbies?

M.O.: I liked to embroider.

R.H.: Did your mother embroider?

M.O.: Yes, and she made quilts. She had frames.

R.H.: The great big one you rolled?

M.O.: Yes.

R.H.: Is there anything left that she made?

M.O.: No, not even a quilt.

R.H.: Do you remember Sylvester Hall?

M.O.: Yes.



R.H.: Did he make any sort of impression on you at all?

M.O.: He was old.

R.H.: How about Olive or Pearl? (Her mother's half-sisters)

M.O.: I met Pearl once. And Olive, too. Olive lived in Canada. And Pearl lived in Topeka, Kansas. One of them was married quite a few times. Pearl. (Pictured below are Olive, Otto, Pearl, Anna, and their father, Sylvester Hall.)

R.H.: Did you ever meet Otto?

M.O.: No.

R.H.: Molly Moone Cassatt? Did you know her?

M.O.: They used to live in Hammond. Father's brother.

R.H.: No, Molly was his sister.

M.O.: Oh, Will Moone lived in Hammond. He lived right down my alley, first house before the street, on the corner. Papa's brother.

R.H.: Did he have children?

M.O.: Beth and Mary. They live in California. Mary married a Blake.

R.H.: What was Will like? Did you know him?

M.O.: Vaguely.

R.H.: Was he close to your father?

M.O.: I don't know.

R.H.: Did Molly ever visit?

M.O.: I don't know if I ever knew her.

R.H.: How about the Knights? Rob Knight?

M.O.: Rob Knight used to stay with me— Lowell and me.

R.H.: When?

M.O.: When I lived on Eaton Street. Bonnie was little.

R.H.: He had a terrible drinking problem, didn't he?

M.O.: Yes. And bad eyesight. He went blind.

R.H.: Tressa said he was a happy person, always teasing.

M.O.: Yes, he was, always teasing.

R.H.: It didn't bother him that he'd wasted his talents? Tressa said he was a pretty good artist.







M.O.: He wasn't a painter. That was his profession— painting houses.

R.H.: Cecilia Mills and Tressa said he could have been an artist. He died in a nursing home. Where was that?

M.O.: Wabash.

R.H.: And there was Vernon.

M.O.: I met him once. He had the biggest diamond on his finger I ever saw in my life.

R.H.: I heard he was pretty successful. Didn't he marry Katherine DePauw?

M.O.: Yes. His children went to a military school. She had a child. He was a very smart man. He wrote articles.

R.H.: He was a writer for a profession?

M.O.: No, Edythe knows more about that.

R.H.: There was Ernest. Did you meet him?

M.O.: Yes, that's Chloe's father.

R.H.: Where does he live?

M.O.: On Ridge Road in the Mansard Apartments.

R.H.: What's her name?

M.O.: Chloe Bond.

R.H.: Where did you go to school?

M.O.: Riverside School and Lafayette School. In Hammond. To 7<sup>th</sup> Grade

R.H.: Where did you go then?

M.O.: Hammond Tech

R.H.: Was it the only high school then.

M.O.: Hammond High

R.H.: Where did Bonnie go?

M.O.: Hammond Tech. Al went to Hammond High.

R.H.: When you first moved to Hammond, where did your family live?

M.O.: I don't know.

R.H.: They moved to 1170 Sibley after Lowell died, right?

M.O.: Yes. We used to live on Truman Street. And on Soul Street. That's where they lived when I got married.

R.H.: Where's Soul Street?

M.O.: Right across from the post office.

R.H.: Is the house still standing?

M.O.: Yes.

R.H.: What did you do after you graduated?

M.O.: I didn't graduate. I only went there a year. I quit after Charles was killed.

R.H.: Why?

M.O.: I got a job.

R.H.: Where did you work?

M.O.: Straub Piano Company. It was only a part time job. I only worked there 2 or 3 years.



R.H.: What did you do then?

M.O.: I got married.

R.H.: You must have been pretty young.

M.O.: 17

R.H.: Then you had Bonnie at 18. Where did you first live with Lowell?

M.O.: At a friend of his that he lived with. Mom and Gramps we called them. They had a home on Cedar Street. We lived there a year. Until Bonnie was born.

R.H.: Then where did you live?

M.O.: On Summer Street. At the corner where you turn. We had an apartment upstairs.

R.H.: Where did Lowell work then?

M.O.: On the railroad. He was a yard clerk. Worked on the Harbor.

R.H.: What does a yard clerk do?

M.O.: They take the numbers off the boxcars.

R.H.: What was Bonnie like as a child?

M.O.: Stubborn. Lowell took it out of her. She threw a chair over and wouldn't pick it up. He spanked her for two hours. He stayed with her for two hours. I went in the bedroom and cried and cried. She didn't do that again.

R.H.: Was she Daddy's girl or her mother's?

M.O.: Oh, her Daddy's. He took care of her, and I took care of Dick. He was wonderful. He'd bathe her. We'd go anyplace, he'd take care of her, and I'd take care of Dick. He was good with her. Every time he left the house, she'd go with him.



The Moon Family

Jessie, Clark, Rachel, Hazel, Margaret, Edith, Harry, and John, and in front, Charles and Anna Myrtle (Hall) Moon.





## INTERVIEW WITH RACHEL MOON DAGGY

I conducted this interview with Rachel Moon Daggy in her apartment in Illinois on October 15, 1983. On that day there was no furniture in her apartment because was in the process of moving in, so we sat on the floor. With me was my mother-in-law, Bonnie Hofmann, who, on occasion, comments in this interview. At the time of this interview, Rachel was 72 years old, Bonnie was 57, and I was 36.

R.H.: You said you remembered your grand parents.

R.D.: When I came to Hammond, I was 1½ years old. I went back once to see my Grandmother Knight and Aunt Ethel. My recollection of her is of a very fastidious, proud woman. Aunt Ethel was a typical school teacher, and they lived a very quiet life, naturally.

My grandfather on my mother's side was a very, very dear man, and very, very psychic. When I was in my teens, he came to visit us one time, and I remember \_\_\_\_ to go to bed because I was fascinated with the stories about his talking to his wives. It was frightening in a way, too. But he was very sweet and very gentle, and I loved him very much.

R.H.: What did he tell you about his wives?

R.D.: He would say they came into the garden in the back of us after they were dead, and they would visit with him and talk about the children, and he said that when this first started happening to him, he was sitting in the room one day, and an Indian appeared to him in the corner of the room. From then on, this Indian was his guide.

R.H.: Didn't you say the Indian was in full regalia?

R.D.: Oh, yes, the feathered headdress and everything.

R.H.: Did he have a name?

R.D.: I don't recall a name at all.

R.H.: Was he quite serious?

R.D.: Oh, absolutely, and I believed every word he said.

R.H.: Did you see a lot of him?

R.D.: No, not too often. We lived on Truman Avenue, and we left there when I was 14. He was visiting us at one time there, and I had been over to a friend's house, and we made taffy. And we put the taffy out on the porch. I went out to see if it was cool enough to pull, and it was still very, very hot— and my fingers went all the way into the taffy, and I burned all of my fingers on one hand, and we put butter and different things on it before I came home.

And when I got home, my grandfather said, "Why didn't you come home when you first did it, because I know how to blow fire out of anybody." He said it's a secret that can only be handed down from male to female, back to male, to female. And he tried it. He blew on my hands, and I don't know what he said to himself, but I had waited too long, and it really didn't help that much. As far as I know, he did not teach it to anybody in the family.

There must be something in our family. It goes all through the family.

B.H.: You didn't get to that with Edythe.

R.H.: Edythe was not able to really focus her mind on it. She was a little distracted. And she was getting upset because she couldn't remember. A lot of people think you expect them to come up with all these tremendous things when that's really not so. She was getting so frustrated because she's so interested in the family, and she wanted to help. And I think she was frustrated, which was making it harder for her.

R.D.: Well, I think this portion of the family— These things that are happening to Edythe are very, very important.

B.H.: I wish somebody had a record of them.

R.D.: Because when this first started happening to her— and it never happened til Carl died. Before that she knew from nothing about these things, and after Carl died, they started happening, and she took it so beautifully in her stride.

R.H.: What happened?

R.D.: Oh, she has visitors all the time. At night. Now they come during the day. After Margaret died, she was sitting in a chair in the living room— and she dozes. She dozes a lot now. And she opened her eyes, and she swears that



it was Margaret stooping before her. And Edythe had been hemming a dress, and Margaret— There are no voices. It's all thought transference. And Margaret said, "What are you doing?" And she swears it was Margaret. B.H.: Oh, she called me that night. She called me. She said, "I had a visitor today, Bonnie. Guess who?" I thought, Carl. "Your mom came to see me," she says. "She had a dress on, and you know Margaret never wore a dress, but none of my visitors come in anything but dresses."

R.D.: She describes their clothes—

R.H.: Who else does she see?

B.H.: Carl usually had a little girl with him.

R.H.: Who would that be?

B.H.: That girl would be... And Carl would have her hand, and she had long, dark hair.

And one night she had that — like a pole— across the hallway from the bathroom— wall-to-wall. I forget the story about that.

R.D.: She told me about them bringing in the two by fours— wood— and one night a man came with a whole bunch of dogs, and one of the dogs put his feet up on her bed, and she says, "Get away." Then they walked out into the other bedroom and disappeared.

B.H.: They're there all the time now.

R.D.: One day she's sitting in the little chair by the window. She had locked her screen door. She knew she locked her screen door. And the screen door slammed, and she looked up, and there was a strange lady standing there. And when she looked, the screen door was still locked. And it slammed.

Now the thing that gets me is that she is deaf. And she doesn't see well. However, she can hear at night. She can hear, and she can see. I believe it is something mental.

She's had hairdressers— somebody fixing somebody's hair sitting in a chair. And in the other bedroom— Was it in the second bedroom she saw Hazel?

B.H.: I didn't hear about Hazel.

R.D.: Lying in bed. And she swears that Carl gets into the bed with her. They have gotten very bold—

B.H.: Oh, they've pushed her.

R.D.: They tug on the sheets, and they tweak her toes, and she feels this.

B.H.: Yes, yes.

R.D.: It is so interesting. I asked her to write everything down, but I guess it got to be too much for her. It happens so much.

B.H.: She can't keep track of it.

R.H.: It started after Carl died?

B.H.: Yes, Carl died six years ago today.

R.D.: The proof to me— I mean, you can say these are the meanderings of an elderly lady or she's dreaming. However, one night the man next door came home, and he drove in the driveway, and he was parking his car in the garage, and he saw Carl standing beside the garage. And the man, forgetting that Carl was no longer here, walked up to him to shake hands, put his hand out to shake hands, and Carl disappeared. Now that to me is proof of the pudding—I believe Edythe where some might not. He went in and told his wife. He said, "Don't tell Edythe as it'll frighten her." But the wife, of course, couldn't stand it. She told Edythe. She said, "Oh, yes, he's here all the time."

B.H.: She was glad somebody else saw him.

R.H.: Yes, I imagine so. You said it was running throughout the family. Who else besides Sylvester and Edythe?

B.H.: Don is going through it right now, and Don knows nothing about psychic stuff. People are entering his body. He has gone through the tunnel of light to where he has seen Grandma Moon, Mom, Uncle John, and he has looked back and seen himself lying on the couch where he sleeps.





R.D.: He has out-of-body experiences. I've had two.  
B.H.: They terrify him to death. He is scared to death.

R.D.: I've had two out-of-body experiences. However, I didn't leave my bedroom either time. Now, he is asleep when this happens to him.  
B.H.: Yes. And Don talks during these experiences with a different voice, and Ron hears him, and it is a completely different voice.

R.D.: He swears he saw Jesus.  
B.H.: Oh, yes, oh, yes. He looked under his bed for his slippers because—

R.D.: Jesus handed him his sandals.  
B.H.: He says, "In the morning when I woke up, I looked under my bed..."

R.D.: But I told Donnie the other day, I maintain that Jesus doesn't come down to the lower planes. Jesus— Everything is consisting of planes. And there's low and there's high planes. Well, the better person you are, the higher plane you're going to end up on. And Donnie, of course, you know, has not studied enough to be on a higher plane, and I couldn't conceive of Jesus being on a lower plane. However, he claims it was him.  
B.H.: Yes, yes, he told me that theory.  
R.D.: When I went out of the body, I got up to the top of the window, and I knew I was going outside, and I turned around and came back.

B.H.: Did you see yourself in the bed?  
R.D.: No, I didn't look at the bed. I had a pang of fright, and the next thing I knew, I was back. But you can see and everything. It's just like— And that makes you wonder. When you die, what do you take with you? Do you take your sight? Do you take your hearing?

R.H.: So Sylvester, then, was the first?  
R.D.: Oh, yes. That was my only experience.

R.H.: Grandpa Moone didn't have any psychic experiences?  
R.D.: Oh, no, no.

R.H.: What was your father like?  
B.H.: Tell the truth. Tell the truth.  
R.D.: Tell the truth? I never liked my father. My father had— well— he never loved, never touched, never talked to any of us. However, I knew there was feeling there because if I did something wrong, I knew he would check on me.

R.H.: Do you think it was his Quaker background?  
R.D.: Quaker background? Oh, absolutely. However, Quakers are loving people, and I can't understand why he ended up this way, and I always felt sorry for Mom.

When we moved on Jefferson Street, I started working at 16. And my mother came in my bedroom one day, and she said, "Now that you know how to type, will you type the story of my life if I write it out for you?" And I said, "No." I said, "No." I didn't want to know, and I didn't know what there could be in her life.

R.H.: Rachel, I may kill you.  
R.D.: I know. But you see, I was 16 years old, and I didn't want to know anything about my parents.

R.H.: She felt the need...  
B.H.: How old was she when you were born?  
R.D.: I think Mom was about 42.  
B.H.: So that would have been 58.

R.D.: But what was there in her life?  
R.H.: Everybody has something worth putting down though.



R.D.: I know that my mother—she was a devil. She was fun! I remember my father came home from work one night, and she had moved out of the house that they lived in. And she and — Was it his sister?— had moved all the furniture across the street into another house.

R.H.: Was it Ethel? Ethel Knight?

R.D.: Maybe it was Aunt Sarah. It was in Wabash. It was Mama and Aunt Sarah.

R.H.: What happened when your father got home?

R.D.: Life then was so very much different. I think it was more fun. You didn't have the stress that you have nowadays. And the competition. It was a more relaxed life.

When I see kids today, I feel sorry for them. Because they miss out on something that I had, and I had nothing, but I had fun. I didn't know I didn't have anything, but it was fun.

We kids used to get out on the street and play "heavy, heavy hangs over they head." We'd play "Red Light." At night. Things like that. Kids today wouldn't think of doing that. Hopscotch and all those things. And baseball in the empty lot. Of course, they do that now. But life seemed so much different then.

I can remember my father saying to my brother, "Oh, for the good old days." And my brother'd say, "What's so good about them? You have more now than you ever did." Now I know what he meant.

Whatever is in the past always seems better as you grow older. You forget you had a toilet that flushed with a chain and no bathtub.

R.H.: What's the first house that you lived in that you can remember?

R.D.: It was a house built on the ground. 217 Truman. Our telephone was 1124W. I can't remember what happened yesterday, but I can remember that.

R.H.: What was that house like?

R.D.: It was a house built on the ground. There was no basement. We had a coal stove in the dining room, and then we had a wood burning stove in the kitchen to cook on—a big range. And no bathtub, no electric lights. We had gas lights. We had a tub. Mama had a tub. And every Saturday I would get my bath in the kitchen. Everybody had to get out, and I would be in the kitchen taking my bath.

R.H.: Did everybody go Saturday night, or was it staggered?

R.D.: I don't know. I can only remember mine. Can you imagine one bath a week, and that was normal?

R.H.: Nate (my seven-year-old son) would like that.

R.D.: And we walked. And, boy, did we walk to school. I don't know how many blocks it was, but it was far. But we never thought a thing about it. Kids nowadays, they have to ride every place they go.

R.H.: Even my group played out in the street. We didn't have the TV sitting home and the video games. We didn't require other things to amuse us. We amused ourselves. We didn't have the toys they have now.

R.D.: Whenever you wanted a toy, you would make it. I used to take corn husks. When it was raining— There was an upstairs in our place, and where the steps were was covered. I was able to sit underneath there. I love rain. I've always loved rain. And I would sit underneath there and take corn husks and make little nests and take the corn and put it in the middle of the nest. That was fun to me. And make doll clothes. When I was just a kid, I used to darn my brother-in-law's socks for a nickel a sock. Jessie's first husband. Mac Anderson.

R.H.: And Leon Tully was the other one?

R.D.: That was Hazel's husband. Leon Too-ly. I loved that man. When I was a young kid, he always promised to marry me when he got rid of Hazel. He was a quiet man, but he had a marvelous sense of humor. And I don't think that Hazel ever treated him as good as he should have been treated. In that house on Truman Avenue when everybody would come home, it was so much fun. Big family. Beautiful.

There were no cars at that time. There were street cars. And there was a lady in the neighborhood who had an electric car. Oh, my, she was the envy.

R.H.: Did you and Margaret do a lot together when you were young?

R.D.: No, Margaret was only four years older than I, but she was dating at that time. And dancing. She loved to dance which I later did, too. But we weren't that close.





She was supposed to go to a dance one time where Valentino was to appear, and Valentino didn't show up, and she never did get to see him.

She used to sit on the back steps— she used to sit on the steps leading to the place upstairs— and probably neck. One night she and I were in bed, and a man crawled in the window. He came around. She was on the outside of the bed, and I was on the inside by the window. He knelt beside her— beside the bed— and he said, "I've been watching you." And he whispered. Then he left the way he came in. This man came back another time and did the same thing— whispered to Margaret. She said she'd never forget that whispering voice. But he never touched her, he never bothered her— but he probably had his eyes on her when she was dating.

Wait— he didn't go out the window. He walked through the house and went out the back door. See, we never locked our door. And our bedroom was back of the house by the kitchen. All he had to do was walk through the kitchen and walk out the back door. One of my brothers was sitting at the dining room table reading, and he never saw the man.

R.H.: Did you see him?

R.D.: No, I was sleeping.

B.H.: How did Mom meet my dad?

R.D.: I don't know. The only thing I can think of is we all went to dances. Maybe that's where she met him. That was usually where we met anybody we dated. Because at that time, the Big Bands were all over. There were beautiful dance halls. You know the Grenada, on State Street. That was so gorgeous. And that's where we spent our time. And I was 14, 15 years old doing that, but that was the thing to do. I entered a waltz contest.

R.H.: We need to know about this Hawaiian business.

B.H.: The band on the radio.

R.D.: Oh, yes, yes, our Hawaiian band. Knute Oxman and Hazel— we played Hawaiian guitar. That's played with a bar or you jiggle it to make it quiver. And I did the bass, of course, because they were just chords, of course, and I was very young. We went to Thornton, Illinois, radio station and played on the radio. It was so much fun.

R.H.: How did that come about?

R.D.: I don't know. I was the last one. Hazel got one, and Knute got one. There was somebody else in that orchestra, too. Then Mom bought me one.

Mama never could show how much fun she was because of my father. I think he inhibited her a great deal. I always thought you were supposed to like your father, but as I got older, I decided you could like who you wanted to like, and there was no law.

R.H.: I wonder what drove her to want to write about her life at that point.

R.D.: I don't know. I was 16. I talked my mother into letting me quit school because I wanted to go to business college. Some lady was opening a business college, and she gave me a big pitch. I wanted to go to work. So, reluctantly, my mother let me quit school as a junior, and I went to business college for three months, and I got a job as a secretary at 16. Can you see that now?

B.H.: She (Roberta) was surprised last night that I said I roamed the streets after I was ten years old. I had no supervision. Did you have supervision?

R.D.: No, we never had supervision. No one's going to hurt you. Nobody bothered anybody.

B.H.: I roamed the streets of Hammond and didn't bother me.

R.D.: Life is so different. It's so stressful for children. They don't have that freedom of spirit that we had. Oh, no, I think they miss out on a lot of the fun that you can create yourself.

B.H.: Remember what your father said that time about you being different?

R.D.: He told Donna Rae, "Your mother is different." He said, "Your mother is not like the rest of the family." I have no idea what he meant by that. Well, capability and being able to do things and earn a living. The girls did not work in our family, but I did.

R.H.: Was your father a good carpenter?

R.D.: Oh, yes. Oh, yes. Absolutely he was. In those days— it isn't like today. You had to be good. Mostly he built homes.



R.D.: I never thought I would look back on my childhood and think it was fun.

R.H.: Did your mother ever say what her mother died from?

R.D.: No.

R.H.: Sylvester's first wife, Myrtle's mother, had a boy and a girl and Myrtle, and the boy and the girl died. They are buried with her.

R.D.: That's the grave you showed me out there near where you lived. You took me to an old cemetery. You'll never know what that did for me. That was my mother's mother.

R.H.: I was going to ask you what you remember about each of your brothers and sisters. Start with Edythe.

R.D.: Edythe, of course, was married because her oldest child was seven weeks older than I am. So she was married during my childhood. However, that was my second home. I loved Carl very, very much. I spent a great deal of time at their house.

Hazel was always my favorite. She was a lot of fun, and she was very, very good to me. My first high heels—you know on Easter at that time, everyone, we children, felt like they had to have new outfits to go to church with. Hazel provided me with my first high heels, and she gave me a cerise-colored or rose-colored chiffon dress. It sounds dressier than it actually is. It was very pretty. And she made it possible for me to go to church and be so proud that Easter.

Charles, of course, was killed when I was about 12. He was a very favorite brother, a very good-looking boy.

And Clark was pretty quiet.

John—I always liked John. However, he had a temper. My family had tempers. And I remember during the First World War, my three brothers were in service. Harry was in the navy; Clark was in the marines; and John was in the army. And my mother would sit in the darkness at night, looking out the window, and I knew she was worried. We had three stars in our window, indicating the service. And when Jessie died in El Paso, I went down in the basement, and I discovered a whole bunch of letters written by all the boys when they were in service. Jessie had saved them. I enjoyed reading them very much because they described the surroundings and their life and how terrible it was and how glad they would be to get home. I believe I sent those to Harry. He should have those now. I wouldn't want those to get out of the family.

R.H.: I would love to read them. Edythe had a few. Were there only about 12 or 13 of them? We have about 12 or 13. Copies. Edythe has the originals.

R.D.: Oh, wonderful. They were mostly written by Harry, I believe—from Panama.

R.H.: I don't remember any from Panama. I have some from France and South Carolina and Washington.

R.H.: Then you remember the boys being gone. Did they come home on furlough?

R.D.: I don't remember that. I just remember my mother sitting in the window and crying.

B.H.: Tell her about right after you and Daggy got married and your mother and father were playing cards.

R.D.: Oh, do you want that? My father and mother used to play *hog rum*. It's a game you play with points. They would sit with the grid board on their knees and two chairs and play *hog rum*. My father, oh, he cheated so. He just never gave my mother her points, and he'd chuckle. One night Daggy and I were in the living room. And he (her father) says, "I've gotta play good tonight. I'm playing for high stakes." And she (her mother) said, "Be quiet. The kids are in the other room." He was 70 at the time, and I thought, Dear God, do people do those things at 70!

We moved from there when Donna Rae was born in 1931. We moved in with Margaret.

I had my baby there, and Hazel took care of me. Dr. Roe was my doctor. Dr. Roe was out of town, and somebody else had to deliver, and Dr. Roe gave me a box of candy over that one.

Dick was just a toddling baby, and I was making coffee in an electric coffee pot. I had set the pot on a chair to perk. And he came into the kitchen and pulled it off of the chair, and it burned his genitals. Boiling coffee. Hazel and I dressed the child to take care of it after the doctor had dressed it. When he got married, I got up the nerve to ask if it left scars, and Jan said no.

B.H.: Then you must have lived with Mom a long time.

R.D.: I don't know. Hazel was there.





R.H.: Why did you all live together? To save money?

R.D.: At that time work wasn't that plentiful. It was the Depression. Oh, what a Depression.

B.H.: Then when we went out to Hessville, who lived with us there? I think Uncle Gale lived there because he put a bed out on the back porch.

R.H.: How did the Depression affect the family over all?

R.D.: Well, of course, my father wasn't working then.

You just didn't have anything. I can remember having 50 cents. That's it. 50 cents. Daggy and I went to store, and we bought stew meat and potatoes and everything to make a stew. That's the last thing I ever cooked because that was all the money I had. And then we went to live with his sister. People just doubled up and did the best they could.

R.H.: Was Daggy working?

R.D.: No.

R.H.: What about your brothers?

R.D.: John was always on the railroad, so he didn't have any trouble. Clark had the potato chip business. Lowell was on the railroad. If you were on the railroad, you were okay.

Daggy worked for WPA three days a week. When he'd come home, he'd say everybody was just leaning on the shovels. Nobody worked very hard, but they still earned a little bit of money so they could keep their pride.

His first job — he went to work for Shell(?), and he was making \$18 a week. I was going to help support his mother. I was going to save money. Oh, that was so much money.

R.H.: What year were you married in?

R.D.: About '29.

R.H.: The crash was when?

R.D.: It was beginning then.

B.H.: Sure, it was over in '33.

R.H.: Thanks to President Roosevelt.

B.H.: The great White father.

R.H.: You bet he was.

R.H.: He was pretty well thought of then, huh?

R.D.: Oh, my, yes.

R.H.: Did your parents ever have to go on welfare?

R.D.: Oh, never. Didn't even know what that was in those days. People helped each other.

R.H.: Edythe couldn't remember Christmases at your mother's house.

R.D.: Christmases were always wonderful. We always had a tree. Maybe you didn't get a lot of presents, but you got enough that you were happy with them. I still remember some of the dolls I got. I loved dolls. My sisters always gave me something.

R.H.: What about Nanny (Margaret)? What did she like to play with? Did she like dolls?

R.D.: She was mean.

R.H.: Why does everybody say Nanny was mean? What did she do?

R.D.: Actually, I don't think she meant to sound like she did.

B.H.: She was like that all her life, Rachel— She was like that til the day she died.

R.D.: Oh, I know it. She always sounded like she was cross. That was her voice. Even when she was little. Always. And she was never interested in improving herself to the degree where she talked decently. That's a trait in our family. My father was very cross talking.



Saturday night, oh, Saturday night. Drunk every Saturday night. His chair was in front of a great, big mirror, and he would sit there, playing a Jews' Harp in front of that mirror. I would never bring children in the house because of that.

I always used to think that I was stolen because you did not belong that way. My mother, being 42—that was old, then. My mother had white hair at 30. Much to my shame now, I wished I had young parents because my mom was 42, and my father was 12 years older. So by the time I got to my teens, they were old people, and I never enjoyed having parents that could share with me. And I'm just surprised I turned out so well.

B.H.: I was telling her that we always went to Edythe's house. Everybody would be there all the time.

R.D.: Well, they lived a normal family life. Carl was wonderful to children. Everybody loved him.

R.H.: How long was Hazel single between husbands?

R.D.: I don't know how long she was single, but I know she and Tom and Daggy and I used to date together—the four of us. Oh, God. Would you like to hear about the sweet corn? We used to drink. What else did you have to do?

And we drove and drank, too. That's a no-no. One night we'd been out and drinking, and we were out some place where they had farms. So we stopped alongside of the road, and we sneaked into the corn patch, and we filled up the trunk with sweet corn. And when we got home, we found out it was horse corn, and we couldn't eat a bit.

And one night I pretended like I had passed out. Hazel started crying, "My baby sister. My baby sister."

R.H.: Hazel didn't have any children?

R.D.: No, but she mothered everybody. Every child in that family—that was their favorite aunt. Of course, she was ornery talking—like Margaret.

B.H.: She always had a dirty joke to tell.

R.D.: She could tell stories like nobody I ever heard. She was snotty talking. The whole family was snotty talking.

B.H.: Remember Aunt Hazel playing the piano with her rings on the keys?

R.D.: Yes, pianos were a big part of all of our families.

B.H.: Every time we got together, one of them was playing. Edythe—Hazel—Rachel.

R.D.: I can remember standing around the piano, singing. Good memories of a family.

R.H.: Why did everyone go to Edythe's?

B.H.: Grandma and Grandpa never had a house by themselves.

R.D.: Edythe had the big house, and she had money to—

R.H.: I thought it was about the same size as Nanny's.

B.H.: Edythe had the long area.

R.D.: There used to be a long closet between the two bedrooms, and I used to go in there and listen to Edythe and Carl in their bedroom.

B.H.: Tell her about the time Daggy and Grandpa went hunting.

R.D.: This was a stubborn man. My father was a stubborn man. Oh, you could not tell him anything. If he knew it, he knew it, and that was that. So, they went hunting, and on the way back, it was dark, and there were these little reflector lights along the farm road. My father says, "I'll be damned if I'd pay the electric bill for those lights." Daggy says, "Dad, those are reflectors." He says, "I can see they're electric lights." Daggy slammed on the brakes, and he says, "Dad, get out of the car." "I don't have to. I know they're electric lights." And he would not budge out of the car.

One day John and my father almost came to blows. Roosevelt Street has another name—12<sup>th</sup> Street. My father said they were two different streets. My brother said they were the same street—12<sup>th</sup> and Roosevelt. My brother John grabbed his coat, says, "Dad, get your coat on. We're driving to Chicago." But my dad wouldn't budge out of his chair. He was not ever going to be proven wrong. Not ever, ever.

B.H.; Dick's friend—Now, you know that a Buick had those holes in the front fenders, and you could tell it was a Buick. Well, Dick's friend had changed the car and put Buick fenders on this car. Well, Grandpa said, "Oh, that's





a Buick out there.” And Dick says, “No, Grandpa, we did that.” “You couldn’t have done that. That’s a Buick. It’s got holes in the front fender.” Dick could not convince him that, man, it was not a Buick.

Oh, he was the most mean, stubborn man I ever knew.

R.D.: My father would spank me— much later I realize I deserved it. I would lie in the bed and play solitaire by the hour. He took those cards away from me and never let me touch them again. He had principles of a sort.

R.H.: What principles did he have? I heard he always wore a hat except at dinner, like a Quaker.

R.D.: He would not permit me to sew on Sunday, yet me and mother would play *Hog Rum* on Sundays. I never could see the difference.

I could never believe Quakerism rubbed off on him much. But he observed certain little things that didn’t mean a darn. It doesn’t change the inside of him where it would mean anything or show love.

R.H.: Did you like Bonnie’s father?

R.D.: Yes and no. I wasn’t crazy about him. He was just another person, but I don’t remember any redeeming qualities. I guess he was alright, but he had things I didn’t care for.



## INTERVIEW WITH TRESSA TALBERT SCHMALZREID

I conducted this interview with Tressa Talbert Schmalzreid at her home in Wabash, Indiana, in November of 1977. At that time, Tressa was 86 years old, the youngest child of Enos and Rosa Talbert. She died when she was 89.

R.: Your mother was Rosa Gurtner, right?

T.: Yes.

R.: What nationality was your mother?

T.: Her people came from—they were Swiss-German.

R.: She's dark.

T.: Yes, but both of her brothers, Uncle John and Uncle Chris Gurtner, lived in Urbana. And they were both born in Switzerland, and they were very fair. But my mother and her sister were dark-complexioned. And had dark hair. They came over— Uncle John and Uncle Chris were born before they came over here. But my mother and Aunt Caroline were born over here.

R.: Were they Quakers when they were in Switzerland?

T.: No, they weren't Quakers. It was my father's people that were Quakers. They were birthright Quakers.

R.: He married outside the church then.

T.: I suppose. We were always Methodist. There was no Quaker church in Lagro. We went to the Methodist Church when we lived out on the Chippewa Pike. I'm 86 years old. My father years ago— I had them all at my house— my sister's daughter Rosanna— Father told her all he knew about the history, and she typed it up. She lives in Florida. Rosanna Bechtol— her husband died last year. She's 64.

R.: Do you remember all of your aunts and uncles?



Enos Talbert's family  
Back row: Ora, Rosa (Gurtner), Arlie, Enos, Lula (Bechtol)  
Front row: Edith and Tressa (Schmalzried)





T.: I remember Aunt Libby, Aunt Rachel, Aunt Susan, and Aunt— my father had a sister—

R.: Rebecca?

T.: Rebecca? I knew Aunt Rachel and Uncle Will. He was a minister. I never met Nathan, but I know there was a Nathan Talbert. And Elizabeth and Aunt Susan. Elvira was the one— Scott. Her name was Scott. I think all her children are dead. The last one died less than a year ago. She lived in Lebanon.

R.: What was her name?

T.: I don't know— she divorced and married again. They lived in Peru for years. I do know Aunt Rachel, Aunt Susan, Aunt Libby—I just don't know what we called Scott. We didn't go there nearly so often, but I loved to go. They had 3 daughters. I knew the daughters real well. They had one or two sons. Walter Scott was one.

R.: Elvira was the one married to Anderson Calvin Scott.

T.: Yes. They lived — Noblesville, wasn't it? I don't know which one died first. Aunt Rachel was very prim and prissy. She was always dressed up. And she always had a ribbon in her hair. She was a fine looking woman. I think maybe Aunt Libby was the prettiest, but she didn't take any care of herself. Aunt Libby was NO housekeeper. She'd—I'd just love to go there. She was so interesting to talk to, and she and Uncle Elisha just thought so much of each other. They had a happy home. They weren't wealthy by any means. He—I think he was wealthy when they were married. And he went on somebody's note, and they didn't pay it, and he had to pay it for them. And they were just real poor. But Rose Mills— well, Cecil was very nice-looking. But Jack Mills and Rose Mills were extra nice looking. Rose was beautiful. Jack was about the best-looking man in Wabash.

R.: Rose was the one that died young, didn't she?

T.: She had 3 children and died in childbirth.

R.: Cecilia said Rose had married a minister?

T.: Yes, she married Parvin Bond.

R.: Didn't she live with her mother, too?

T.: Yes, her mother lived with her. Aunt Sue Kellar. I don't know what— Hiatt, I believe was her first husband. Then he died, and she married this good-for-nothing Kellar. She inherited a mill and money. This Kellar knew it, and he persuaded her to marry him. He just married her for her money. She— years ago the Interurban ran to Richvalley. Aunt Sue lived in Rich Valley.

R.: The Interurban? Was it a train?

T.: Well, no, it was a ....It ran from Fort Wayne. It came through here. My sister Edith and I— Edith died in her 30's. We went down to Aunt Susan's one day. She didn't know we were coming. She made rugs. She had a big loom in one of her rooms. She made rugs for people. They had a garden, and Uncle John went and got roasting— we had roasting ears and new tomatoes, and we had such a good time that day. I never will forget it. Aunt Susan was bright. The Talberts were supposed to have an inheritance. During the Revolutionary War...

R.: The Prays.

T.: The Prays, yes. Aunt Sue— whenever she'd come to our house, to father's, when we lived in LaGro, I knew she'd come after money for that. She was just determined to have that. And I tell you she was bright. She tracked it down, but I guess finally gave up on it.

R.: You mean, she'd come out and ask others to chip in?

T.: Yes. For more research. She was real heavy. Now Aunt Rachel and Aunt Libby were fine-looking women. But Aunt Sue, she wasn't very good looking. But she was bright and interesting. I just loved her. Clarence was the boy's name. Molly Cassatt had two— Clarence and ?

R.: Mrs. Coons told me Rachel was so prim and proper. Said she always wore black. I guess Rachel wasn't as popular as Libby.

T.: Aunt Rachel had Ethel Knight and Rob Knight and Vernon Knight. Vernon Knight married Catherine DePauw, the granddaughter of the founder of DePauw University. He really married into money, and he made money. He was—I guess he's finally dead. He lived in New Albany. I think he and Katherine DePauw had 4 children.





R.: What did he do for a living?

T.: I don't know.

R.: Robert was an artist, wasn't he?

T.: He should have been, but liquor just ruined his life. And he also lost his eyesight.

R.: Mrs. Coons said some people blamed Rachel for not taking him to a doctor.

T.: I don't know. Vernon always seemed to be her favorite. And Ethel taught school and kept her mother for years. Aunt Rachel always had something wrong with her. Ethel just had to treat her like a baby almost. That's what everybody said.

R.: Hypochondriac?

T.: I suppose she had rheumatism, but lots of old people have rheumatism. Ethel always blamed it on her mother that she didn't get married and have a family of her own. But she always had to support her mother, had to take care of her. They lived on the south side close to the school where Ethel taught so long. Ethel taught for so many years. And Ethel herself died in a nursing home.

R.: Wasn't she engaged to a man who Rachel didn't like?

T.: Yes, she was engaged to one man. He came from a nice family. Her mother just couldn't give her up, and she couldn't get married and still take care of her mother. Her mother ruined her life. Nowadays it wouldn't happen that way. But then that was the thing to do. You had to take care of your parents. They were— all the Talberts that I knew— were religious. They went to church. Took part in it.

R.: Did you ever hear about the Moones?

T.: No, Stillman Knight died of pneumonia.



Six children of Elijah and Mary (Pray) Talbert: Rachel Knight, Enos, Susannah Kellar, Libby Mills, Elvira Scott, and William. Daughter Rebecca Macy is pictured on the next page.





R.: Do you know where Mary Pray Talbert was buried?

T.: No. Father took us to Grassy Branch one time. That's where he was born, I guess. I don't know anything about where his parents are buried.

R.: Was anything left of the house when you went there?

T.: No.

R.: Wasn't it a log cabin at first? Elizabeth wrote a poem about living in a log cabin.

T.: They were bright people, all of them.

R.: Libby comes out clearly in her poems. She must have been an energetic person, interested in life.

T.: Yes, she was. She just wasn't a good housekeeper. She'd spent 20 minutes cleaning her broom on a tree and about five minutes sweeping. I can hear her yet. Early in the morning she'd get out there and just swish that broom back and forth on the tree. Rose— Rose lived there first. Then Rose died. They'd built onto the house. Uncle Elisha died. After Rose died, Cecil and Cecilia's mother, they moved in with Aunt Libby. She didn't want to leave her home, so they moved in with her. Lived there quite a while.

R.: Cecilia (Mills) said that Libby had died in that house. She had fallen and broken a hip and had then become addicted to morphine.

T.: Elisha died first.

R.: What was your father like?

T.: My father liked to read. He was a great reader. And he—I remember we had the first piano in the country when we lived out at South Lagro. All 3 of us girls took piano lessons. He was very religious. It didn't make any difference if he was late with his crops or not, he'd drive into church, to the Lagro church prayer meeting every Thursday night. He'd quit work, you know. He'd never miss church and Sunday school. He was a — he had a license to preach. Now that was a lay leader's license.



R.: How would he get the license?

T.: You had to have so much schooling and so much experience. Always when the minister couldn't be there—the minister had 3 charges—when the minister couldn't be there, Father always took his place. He paid a lot of attention to his children. We never played cards. My goodness, we couldn't play cards! We played Flinch; it was just the same thing. And Mother always had her mending to do. Father would sit up— well, if he had a good book— he'd sit up until 2:00 in the morning to finish that good book. And he'd play with us. We'd play Flinch in the winter nights.

R.H.: What's Flinch?

T.S.: It's just like cards, only it's numbers. You play with Flinch cards. He and Mother used to go to Texas in the winter. They'd play Dominoes. They'd play "42." And I'd say, "Father, you'll have to be careful. You're going to play cards!" And he just loved to play things like that. But we were never allowed to have cards in the house.

R.H.: Why did they go to Texas?

T.S.: Well, it was after they had retired. And father was well-to-do when the Lagro bank failed.



Then he bought land in Texas, and it was just a land swindle. That's all it was. He lost a lot of money that way. Then he'd gone on notes for two of my brothers, and they were involved in the Lagro bank. They lost a lot of money. I was going to write his son. His son sent me the obituary of my brother. (Note: Her brother Roland had just died a couple weeks previously.) Father always loved *The Old Rugged Cross*. That was his favorite hymn. They sang it at my brother's memorial service. Father picked out his own text: "A good man leaves an inheritance to his children's children." That was the text for his funeral service. That's what he wanted. I always felt that though they didn't leave money to us, they left something that money can't buy. It was a good family. My father was a good man. He was good to my mother. My mother was a wonderful housekeeper and a wonderful woman. She had a lot of patience. Father had a quick temper.

R.H.: What did he do for a living?

T.S.: He raised purebred Poland China hogs. He had a sale every year. He made a lot of money that way. We raised livestock.

R.H.: What year was he born?

T.S.: My father was 84 when he died—no, 86. A week from the day he was buried, he would have been 86. I don't know where his obituary is. He was 6 years older than Mother. He wasn't married until he was 28.

R.H.: When was he married?

T.S.: I don't know.

R.H.: In the 1880 census it says he was a woodchopper.

T.S.: Uncle Elisha chopped wood a lot of times for us. He always hired men to come out and chop wood in the winter, but I don't remember Father chopping wood.

R.H.: Maybe it was before you were born. What year were you born?

T.S.: 1891. I'm sure that wasn't his way of life because my mother inherited a 40 acre farm, and they moved on that when they were married.

R.H.: Where was that farm?

T.S.: Well, it was in the vicinity of Roann. Then he bought another farm. They had 80 acres. The house is still there. I have a picture of the house. It hadn't changed very much from the way my father built it. I was born there. I guess the 40 acres though was right out of town. They said you went through Choketown to get there. My two older brothers were born there. The rest of us were born by Roann. I don't think the house that they lived in first is still standing. I never remember seeing it. Father bought a house in Texas. My brother eventually bought it from him. But he and Mother spent several years in Texas. They would go there in the winter. We spent—my husband and I—he had a brother in Texas and my youngest brother—the one who just died. We used to go down there. They lived in the Rio Grande Valley, southernmost point of Texas. My brother had a beautiful home down there. He was in Northwestern University when he was inducted into the war. He was in France for four years.

R.H. Roland?

T.S.: Yes. When he came back, he didn't want to go back to college. He went off to Texas. He didn't make his money off land. He bought a hardware store—he and another man. He bought this store and sold it. Then he bought fruit and shipped it for years. They had a beautiful home. Groves on either side and in the back. He did well. We went out to see him about a year and a half before he died. He wasn't well then. He's been here—and his wife—and some of their children. His son was here several days. He had a fine family.

R.H. Did your father ever discuss his parents at all?

T.S.: Well, he had a stepmother. Yes, he used to talk about his father, how he helped to free the slaves. How they used to hide them, you know, and help to free them. He thought a lot of his stepmother. I think one of the Prays—he said—was the first lawyer in Indianapolis.

R.H.: Enos?

T.S.: I don't know. But I know that—oh, here's a picture of my father. He had fine horses, too.

R.H.: Cecilia said he had one of the first motor cars.

T.S.: He did, and he drove it. Now Jake's father never—Jake's father bought a car, but Jake always had to drive it.





R.H.: Who's Jake?

T.S.: my husband

R.H.: Is this an Appaloosa horse?

T.S.: No, that horse was a stud. They had a lovely home out by Lagro. They always had a nice home. This is the entrance to my brother's home. The *National Geographic* took this picture, and it appeared in the *National Geographic*. The palm trees are native to Texas, but they have to be planted.

R.H. That's very nice.

T.S.: This is his home. You can't tell very much about it. It was a brick home, and there aren't many brick homes in Texas. They have a lot of tile in Texas. And the porch was almost as big as my house. They had 6 boys, and when his wife was 47, they had a girl. That's me. This is the house where my father—he planted this palm tree. Roland's boys kind of came in two's; they had two, then in four years, they had two more. Then in four years, they had two more. Then the girl. They named her *Joy*. This was taken on my father and mother's 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. At their home in Lagro.

R.H. That's a lot of people.

T.S.: Yes. They lived to celebrate their 60<sup>th</sup>, I think. Or maybe just one more year would have been their 60<sup>th</sup>.

R.H. What year was this?

T.S.: Well, let's see. I don't just remember what year it was. We had a dinner at the Methodist Church. Then we all—that's taken in their side yard. There was a big crowd there.

R.H.: Your father looks like he had a good sense of humor— was a good-natured person.

T.S.: He liked a good joke.

R.H.: Cecilia said he said *Gee* and *Haw* to the car when he wanted it to go.

T.S.: That could be true!

R.H.: I read in the Hamilton County history that Elijah Talbert was part of the Underground Railroad. It didn't say what he did.

T.S.: He hid them in his house. I've heard Father tell about that just time and time again.

R.H.: What did he say about it?

T.S.: Well, he'd tell how they got there, how they came looking for them, and they had them hidden. And how they helped them on their way.

R.H.: Do you remember anything specifically?

T.S.: They gave them food and clothing and kept them underground.

R.H.: In the house?

T.S.: It was underground in the house. It had to be camouflaged so they couldn't find them. I know he said they came looking for them again and again, but they never found one. The ones that they hid, they always put them on their way.

R.H.: It must have been frightening.

T.S.: It must be.

R.H.: He remembered that.

T.S.: Oh, yes, he remembered it well. And he said his stepmother was awfully good to them, too. She— everyone was willing to help them.

R.H.: When two of Enos' brothers went to the Civil War...

T.S.: Uncle Will was pastor of the church at Auburn for a long time. I never saw Nathan. Orlando Talbert lived right across the street in that big white house over there. (Note: Nathan had a son named Orlando Clyde Talbert.)



R.H.: Did your Uncle Will ever talk about being in the Civil War?

T.S.: I think that they did, but not very much. I wish I could think what we called the one that lived— Scott— oh, Aunt Evva (Note: not Eva) Scott. She used to come to our house so much. And she and Father would sit way up into the night arguing religion. That's the thing I remember most. Father and Uncle Will agreed more, but Aunt Evva was a Baptist, I believe. Now religion is religion, and we don't argue about it. In the Methodist Church, you could be baptized, you could be sprinkled or poured. But Father and Aunt Evva just argued and argued. About baptism.

R.H.: Friendly argument, I presume.

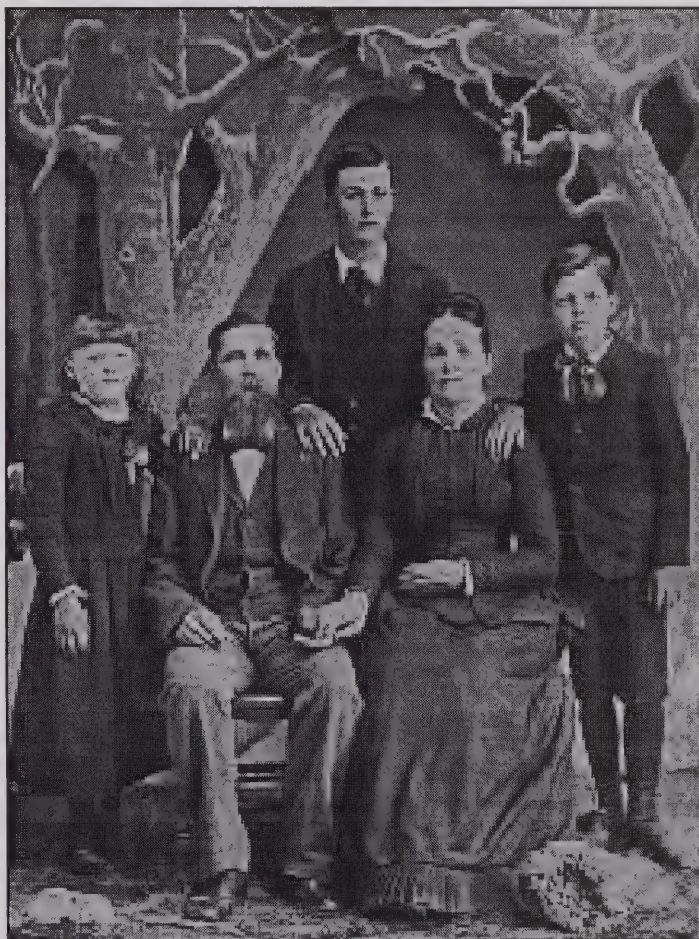
T.S.: Oh, yes. I remember Aunt Rachel— Father was a great believer in prayer. Aunt Rachel seemed to be losing her mind. But I'm sure now it was because she took so much medicine. The medicine did it to her.

R.H.: What kind of medicine? (Note: Cecilia Mills told me it was Lydia Pinkham's, which had a high alcoholic content.)

T.S.: I don't know, but anyway, she came to our house, and Father had a prayer meeting. He had the minister of our church and several other members and in a couple days she was alright. She stayed there a week or two, and she was alright when she went home. And she'd just been clear off of medicine. So Father believed that prayer did it. And I think prayer had a lot to do with it, but I think it was just getting away from all that medicine. And my mother cooking for her. (Rachel is pictured below with her daughter Ethel; second husband, Stillman Knight; and sons Vern and Robert.

R.H.: What made them think she'd lost her mind?

T.S.: Well, she just had lost her mind. She didn't know where she was. I don't think she was violent. But Aunt Ethel had to teach. They had someone to stay with her all the time, and people didn't like to stay with her. I remember when I had typhoid fever when I was between 11 and 12 years old. I was in bed for 14 weeks, and they just didn't think. After I had typhoid, I took pneumonia. All my hair came out. My head was bald. They just didn't think I could live at all. Finally, the fever broke, and I remember my father and mother kneeling down and giving thanks. They said my life was saved through prayer. I just remember that so vividly. Uncle Rob used to tease me so. I said all sorts of things. I remember lying in bed and thinking there were things on the ceiling. They used to bathe me for the fever. I didn't want my feet washed. I didn't want to be bothered. He said I said in the Bible that it wasn't good for you to wash your feet. Rob Knight used to tease me about that all the time. When Rob would drink and couldn't get a job, he'd come out to our house. My father always had someone working for him that he would help, that was down and out. Uncle Elisha used to come out and cut wood in winter. Rob Knight used to come. A cousin of my mother's used to come. We always had—







then the people on the South Side. Aunt Rachel and Aunt Libby and their families all lived on the South Side. One Saturday night we didn't know anyone was coming, and there were 16 guests came. Sixteen. We had a great big house.

R.H.: They stayed overnight?

T.S.: Yes, they stayed overnight. Saturday night and Sunday. My mother always had— Oh, we just had everything. Father was a good provider. And Mother— of course, she baked bread three or four times a week, but then, we'd bake pies and cakes. We had hams and everything. She didn't think much about it. But my brother Roland was just a little fella, and he was lying down in front of the fireplace, and he looked around, and said, "My, this just looks like a regular toe-hell!" Of course, he meant hotel. I never will forget that.

R.H.: They just started dropping in.

T.S.: Yes. They didn't any of them know the other one was coming, and we didn't know any of them was coming.

R.H.: That didn't disturb your mother to feed and sleep all those people?

T.S.: No, no, of course, we always helped, but she was at the head of it. My mother was a worker.

R.H.: Where did they all sleep?

T.S.: Oh, we had plenty of beds. We never turned a tramp away in our life. We had one bed for tramps. It was sort of in the attic. Never turned a tramp away. Father never turned anybody away. Our neighbor's house burned after we moved over by Lagro— We had an 80 acre farm where I was born over by Roann. My brothers Arlie and Ory were both born in Roann. My father wanted more land, and he couldn't buy anymore over there, so he sold the 80 acres, and he bought 260 over by Lagro, and we moved over there.

R.H.: Did your father ever say why they moved from Hamilton County to Wabash?

T.S.: I don't think Father and Mother ever did live there.

R.H.: The Talberts first lived over by Noblesville. Did you ever hear Elijah Talbert nursed his sons through cholera during the Civil War?

T.S.: No.

R.H.: Did your Uncle William have children?

T.S.: Yes, they had — his wife's name was Molly, and they had at least 3 sons, maybe 4. I know a Glenn Talbert lived in Auburn, Indiana. His mother died, and Uncle William reared him from the time he was a baby. He was my brother Roland's age. His son is Dr. Talbert, chief surgeon at Taylor-Nichol Clinic at London. Harold Talbert, Orlando's son, lives in the second house over.

R.H.: Where did Rachel Talbert live?

T.S.: On the South Side. She lived on Pike Street about— you go to the south side and turn on Pike Street. Sixth house as you're going east and west. Sixth house on the left as you're going west. Ethel sold it.

R.H.: She lived there last?

T.S.: Yes.

R.H.: Do you know where Rachel is buried?

T.S.: Cecil and Rose are buried at Friends Cemetery.

R.H.: So is she.

T.S.: It's out on the South Side. You go out on Pike Street and just keep going until you get to the cemetery. Father and Mother are buried at Metloc. That's south.

R.H.: Who else is buried at Friends Cemetery?

T.S.: I suppose Aunt Libby and Uncle Elisha. Rose went to a Friends College. She taught school til she married.

R.H.: What college?

T.S.: It's in Indiana. Ethel and Rose both went there. Rose helped her mother and father and Bess Purdy.



R.H.: Had something happened to her?

T.S.: Her husband would come home long enough for her to have a baby. Then he'd leave her. He wouldn't go home for maybe a year. They had several children. They were lovely girls. Josephine and Mary—I think one of them died. Rose just helped everybody. Then she married Parvin Bond. He was a minister, and yet he was treasurer for Wabash County for years. They had two children. Then she was pregnant again. She died with the third child.

R.H.: In childbirth?

T.S.: Yes. The child lived. I think their one child died. Parvin married again eventually. They moved away. I think they lived with William and Mary. A lot of people didn't think he was good-looking—wasn't near good enough for Rose. But she loved him. I think they had a nice marriage.

R.H.: What was your Uncle Will like?

T.S.: I don't think Uncle Will was as fun-loving as father was. He was a minister, and none of his sons was religious.

R.H.: Was he Quaker?

T.S.: Yes. Glenn Talbert is a nice fella. But his father worked on the railroad, and I never in my life heard anybody swear like Glenn Talbert does. He got it from his dad. I know he didn't get it from Uncle Will because I never heard my father say a swear word in his life. He just never swore. And Uncle Will was the same way. But the second generation—Uncle Will's boys—none of them was religious. And they were just—Will and Carl—I think Glenn's father was William.

R.H.: Did your Uncle Will die in Wabash?

T.S.: No, they didn't live here. They didn't live in Auburn, but it was some town near Auburn. Auburn is where Glenn is.

R.H.: You knew nothing at all about Nathan?

T.S.: No.

R.H.: What was Elisha Mills like?

T.S.: He was a warm man. He had been married before. He had one daughter, and she married in money. Clara, I believe. She used to visit Uncle Elisha—I never knew anyone like him. I just adored that old man. He just loved Aunt Libby, and she loved him. They were just sweethearts til they died even though they didn't have any money hardly. They said he used to work all day and take his day's rations home for a piece of meat for dinner. I don't know how they got that home—if Rose bought it or whether he had it before he lost what he had? I don't know. It was on the south side.

R.H.: Was it near Rachel's?

T.S.: Not too far. Two or three squares from there.

R.H.: Were the sisters close?

T.S.: Yes and no. They visited back and forth and Rose and Ethel were close. They were about the same age. I think Aunt Rachel and Libby were close. They weren't much alike.

R.H.: Which of the Talberts was your father closest to?

T.S.: Oh, I think he'd help any of them. And their families would visit us all the time. All of them. So I don't really know whether he had a favorite or not. His sisters called him *Eeny*. All his sisters used *thee* and *thou*. We never did. Aunt Rachel was always right. She knew everything. She was always right in her thinking, according to her. I can hear her yet saying, "Now, Eeny, thee knows..." They were birthright Quakers, and my father was quite proud of it. But he didn't—now we had a lady in the Methodist Church who wouldn't take communion, but Father wasn't that way.

R.H.: Why did he leave the Quaker church?

T.S.: Well, there wasn't one. They didn't have cars then.

R.H.: Just too far.

T.S.: Yes. We went to a country church, and it was Methodist. There was a Presbyterian, Catholic, and Methodist. We went to the Methodist. It was more like the Quakers. That was the reason.





R.H.: Your Aunt Libby was big in temperance work, wasn't she?

T.S.: Yes. She and Rose. My sister Edith lived in Wabash. She was county superintendent of the W.C.T.U. Aunt Libby always worked in it. I don't think she held any office in it. But she was great for temperance. My father was, too. He worked \_\_\_\_\_. They were reared that way.

R.H.: You said Rob Knight had a problem with that. Wasn't that upsetting to his mother since she was a Quaker?

T.S.: I don't know if he drank when she was living. But he drank to excess. He never could hold a job. He lived with Ethel off and on. He was married maybe two or three times, but he didn't stay married. No children. He was a big, tall, handsome fella. Then he was almost blind. Ethel said he could have been a wonderful artist. But he threw his life away.

R.H.: You remember your Aunt Susanna?

T.S.: Yes, she was Aunt Sue Kellar. There were three of us: my sister Edith, my sister Eula, and myself. We always wondered which of us would get to look like Aunt Sue because Sue was so big. But never any of us.

R.H.: Was she sensitive about being heavy?

T.S.: No, she never thought about how she looked. She was clean, but she wasn't nice-looking at all. Her hair got thin. She was jolly, just always. I just loved Aunt Sue. And she was bright— she was just as smart as a whip. She spent her life at that loom. She had asthma. I suppose she finally died of it— something like that. But she lived— well, they all lived to be old.

R.H.: Did she make patterned rugs or what?

T.S.: Rag rugs. People'd bring their rags there, and she'd weave them. That wasn't very good for her throat either. All the dust flew up.

R.H.: I would imagine so.

T.S.: I don't know if they mismanaged or not, but they lost that saw mill she'd inherited from Hiatt. Then she married this Kellar, and some way she lost that mill. But she made a living with those rugs.

R.H.: Did she remain married to Kellar?

T.S.: Yes, they lived together. He—I don't think he ever did love her. And he wasn't true to her. But they weren't divorced. I don't remember anybody being divorced.

R.H.: Did they have children together?

T.S.: Yes, they had one. Alda— and she was a pippin. I used to hope none of my friends would ever be around me. Alda used to come and visit the folks. And folks treated her right. She was married 3 or 4 times and divorced. Oh, she was a wild one. We didn't know how to cope with anything like that. It was just unknown then.

R.H.: Is that Alda?

T.S.: No, that's Mont. And that's Hattie. They were very fair and nice-looking. Zona, Zona Cooper— and Mont married a Cooper. Frank Cooper. Zona Cooper. Mont is my first cousin. Hattie married— Cleo and Ralph never had any children. There was Cleo and Elsie and Zona, and Zona and I were just as close as sisters. She lives in Elkhart.

R.H.: Did Susannah stay a Quaker?

T.S.: I don't know.

R.H.: How about Elvira?

T.S.: Aunt Evva Scott, she joined Uncle Anderson's church—the Baptist. She was more like Rachel. They had— Laura was the youngest. Mattie was the oldest. Linda and Ellen. They had four girls. Oh, they were beautiful girls. And Walter Scott. They had, I think, two boys and four girls. They were quite well-to-do. They had a nice home. He died first, and her girls took such good care of her. They kept her there in her own home until she died. No, I liked to go there, but I don't think she was as fun-loving as Aunt Sue was. She was more serious and more self-centered.

R.H.: Was Rachel self-centered?

T.S.: Yes, I think she was. Very much so.



R.H.: Did you visit Rachel much?

T.S.: Well, yes, I had meals there. Not like they visited us though. They always came. I don't know how they got out to Lagro. I don't think any of them had a horse. It was before I was married.

R.H.: Rachel died about 1922. When did your father get a car?

T.S.: After I was married. Our first car was a Maxwell. We always drove a horse and buggy before. My husband's uncle got the first car in the country. It wasn't too long after that we got a car, and Father got a car. Father's was a — it was larger than a Maxwell.

R.H.: How many bedrooms did Enos' house have?

T.S.: My sister and I had a big bedroom. There were five others upstairs, and the folks had one downstairs.

R.H.: It must have been a large house. Two stories?

T.S.: Yes, and then there was an attic where we had the tramp's bed. In the bedroom where my sisters slept, there were two double beds and a cot. The others had single beds. We found a place for everybody to sleep, and we had enough to eat.

R.H.: Did you eat in shifts?

T.S.: We had a great big kitchen and a long, long table. We always had room for everyone. My mother was a good cook. She always had plenty.

R.H.: Did you still have to can?

T.S.: Oh, yes, I canned even after we married. I had 3-400 quarts of food in the basement. We canned, and when we butchered hogs, we had hams. We had meat in the smoke house. Father had something like a fruit house. That fruit house, they didn't freeze in there. It was dug out, and it had the house over it. We buried cabbages. Our apples—he had everything. My father made a garden till after they moved to town. He raised everything.

R.H.: What did they do for food in town?

T.S.: He planted— He had a cow. He'd milk it every day and take it back to pasture. He rented a pasture just out of town. They had cherries. They had \_\_\_\_\_. They had white grapes and red grapes and blue grapes. They had cherry trees and apple trees. That was in town. Mother always made crab apple jelly. He always helped Mother. He'd gather everything, and then they'd can it together. They had a few currant bushes and a few gooseberries. Mother'd can—he loved gooseberry pie—and she'd can about 12 quarts a summer.

R.H.: Did the others grow that much?

T.S.: No. I had eaten meals at Aunt Rachel's and Aunt Libby's but not that many. They didn't have as much to eat as we did. We had everything.

R.H.: What did they do about Christmas when you were a little girl?

T.S.: They didn't get together. They didn't give gifts. I don't think everybody else did either. I don't think Father or Mother ever had a Christmas tree. When our boys were little, we began to get Christmas trees. When I was little, we always hung our stockings on the mantel, and they were always filled when we got up in the morning. But we never had a tree. But they always gave us gifts. Candy and oranges and things like that we didn't have so much of. When my brother Roland— for five years I was the youngest— The day Roland was born, we went over to my Aunt's. When we came home, we had a baby brother.

R.H.: Which Aunt did you go to?

T.S.: That was my mother's sister. They lived near Urbana for a long time. They lived on a farm. Her name was Aunt Caroline Amber (?). We went over there— oh, we thought that little baby brother was the cutest thing ever was. Of course, he was five years younger. When he was 2, I was 7. I was just his shadow. I just followed him around every place. As we grew older, we played together. We'd ice skate and play hockey with a corn cob and sticks we'd pick up. And we just had...I loved the winters. We'd built forts and try to chase each other out and throw snowballs. We milked. We each had one cow to milk. We used to ride together after the cows. Father always had riding horses. The girls would come out from town. We'd ride all through the fields.

RH.: Why did your parents move to town?

T.S.: He got too old to farm. They retired.





R.H.: I thought maybe the land swindle...

T.S.: The land my father bought was what they called "sour land." It wouldn't raise anything. The Texas land—the good land is very, very rich. They took them out on buying trips. Jake's father didn't invest. But his brother's wife's father invested, and he lost a lot of money, too. Father—with the Lagro bank failing and the land swindle, he didn't lose everything, but he lost a lot.

R.H.: Why did the bank fail?

T.S.: We had a crooked banker. He ruined Jake's father, my husband's father, and he ruined...

R.H.: Did he run off with the money?

T.S.: No. It's hard to explain. If you'd borrowed money—he did that to us and to my sister— My father went on their note. Well, if they paid it off, he'd write a new note, and you'd still owe. You'd pay the same note over and over. He ruined a lot of people. And he made bad investments. He died in his 40's. Somebody would have shot him. He had cancer of the throat. He went with a lot of women, get their money. He could make you believe the moon was made of blue cheese. Of course, the bank closed, and they just paid off about—a very small amount. Jake's father was a director of the bank. You had to take what you had to pay the other fellow. I don't know how they lived through it.

R.H.: Where did your parents marry?

T.S.: I don't know.

R.H.: Who did Roland marry?

T.S.: Ralph Roland. Lota is her name. Van Horn. He met her in Texas, but they came from Kansas.

R.H.: Do you remember when your brother Arlie died?

T.S.: No, they all died after my husband was killed, and he was killed in '61. Everyone, excepting Edith. But Arlie and Ory and Lula have all died since I moved from Lagro. We lived in Lagro for 49 years.

R.H.: Did any die in Lagro?

T.S.: No, didn't any of them. Arlie lived in Fort Wayne. Ory lived in Texas—McAllen. He had a trailer at his son's. He came back and lived with us, oh, 9 and 10 years. Lula lived— well, she died at the Peabody Home. Sh had lived with her children. She was just there about a week.

R.H.: Did he say anything about Grassy Branch?

T.S.: He didn't say anything about the house. Grassy Branch is a farm.

R.H.: Do you remember Rebecca Talbert.

T.S.: No.

R.H.: Do you remember Charles Moon?

T.S.: Faintly. I remember Jessie and Edith. Edith was near my sister Edith's age. Jessie was younger. I remember going there. They were pretty girls. I liked them. I remember Myrtle. Moon was a brother to Molly Cassatt. Yes, I remember where they lived. As you go over the Carroll Street bridge to the south side, they lived in that first house. Right up on the hill. They had a brick sidewalk. I know we went one Sunday afternoon. We had new clothes. I was just a little girl. We were running up and down that walk. And I fell and skinned my knees and just ruined my pretty new mitts. Clarence Cassatt was so nice. Clarence and his wife Ollie lived here. They lived just over the border in Texas. They didn't have any children.

R.H.: Did you ever hear anything about the Prays?

T.S.: Just hearing them talk. Was it Enos Pray who had that boat? And the government owed us that money? I guess they really did owe it to us.





The Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary Party for Elizabeth (Libby) Talbert and Elisha Mills

- Fifth row (men): Arlie Talbert, Cecil Mills, Harry Hiatt, \_\_\_\_, Jud Bechtol, \_\_\_\_
- Fourth row (girl and women): \_\_\_\_, Molly Cassatt, Rose Mills, Ethel Knight, Anna Moone, Jesse Moone, Cleo (Hattie's daughter)
- Third row: Nellie Cassatt, \_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_, Edith Talbert Miller, Lou Talbert's wife, Rosa Gurtner Talbert, Hattie Kellar, Lulu Talbert Bechtol
- Second row: Elisha Mills, Elizabeth Mills, Enos Talbert, Rachel Knight, Elvira Talbert Scott, Susannah Kellar, Libby Talbert, \_\_\_\_, Elizabeth Purdy, \_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_, Edythe Moon Elliott
- First row: Helen Talbert (Arlie's daughter), \_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_, Charles Moon, Rachel Moon





# WILSON, HALL, MOON FAMILY CHART

## FIRST GENERATION

## SECOND GENERATION

## THIRD GENERATION

## FOURTH GENERATION

Mary I. Wilson  
B. October 1833  
Cass Co., In.  
D. 21 June 1847  
Cass Co., In.

Eliza Ann Wilson  
B. 1845  
Cass Co., In.  
M. Graham Patton, 1868

Malinda Wilson  
B. 9 May 1806  
Greenbrier Co., WV  
M. Lewis Bowyer, 1825

Andrew Wilson Jr.  
B. 7 April 1812  
Kanawha Co., WV  
M. Eleanor Tucker, 1842

daughter

B. 28 January 1869-----

son

Cass Co., In.  
D. infancy  
Cass Co., In.

Catherine Virginia Wilson-----

B. 22 December 1846  
M. **Sylvester Hall**  
26 January 1868  
Cass Co., In.  
D. 2 February 1875  
Cass Co., In.

Louisa Alwilda Wilson  
B. 28 December 1849  
Cass Co., In.  
M. James Benson, 1867

Nancy Emma Wilson  
B. 6 March 1851  
Cass Co., In.  
M. Robert Benson, 1869

James Madison Wilson  
B. 1854  
Cass Co., In.  
M. Rebecca Helvie

Elizabeth Wilson  
B. 3 March 1862  
Cass Co., In.  
D. 18 March 1864  
Cass Co., In.

Annadelle S. Wilson  
B. 1865  
Cass Co., In.  
M. Sherman Mohler

James Carlyle Wilson-----

B. 18 January 1814  
Virginia  
M. **Catherine Miller**  
22 December 1842  
Cass Co., In.  
D. 7 February 1866  
Cass Co., In.

William Wilson  
B. 1817  
Virginia  
M. Rachel\_\_\_\_\_

Harrison Wilson  
B. 14 August 1819  
Greenbrier Co., WV  
M. Elizabeth Snyder, 1855

Francis Wilson  
B. 1831

Charles F. Wilson  
B. 1833  
M. Eliza Turner, 1853

Andrew Wil-

B. ca. 1780  
Virginia  
M. **Lois Gwinn**  
20 August 1805  
Monroe Co., WV  
D. after 1830  
Cass County, In.

**Anna Myrtle Hall**  
B. 1 May 1871  
Cass Co., In.  
M. **Charles Moon**  
19 September 1888  
Wabash, In.  
D. 23 May 1962  
Hammond, In.

John E. Hall  
B. 26 December 1872  
Cass Co., In.  
D. 4 September 1873  
Cass Co., In.



## CHART OF ANDREW WILSON JR.'S FAMILY

### GENERATION ONE

Andrew Wilson Jr.  
B. 7 April 1812  
Kanawha Co., WV  
M. Eleanor D. Tucker  
10 November 1842-----  
Cass Co., In.  
D. 22 December 1891  
Cass Co., In.  
Bd. Anoka Cemetery  
Anoka, In.

### GENERATION TWO

William Harvey Wilson  
B. 4 December 1843; Cass Co.  
D. 15 July 1908

Harry G. Wilson  
B. 2 June 1845; Cass Co.  
M. Kate Alexander  
17 January 1878; Cass Co.  
D. 15 January 1933

Marcellus Taylor Wilson-----  
B. 21 March 1847  
Cass Co., In.  
M. Rebecca Delawter  
17 November 1872  
Cass Co., In.  
D. 7 August 1932  
Onward, In.

Ellen Alice Wilson-----  
B. 26 December, 1848; Cass Co.  
M. Abiah J. Sharts  
10 October 1867; Cass Co.  
D. 1 April 1932  
Bd. Logansport, In.

Charlotte Caroline Wilson  
B. 4 May 1851; Cass Co.  
D. 17 November 1935

Malinda J. Wilson  
B. 8 August 1853, Cass Co.  
M. Joseph Andrew Shirley  
18 April 1874; Cass Co.  
D. ca. 1929

Mary Louise Wilson -----  
B. 22 June 1855; Cass Co.  
M. Benjamin Louthain  
July 1873; Cass Co.  
D. 22 June 1876/78; Cass Co.

James A. Wilson  
B. 5 October 1857; Cass Co.  
D. 18/31 March 1858

Jennie A. Wilson  
B. 24 February 1859; Cass Co.  
M. Jesse M. Stuckey  
31 August 1882; Cass Co.

### GENERATION THREE

Effie Ellen (Eikenberry), B. 1873  
Charles Albert Wilson, B. 1876  
Mary Louise (Smith), B. 1878  
James Arthur Wilson, B. 1881  
Richard Cecil Wilson, B. 1883  
Emma Elizabeth (Means), B. 1886  
Laura (Bertram), B. 1888 (interviewed)  
Dora, B. 1892

Harry Sharts  
Benjamin Sharts, B. 1872  
Elmer Sharts, B. 1878  
Walter Sharts, B. March 1880  
Blanche Sharts  
Charles Sharts

Leander; died as a child  
Frank; died as a child  
Bennie; died as a child





**children of Andrew Wilson Jr. continued**

Charles B. Wilson -----	Chester Wilson
B. 26 July 1861; Cass Co.	Byron Wilson; 1978
M. Amanda C. Gottschall	Clara Wilson
D. 7 May 1930	

Martha E. Wilson  
B. 1 November 1863; Cass Co.  
M. Thomas East  
17 April 1880; Cass Co.  
D. 4 February 1940

Laura Wilson  
B. 12 October 1868; Cass Co.  
M. Grant Hughell  
10 November 1888; Cass Co.  
D. 6 February 1955



## INTERVIEW WITH LAURA WILSON BERTRAM

I interviewed Laura Wilson Bertram on April 15, 1978, in her home in Peru, Indiana. Laura was a grand daughter of Andrew Wilson Jr. and the daughter of Marcellus Taylor Wilson. At the time of this interview, she was 90 years old. The Diamond Mather mentioned was the daughter of Earl Benson, son of Louisa Alwilda Wilson (Mrs. James Benson). Louisa Alwilda Wilson was the daughter of James Carlyle Wilson. (See chart.)

R.H.: Diamond told me about the picture of Andrew Wilson (Jr.). She showed me the slide.

L.B.: Is that where you are coming from, is Diamond? Well, you know, her father and I went to school together. We lived on the one side of the hundred—there's 400 acres in there. We lived on the west side, and the Bensons lived over on the East side. We just crossed that big field.

R.H.: Where is that?

L.B.: Down west of Onward. And the schoolhouse where I went to was on the corner of the Benson farm. That's where we went up to the eighth grade. And Earl's mother and my father were full cousins. But I had never met—I had met Diamond's mother, but I had never met—until she came.

R.H.: Alwilda's sister is my husband's great, great grandmother, Catherine Wilson Hall.

L.B.: There was a family of Perry Wilson. (Note: a descendant of Harrison Wilson.)

R.H.: I've had a letter from Fred Wilson, Perry's son. There's Oliver and Perry and Edgar and all that bunch.

L.B.: There was eight boys and two girls. And I was telling a sister and Esther Jane Means is my niece. They were here yesterday, and I said the day of the funeral—Perry's funeral was down there where the old Seven Mile Church is. It's the grange now. Well, that's where the funeral was. And there was the six boys was pall bearers, and the two walked behind it. That was something I never forgot. I don't know how many years ago that was.

R.H.: You remember Alwilda Benson pretty well, do you?

L.B.: Yes. Big heavyset woman. Tall. Nice looking woman.

R.H.: What was her personality like? Diamond said her mother said she didn't talk much.

L.B.: Well, she didn't talk much. She stayed at home. Now she went to church. They belonged to the Christian Church in Onward. We always called her *Wildy*. She would go to church and, oh, they had Aid Societies. She'd go to that. She didn't mix very much. She didn't get out. My mother didn't either. I guess after you raised eight children, you were glad to stay home. The Bensons had a big family. There were eight of we children and eight or nine of them. My father was from a family of 12 children. And they all lived to be married and grown but one little boy. James is the one who died.

Aunt Laura was the one I was named after. I was born in July and Aunt Laura was married in October, and I got to go to the wedding. When she came down the stairway, mother was standing by the stairway. And Aunt Laura reaches over and tickles me under the chin, and I laughed clear out loud. I was a big, fat baby. I've heard that so many times that I thought, well, I guess I remember it. I guess I was to the wedding alright. They're all gone now, all of them.

R.H.: Martha who married Thomas East—in the census Thomas was a farmhand for Andrew Wilson. Did you ever hear that?

L.B.: Yes, I knew he came from Kentucky. He came here, and I know that's how Aunt Martha got him, through his working back here. I didn't know if he worked all the time for Grandpa or not.

R.H.: You were only 3 when your grandfather died.

L.B.: Yes, and Dora wasn't born. He died on Christmas Day. Dora was born the 21<sup>st</sup> of January the next year. So Dora and I don't remember anything about Grandfather Wilson. The family always went together. After Grandpa Wilson died, Grandmother stayed in the old home. It's just east from Anoky. You'll come to a crossroads east of Anoky there. And her old home is on the north side of the road, a little ways up from that corner.

R.H.: Is it near Anoka Cemetery?

L.B.: It's on east of that a little ways.





R.H.: Your grandfather is buried there.  
L.B.: Yes, I know where they're buried.

R.H.: Did your father talk about his boyhood?

L.B.: Yes, but not about his grandfather. My sister Emma we was going to get the history. We went to several cemeteries. Then Mother got sick. She wasn't well in '42, but in '43, she fell and broke her hip. She fell in March and died in May. We didn't do much that summer. And then Emma died in '44. She had a cancer. I had to go and do things by myself. I didn't get it all.

Grandmother's old house still stands there. Just like it was when Grandmother lived there. Ellen Tucker. Father was born in the old log house. My oldest sister Effie and my brother Albert, they were born in the old log house. Effie was born in '73 and Albert in '76.

R.H.: How big was it? Did you live with your grandparents?

L.B.: No, I think Grandpa and Grandma built the house and left the log house for father. Across the road there is where Charlie Wilson lived. Byron Wilson just died in February. He was 80 years old. He was the last of our cousins of the Wilsons.

Grandpa (Andrew Wilson, Jr.) took the land, and I think he paid \$1 and cleared it. I think it was a dollar and something an acre. Where Uncle Charlie was, that was Grandpa's land. Uncle Charlie always lived there and farmed for Grandfather. After Grandpa died, he just took over and farmed for Grandma. She always had hired women who came and worked all the time. Grandma was 86, I believe, when she died.

We've always laughed—there was one lady who worked for her. Well, she liked the work, and she liked to have the horse. Grandmother had a big old white horse. That was Old Jim. And they'd come up to our house and go around, take Grandmother around. One time when it'd been awful bad and cold, she said, "It never gets too hot nor too cold for the darn Wilsons to go. Always somebody here every week to eat."

And Father went to see Grandmother every week. He'd just walk. We lived south of Grandmother's. Oh, it's about four miles up there.

R.H.: How do I find that house?

L.B.: It's a mile east of Anoky. That's where all the children were born. There used to be a schoolhouse, but it's been torn down. Coming east, it'd be on the left, and Uncle Charlie's is on the right hand side of the road.

R.H.: Does it look like it did when she lived there?

L.B.: Just exactly. I know Grandpa came here. He wasn't married when he came. And they were married, and he cleared that and built the log house. They said my grandfather Andrew drove here in a wagon, and they settled down here in Lewisburg. That's where it was. Then it wasn't too long til he went down and picked out his ground when he got ready to buy. That's the only place he ever lived.

He drove here in a wagon from Virginia. His sisters and brothers was here, but I never heard anything about the father and mother. The one sister was Mary. Didn't she marry a Bowyer? Malinda. That was Grandpa's sister.

R.H.: Did you ever hear of Francis Conner as an aunt?

L.B.: No. Searight. I've heard that name. A cousin or somebody. Searights lived on beyond Seven Mile Church.

Uncle Harrison—his daughter Libby married a Hahn. They raised Prudence Campbell. She was a Snyder. Harrison's wife was a Snyder. Mrs. Fane (?) Haas was a sister of Harrison's wife. Prudence was in the home last winter. She just died.

R.H.: Did your father talk about things he did as they were growing up?

L.B.: They just worked so hard. Grubbing and clearing. I think Grandpa had 250-300 acres. Only way they had was by hand. By time you got the logs ready and hewed, that took time. I don't know how long Father went to school. He was good at arithmetic. And he could read to you. He read nicely. Uncle Harry, father's brother, he was an educated man. He worked for the American Stationery Company years and years. He traveled. He lived in Evanston. He worked in Topeka, Kansas, first. He was a brilliant man. Uncle Charlie was educated enough—he was trustee down in Tipton Township. They went to school in that old Wilson schoolhouse.

You'd hear people talk about—well, Grandpa didn't work. He was an overseer. He would visit people as they went by. He'd be out in that front yard. People'd drive by. Just like Mr. Cook would go by. They'd talk and talk til time Grandma'd call, "Dinner's ready." So Mr. Cook would go in and eat, and then he'd go home. He wouldn't go to Logansport. The day was gone. I've heard that story about Grandpa talking all the time, standing



outside waiting for someone to talk to.

We never had a death in our family til Father died in August '32. If he'd lived til November, they'd have been married 60 years. Mother died in '43, and still we were all living. I just loved to go to the cemeteries. We didn't have nobody dead. The Haases lived next to our farm. When it came time for decoration, Mr. Haas would take the big wagon and a team or horses, hitch 'em up. And Mrs. Haas would tell us a day or two ahead, "We're going to go over and clean the graves. Do you and Emma want to go along?" "Oh, yes!" Mrs. Haas would fix a picnic dinner, and we'd go over there all day. That was the most fun to go with Mrs. Haas. To clean all those graves. Cleaned all the Haases and Millers and Snyders. That's who they were related to.

R.H.: Did you ever hear anything about Malinda Bowyer?

L.B.: I remember hearing them talk about her. I always thought Uncle John's mother was *Mary*. They often laughed. Mother's sister Sue married John Bowyer.

It was all wilderness when they came here. He had to work— Uncle Harvey then Uncle Harry and then Pa. Pa was born in '47, so you know it took Grandpa a few years to get that house built. And then they married. I believe Grandpa was 12 years older than Grandma. She was just a girl.

R.H.: Did they say how they met?

L.B.: At Seven Mile Church, I believe. There used to be a little church there. It was United Brethren. Then after they split up, members went to the Methodist Church in Anoky. Some of them to Lewisburg. When it come to my mother's people, they were very religious. Grandpa Delawter, he and Grandmother, was one of the founders of our little Methodist Church in Onward. They came from Ohio about '54. Grandpa had a piece of ground and lived west of Pipe Creek Falls. They bought land from the government. Mother was born in '52. Grandpa was a school teacher. We children were all Methodists.

R.H.: Did the Wilsons have family reunions?

L.B.: The last one was about 1917. There'd be father and all we kids, and Mrs. Eikenberry lived just a square and a half down the street from me. Uncle Harry'd come, and Aunt Laura lived at Anderson. They would come up. And Aunt Martha and Uncle Tom. Uncle By and Aunt Alice. All of them that lived around here. Aunt Carrie— she married a Stuckey. They lived in California. Whenever Aunt Carrie'd come back, they always got together. And they'd always have the family dinner when Grandmother's birthday was. I believe the 27<sup>th</sup> of December was Grandmother Wilson's birthday. And they always had a big get-together on her birthday.

R.H.: Did your father ever say about what Christmas was like when he was little?

L.B.: They always had Christmas but never had trees on Christmas. We would have our— put our little plates out, and Santy Claus always come. Put our little plates out, and Santy put candy and some peanuts, and we usually got a banana. In later years after we got bigger, my father always give us money.

R.H.: Is that what he did as a child?

L.B.: Yes, put his little plate out. Other people had stockings. We'd hang our stockings up, but we'd always set these little plates out. And they'd put candy or other things on them. We'd get a pair of stockings for Christmas or the boys would get socks. Just things we had to have. They didn't have money.

R.H.: That must have been a Wilson thing.

L.B.: Father always was good about bringing oranges and bananas. Of course, we raised our own apples. That wasn't a treat to get apples. We never got apples.

R.H.: What crops did Andrew raise?

L.B.: Corn and wheat. Soybeans, it's only been the last 20 or 30 years they'd had soybeans. The first time I ever heard about soybeans was the day of John Shepler's sale. My mother and I were at Brother Dick's. His wife was sick. I believe it was March of '27 that my sister-in-law died in that year. Albert brought mother over to Dick's and took Father to the sale. I said, "What you gonna buy?" He said, "You know Father wants to get some soybeans." I'd never heard of them. All they ever had was corn and oats and wheat. Grown everything we could in the garden. Canned everything. Mother could can, and they buried the turnips, cabbage, apples, and potatoes. There'd be those mounds out there in the garden.

R.H.: Wouldn't they freeze?

L.B.: They'd put straw in, and then they would dig this great big place and put straw down there, and then put your





potatoes or whatever, and then more straw and then cover with dirt. They'd keep all winter. They'd open it up, take some out, and leave it.

R.H.: They couldn't have brought much with them to Indiana in the wagon.

L.B.: I don't know if they brought anything.

R.H.: Did you know Elizabeth Wilson Patton?

L.B.: I knew who she was. But she lived over in Logansport, and I didn't get to see her too often.

R.H.: Did your father die in Cass County?

L.B.: Yes. I've seen a lot of changes. I'm 90. I'll be here til 2000. They're having a party for a man whose 100 here at the Civic Center. Father was 85 in March, and he died in August. He had his back broken. A horse kicked him when I was 5 or 7. We was going to go to the cemetery to a decoration that Sunday. He had a team of colts, and they didn't have shoes on. The one had a little rough foot, and Pa trimmed it, and it kicked him and broke his back. They brought him to Peru. Father was a Maccabee, and he was a member of that lodge. I can't remember how they brought him here. And there's nobody left to ask. Didn't have any automobiles. It'd be a horse and buggy or a spring wagon. We had a spring wagon.

R.H.: What was a spring wagon?

L.B.: It didn't have a cover. After we— so long a time, we got a gig. It had 2 seats in it. It had a top on it. I know they brought him to some man's house, and they kept him for a long time til he was better. We never had a hospital til after the '38 flood. They brought cots in from Culver and opened our hospital.

R.H.: Did you know James Madison Wilson, Alwilda's brother?

L.B.: His Harry just died, last fall. He and my brother Arthur were the same age. Arthur died 1 November '76, and he was 95. Then Harry died, and he was 97.



# BURNS/PROCTOR FAMILY CHART

## FIRST GENERATION

## SECOND GENERATION

## THIRD GENERATION

## FOURTH GENERATION

	Walter Simeon Proctor B. 19 February 1916 Lawrence, Ma. M. Ivy Sharrett 5 May 1945 New Castle, Engl.	Louisa Spalke B. 6 June 1874, Germany M. Gustave Eggert D. 6 July 1874, Mass.	
	Arthur Edward Proctor B. 20 December 1917 Lawrence, Ma.	Emil Spalke B. 30 April 1877, Germany M. Pauline Scheipers, 1902 D. 9 December 1968, N.H.	
<b>Roberta Louise Burns</b> B. 9 June 1947 Lawrence, Ma. <b>M. Allen Hofmann</b> 7 September 1968 South Plainfield, N.J.-----	Robert William Proctor B. 5 January 1923 Lawrence, Ma. M. Vera Menery, 1952	Paul Spalke B. 3 February 1879, Germany----- M. Katherine Lalley, Ruth D. 3 May 1963	<b>Reinhold Spalke</b> B. 31 December 1851 Langenbielau, Germany M. Louisa Schelbach Germany D. ca. 1919, Germany Bd. Germany
	<b>Gladys Louise Proctor</b> B. 17 April 1924 Lawrence, Ma. <b>M. Robert R. Burns</b> 31 March 1946 Lawrence, Ma.	Augusta Spalke B. 12 November 1880, Germany M. Paul Schmottlach D. May/June 1928	<b>Louisa Schelbach</b> B. ca. 1849 Germany M. Reinhold Spalke Germany D. 14 October 1906 Lawrence, Massachusetts
Pamela Eunice Burns B. 14 January 1949 Austin, Texas M. Michael Balogh 28 August 1971 South Plainfield, N.J.	Kenneth Richard Proctor B. 5 June 1925 Methuen, Ma. ----- M. Evelyn Dyson, 1946	Wilhelm Spalke----- B. 30 September 1885, Mass. D. 20 July 1966, Mass.	
Deborah Elizabeth Burns B. 21 June 1950 Joliet, Illinois M. George Viebranz 30 November 1974 Cleveland, Ohio	Charles Howard Proctor B. 25 April 1926 Lawrence, Ma. M. Anna Hildebrandt, 1951	<b>Bertha Spalke</b> B. 5 August 1892 Lawrence, Massachusetts M. Walter E. Proctor 7 October 1914, Mass. D. 31 January 1969, Mass.	
Gary Wayne Burns B. 7 September 1958 Gary, Indiana	Jacqueline Ruth Proctor B. 13 April 1928 Lawrence, Ma. M. Herbert Makin, 1947	Charles Spalke B. 1900 Lawrence, Massachusetts D. 1903	
	Wilfred Harold Proctor B. 2 August 1929 Lawrence, Ma. M. Joan Janowski, 1950-----	<b>Walter Ellis Proctor</b> ----- B. 5 May 1894 Lawrence, Massachusetts M. <b>Bertha Spalke</b> 7 October 1914 Lawrence, Massachusetts	<b>Simeon Proctor</b> B. May 1870 Burnley, England M. <b>Annes Cartlidge</b> 24 December 1892 Burnley, England D. ca. 1908 Bellevue, Florida
	Annes Charlotte Proctor B. 2 June 1931 Lawrence, Ma. M. Walter Thompson, 1951		<b>Annes Cartlidge</b> B. 20 May 1873 Kirkcaldy, Scotland M. 24 December 1892 Burnley, England D. 18 May 1952
	Bertha Spalke Proctor B. 21 December 1932 Lawrence, Ma. M. Robert Simmons, 1958		





## INTERVIEW WITH GLADYS LOUISE PROCTOR BURNS

Gladys Louise Proctor was born in Lawrence, Massachusetts, on April 17, 1920, to Bertha Spalke and Walter Elliott Proctor. In December of 1976 I taped her discussion of her life. It is reproduced below.

R. How old were you when they moved into the house on Norris Street?

G. I was in the third grade. Before that they lived in Shawsheen.

R. If your parents lived in Shawsheen, why were you born in Lawrence?

G. We moved back and forth. I don't remember the street we lived on in Shawsheen, but it was a farmhouse. It had an outhouse in the back. We went to a one-room schoolhouse with 3 classes in it. It had a great big bell to tell you when it was time to go in school. It had an outhouse in the back. About 9 or 10 headers. And Prospect Street--we went to Prospect Hill School, and it had outhouses.

R. Tell how Grandma got the house on Norris Street.

G. Mrs. Schwartz was tired of us moving. Nobody wanted her with 10 kids. (R.H.'s note: Grandma didn't have 10 kids when she moved to Norris Street, and it seems unlikely that, large families being the norm in the 1920's, anyone would have discriminated against her because of hers. It seems more likely there was another reason that they had to move frequently.) Papa was doing some work for Mrs. Schwartz once in a while, painting and stuff. On Sunday afternoon, Mr. Schwartz and she used to come down in one of those cars with the canopy sort of top--black--with a canvas top. It was a six-seater--two seats in it. She used to come every Sunday and take us for a ride. This one day she came down to the house and asked Mama if she had time to go take a ride. She said she wanted Pa to go, too. She took Ma and Pa for a ride to Norris Street. The house was for sale. Papa thought she wanted his advice because he was a carpenter at that time--wanted his advice on whether the house was worth the money.



Walter Proctor's family, 1940

Back row: Kenneth, Walter, Arthur, Gladys, Robert

Front row: Bertha Spalke, Freddie, Peachie, Charles, Jackie, Walter, Nanny



She took Ma upstairs and downstairs and looked out in the yard. Mrs. Schwartz said, "Bertha, would you be satisfied to live in that house the rest of your life?" And Ma said, "I sure would, " never dreaming Mrs. Schwartz would buy it. Mrs. Schwartz did buy it, and Ma paid, I think, \$6 a week to live in that house.

When the war came, Mrs. Schwartz raised it to \$8 a week because she said it was too much water bill. She said, "Bertha, I'm going to have to raise it to \$8. Some of the boys are working..." It was a steal. Mama said, "If that's what you want, I'll pay it." So she was paying \$8 for a while. We were having a very difficult time. Papa wasn't working--hit-and-miss jobs. People weren't paying him. He was working for himself. He'd do the jobs, and they'd give him \$25. Then they wouldn't pay him. It was terrible. So there were times when Ma couldn't pay the rent. Ma would always tell Mrs. Schwartz, "I can't pay it." Mrs. Schwartz said, "Don't worry about it."

The Schwartz's were very well-to-do. They were very old people. I think Mrs. Schwartz was in her 80's at that time. She adopted our family and the Monroe family who went to Sunday School with us at Trinity Church. Mrs. Schwartz had one son, and he was pretty old, too. He was well-to-do, too.

Then Mama didn't pay it for a long time. Then Jackie and I got to working and Grandma sent her \$10 instead of the \$8 to make up what she owed her. Then during the war, Mr. Schwartz became very ill. He hung on and hung on. Just before the boys came home, Mr. Schwartz died, leaving Mrs. Schwartz alone. She lived in a big house on Ferry Street all by herself. Dark house--one of those great big flagstone houses that'd never been painted. It looked like a witch's house or a haunted house.

She didn't say anything to Ma for quite some time. Then when the war was over, and the boys came home, she went to Mama and said, "Bertha, I'm getting old, and I didn't want to put up with the worry of the house any more. I will give it to you for exactly what I paid for it"--which was, I think, \$7,000 or \$8000. She said, "If you can't buy it, maybe one of those boys will." So my brother Bobby took a G.I. bill out, and she sold it to Bobby for what she paid for it. So Bobby took it over. Mama was making the payments, but it was Bobby's name even when he got married. Bobby felt very bad. They didn't have a house. They were living with Vera's mother. Vera was coaxing Bobby that she wanted a house, that he should tell his father that he wanted his money he had in that house. So Papa told Bobby that he couldn't give him the money.

R. What was the house on Steiner Street?

G. That was the house Pa and Bobby built that my grandmother lived in and Nanny lived in. Pa never gave him the money til after my grandmother died, and he sold the house. Then Pa paid Bobby off. So that's how they got that house.

R. It was small for 10 children.

G. We had two double beds in the front, big bedroom which took care of Bobby, Kenny, Freddie, and Charlie. In that other room was Waller and Arthur. On the porch was 2 double beds when Jackie and I and Peachie and Nanny slept. My mother and father had the bedroom downstairs.

R. No privacy at all.

G. No. I can remember I was getting to be a teenager. I wanted a dressing table so bad, one of those cheap dressing tables. At that time my mother paid \$4 for the bench and the table and the mirror. When I got that and put all my make-up on it and all my stuff on it, I thought I was Queen Bee. That was the only thing we had in that room. She had a cardboard wardrobe in that front hall where Jackie and I put our clothes.

R. Where we used to hang out coats?

G. Yes, but we had to few clothes, believe me, it wasn't full. Nanny and Peachie put them in drawers. They still weren't very big. That was my teenage life. When I got married, I had my clothes in that wardrobe in the front hall. Then later on my brother Bobby built that wardrobe where Grandma kept her clothes.

R. What was your father like when he was sober?

G. He never said much. When I was little, he paid a lot of attention to me. I was the only one he paid any attention to. When I was 3 or 4 years old, he used to take me on the trolley car and we'd go down city and take a second bus up close to where Nanny lives now on Pelham Street in Methuen. You got transfers. It cost us a dime to go and a dime to come back. We'd stop at the ice cream parlor by the transfer station. He didn't make a penny on that. He'd taken this woman to small claims court. He did painting and paper hanging for her, did her whole house. Paid for the material and everything, mind you. The store trusted my father because he bought there all the time, and he'd get a discount. He'd worked for her before, painted the whole outside of the house for her. She told the judge she couldn't pay for it.





I had a peach-colored tam, and I had a coat with a great big Bertha collar on it. It was brown. I had the pink dress with--that picture I had taken. I'm almost positive that picture was taken on one of our trips downtown. That was the only good dress I had and every weekend that's what I had on. Then I lost the peach hat in Sunday School. I cried my eyes out because there was a girl whose father was a painter just like mine. Her name was Evelyn Morgan, and I'll never forget her. She used to say to me, "You don't even have a hat to wear to church in God's House?" It used to make me feel so bad. This woman made me the dress, bought me the coat and hat. My mother bought me a pair of black patent leather shoes. I thought I was the living end.

I was a fairy in a play when I was in grade school. I had to pop out of a washtub. I got the part because I was the only one small enough to fit in the washtub.

R. What was Grandma like? Was she a loving mother?

G. Absolutely.

R. She hugged you and kissed you a lot even with 10?

G. Absolutely.

R. She never showed favoritism?

G. Never. She paired us up. Walter and Arthur got shoes one week, then Bobby and Kenny, Charlie and Freddie, Jackie and I, Nanny and Peachie. By the time she got around to that--because they were just cheap shoes--Walter and Arthur would have a hole in their shoes. So this week we'd buy the rubber soles like a repair in the tube of a tire--that you scrape the shoe where the hole was and then glue the rubber sole onto the shoes. That would go down the line. The flaps would sometimes come off and my father would scrape them and glue them back on--or my mother. Right?

I never had anything passed down. None of us did. They were worn out before. When you have one or two things. I can remember when I went to high school I had a grey, accordion-pleated skirt. I had a maroon sweater. I had a blue-flowered blouse that a boyfriend bought for me with a tie like they wear now. And I had a brown print dress that had a bolero. The bolero had a little scallop and kelly green lining. So that when the bolero was worn, you could see the green lining just a little.

One day I would wear the grey skirt and the maroon sweater. The next day I would wear the skirt with the blue blouse. The next day I would wear the brown dress with the bolero. That was my entire wardrobe for my high school years.

R. Was there anyone with a lot of clothes?

G. No. I don't believe Walter or Arthur had a bought pair of pants, perhaps til they went to high school. Mrs. Schwartz made them all--knickers. My mother always said if there was a special place in heaven, that woman was going there. She did the same for us as she did for the Monroe family who had 3 deaf and dumb kids in it. They had 10 children also and a drunken husband. Mrs. Schwartz would make jelly, pickles. On Saturday they took the Monroe family. On Sunday they'd take us. We used to go to the beach with the Schwartz's.

They didn't like my father at all. They used to say, "Bertha, if it wasn't for you and the kids, we wouldn't do this." My father was a drunk, and they'd know it. My mother would be beaten on and have a bruise. She'd be trying to hide it. They'd come for the rent on Sunday morning. He'd be sobering up. Mrs. Schwartz would say, "Bertha, you had a hard weekend again, didn't you."

R. Did Grandma go to church?

G. Occasionally--only her babies' christenings or on children's day when we had a poem.

R. You went?

G. We walked down there every Sunday morning.

R. Grandpa didn't go?

G. No. Trinity Congregational. We had 1, 2, or 3 cents in an envelope. Never more than 3 cents in an envelope. My brothers Walter and Arthur used to go sneak the 3 cents out and stop at the store and buy 3 cents worth of candy.

R. Did Grandma ever find out?

G. No. We used to go out in the fields down by the river and pick blueberries. Beautiful blue berries, real nice and big. She'd make 5 or 6 pies. Maybe she wouldn't have enough to finish the pies. We ate 2 to a meal. She'd say, "I need a cupful." We'd all run back down to the river. That was the biggest treat you ever had in your life. Then we'd



have a treat with the sour cherries. There was a man that had a chicken farm a couple streets over where the junkyard is now, where Grandpa worked. He had 7 or 8 sour cherry trees. They made excellent pies. We'd get sour cherries over there--Fink's their name was, give them to us. Her blueberry pies and cherry pies were out of this world. Sometimes she'd make crab apple pies. The guy next door had crab apples and used to say we could pick them up off the ground.

One time--the original owner next door sold the house. It was an Italian who bought it. Never was an Italian who didn't like grapes. They had to have their wine. It was a beautiful grape vine. The blue grapes were big as nickels. Those Concord grapes were delicious when they were ripe. They hung in clusters. And we'd steal them. He treated that grape vine like--trim it every year, fertilize it, tie it up. Really beautiful. We'd snatch them off and break the vines. We were little kids. We'd boost the other one up and, of course, we'd lose our balance. We were too heavy for them. We would pull the vine down. The man would come out and chase us.

I must have had a sassy mouth this one day. I think I said, "Quick! Let's run! The old crab's coming!" He knew it was me. He called the cops. There might have been 6 or 7 kids. The cop knocked on the front door. In those days, anybody knocked on the front door, it was a stranger. So my mother went to the front door, and there was a policeman standing there. He said, "Is this the Proctor residence?" My mother said yes. "Do you have a daughter named Gladys?" My mother knew I was too little to get in trouble. My mother said, "Yes, what's wrong?" He said, "Well, Mrs. Proctor, we don't like to do this stuff. It's petty, but when a person makes a complaint, we have to tell the parents. Would you keep her out of the grape vines?" He laughed and left.

I was scared! A policeman after me! And my brothers laid it on thick--"Gladys had the cops after her!"--for quite a few days after that.

R. Which of your brothers were you closest to?

G. Bobby and Arthur. Bobby I was closest to when I was pregnant with you. For some reason he had the softest spot in his heart for me because I was pregnant. My brother Arthur was closer to me when I was in my early teens--until the war came. I was very close--any sadness I had I always told my brother Arthur. He seemed so old and so big. He used to tell me, "Don't tell her everything, Glad. Don't lie to her, but don't tell her everything."

R. He brought you your first nylons, didn't he?

G. Yeah, two pair. I had them for over a year until my brother Bobby wrestled me one time and dug his heel into my shin and made a hole in it. And, oh, I cried. Oh, I cried, and he bought me another pair. Those nylons were \$5 a pair at that time.

R. They were real nylon?

G. Yeah. They lasted me for over a year--two pair. At the time my mother said, "You're crazy. You're crazy." He said, "She's a girl, and she should be like the others." But very few of them had them, Bobbie.

R. Where did he get the money to buy them?

G. He was working at that time.

R. They were shiny, weren't they?

G. Well, they weren't too shiny. At the time, we thought they were beautiful. They weren't the rayon. The rayon was awful shiny.

R. Were they silk?

G. No, they were nylon. The first nylons. They were made by DuPont. DuPont was the first nylons that came out as far as I know. And then Hanes.

R. I didn't know Hanes was that old.

G. Oh, Hanes was long years gone by, Bobbie.

R. When did Grandpa start working at the junkyard?

G. Maybe 5 years. Not too long. I don't remember.

R. He did carpenter work all his life until then?

G. Painting. Paper hanging. He did more paper hanging and painting than he did anything else.





R. But they built that whole house back there. I didn't know Uncle Bobby made my crib.  
G. Yes, he made your first crib.

R. He was the one who found jelly beans for you when you were pregnant?  
G. He thought I was eggs at that time. Really. He was a good brother.

R. Tell about you and Jackie.  
G. Jackie and I and the good times we had together?

R. Tell about how you first started taking Jackie with you.  
G. Well, I had girlfriends. A set of twins and then there was Doris Miller. The twins had a crabby old father that was much older than the mother. If they did anything at all, just before they were going out, he would stop them from going out, and they'd come over and say they couldn't go dancing or they couldn't go out. My mother wouldn't let me go alone because it was a long walk from Essex Street home. So my mother never let me go alone I don't know if I would have gone alone or not. I don't think I would have because at that time that hill was very dark. The sandbank was there. It was pitch black coming down that hill. There was not a light from the playground there all the way down the corner to Norris Street. That was the first light there was. There was nothing on Marston Street, Bobbie. Then there was those great big oak trees so any light that was on that first street before Norris Street--coming down the hill you couldn't see the lights on. It was damn dark. Those trees were so big. And so I don't think I would have gone alone. Now I used to go--the twins always disappointed--get all ready to go and the last minute they wouldn't be going. I'd be waiting for them to call me because they used to come across the way. I'd wait and wait for them to come. First thing I know I'd go over and call them, and they'd say, "We can't go." So this one particular night I was so heartbroken. My mother said, "Oh, dress your sister up and take her." At that time, Jesus, I think she was 14. She had this one brown plaid dress, the only really decent looking dress that she had. So it was a full-skirted dress, and it had a grosgrain ribbon. It was in tiers. It had grosgrain ribbon sewed on the seam of each tier which made her look fatter. She was always chubby. That dress made her look fatter, and besides, it was sort of a plaid like, a small plaid--brown and white. So anyway, Ma said, "Dress your sister up." Well, Jackie wore that dress, and we went. She didn't want to go. She was rather withdrawn and shy...a regular greenhorn to life--just a kid.

R. Was she 4 years younger than you?  
G. Just about 4 because her birthday is one the 13th of April, and mine is the 17th. So anyway, we dressed her up, and we went to the Crystal Ballroom in Shawsheen. And, of course, I had quite a few friends. I was a good dancer. I danced all night long. I used to have a good time. No steady boyfriend at the time, but I was having a good time. Nobody had any money. The boys didn't have any money to take the girls out. So anyway I was wondering why Jackie wasn't getting a dance. I was feeling sorry for her. I happened to look over, and she had this dress, that full dress, all the way down to the floor, and she was sitting so uncomfortable and out of place. It was pitiful. And she was a good dancer because we used to dance around the house. She could jitterbug--at that time there was a jitterbug--and polka. She could do it fine. Anyway, this one boy that I knew quite well--his name was Yashu. He was a Polack who lived down by the river. How we knew him was we used to steal kohlrabi down there. His father used to have a great big field and used to plant kohlrabi and corn. We used to eat that kohlrabi raw! So he used to tell us, "You better not steal it. My father's going to kill you!" Because he knew we were stealing it. So that's how I knew him. He loved to polka with me. Whenever there was a polka, Yashu used to come over and ask me to polka. So I said to him, "There's my sister there feeling so bad. Yashu, why don't you dance with my sister?" He said, "Where is she?" That's when I looked, and Jackie's dress was all the way down to her ankles. So after I finished the dance, I went over to Jackie. She said, "I want to go home. Let's go home." I said, "We've got to wait for the bus." The bus would go over there early in the evening--two loads. And then at night there was 2 loads back. But you had to wait for the dance to be over. So there's no way are you getting home until the dance was over. So anyway, I said, "Jackie, we can't go home. We have to wait for the bus." She said, "Nobody's asking me to dance. I don't know what to do." She was about ready for tears. I said, "Do you know why you're not getting any dances?" I pulled her dress up to her knee. I said, "Now cross your legs." She had a pretty good leg on her, and she was a pretty girl. She was hefty but a nice figure for being hefty. So I pulled her dress up to here. First thing I know, a couple of dances went by, and Jackie was asked to dance, and then she was asked the rest of the night. Evidently she just had to get started. When the kids saw her dancing, they thought, "Well, she's not so bad after all." Maybe they thought she couldn't dance or didn't want to dance. After that she was so glad she went. After that everywhere we went together. Everywhere. Then it got so I wouldn't date unless we had a double date. In other words if Jackie was getting someone interested in her, I'd say to her, "If he asks you out, say yes, because





I think so-and-so is going to ask me out. So then it got so at the end it was Herbie and Ray Markey. They were 2 navy buddies. And then we met Charles Ertley and Jimmie Castro, sailors. And so we double-dated with those until they were shipped out of Boston. Most of the time we'd go together. We'd leave each other, but at the end of the night, we'd ride the bus home together and the four of us would walk home.

This one particular night we went over to the Crystal Ballroom, and I met this fellow. At that time it wasn't hamburgers or pizza. It was chicken barbeque sandwiches which were delicious--on a bun--hot--in those days. This fellow asked me if I wanted to go for a chicken barbeque sandwich after the dance. I said, "Well, I have my sister." He said, "Your sister can go. I'll take her." He was a real nice fella. So I said to him, "I have a couple of bucks. I'll pay for my sister's sandwich." He said, "You don't have to. I'm alright." The kids really didn't have much money. But Jackie wouldn't go. Jackie said, "You take me home, and then you go. Because it was only at Cook's Corner right at the corner where they sold the chicken barbeque. So not thinking, I should have thought because my mother would kill me. To go and come home and drive off with a guy. I should have known my mother would kill me. But I liked him, and I wanted to go so bad that I completely forgot the rules and regulations. So we waited until Jackie got into the house. He was polite enough to wait until she opened the door, and then we drove off. Well, my mother was waiting for me when I got in that house. I got the licking of my life. She licked me. She said, "When you get home here, you do not drive off in a car." It was probably all of 12:30, quarter of 1. She said once you get home, you stay. She said, "He could have taken your sister." And Jackie's trying to explain to her, "Mama, I didn't want to go. He wanted to take me." See, if I would have taken Jackie, I wouldn't have got a licking. I got a cuff across my ear. Oh my, I really did. But Jackie tried to explain to her. But that was a wrong thing I did. That was when my brother Arthur used to tell me, "Don't tell her everything."

Then I started going with this French fella. At first I was engaged and then he went in the navy. I found a couple girls' pictures in his wallet that he was cheating on me. I must have really been in love because I gave him the ring back. A couple weeks later I had another... Oh, I thought my heart would break. I cried. I asked my father to go... At that time we were roller skating a lot, and my brother Bobby had bought me a pair of secondhand shoe skates from a friend of his. I had the roller skates, and they were in Wally's car. So I asked my father if he'd take me over and get my roller skates and my graduation picture. My father, he hated that French fella. He couldn't stand him because he said Frenchmen always change wives, and god damn if he didn't have 3 or 4 different wives. In the early days of daddy and I getting married, Nanny used to tell me I read in the paper Wally was divorced. His name was Beaumer...Wally Beaumer. So my father was right.

Jackie and I had a ball. We'd go to Canobie Lake. I'll never forget this one night during the war. We were standing by the transfer station, waiting for the bus to go to Canobie Lake. And these two sailors were going by. They were parading back and forth. I said to Jackie--at that time it was pretty hard to get a guy. They were all in the service. So I said to Jackie, "Boy, they're pretty good looking, aren't they? I started to flirt with them a little. Jackie said, "Don't do that!" I said, "Come on, Jackie, you smile." I said, "Jackie, you smile, and I'll do the talking." So they asked us, "Where are you girls going?" I said, "We're going to Canobie Lake to go dancing." They said, "Would you like to go to a show?" We said, "No, we're ready to dance." So they said, "Can we go with you?" So I happen to see--you know, the middy blouses they wore, the little short jackets. I noticed there in the pocket was a bottle, the impression of a bottle. I said, "You can go with us if you get rid of the bottle." So they said, "We'll be right back." They had come in from Boston on the bus across from the transfer station. The Canobie Lake bus was on one side, and the Boston was on the other.

R. Why were they coming to Lawrence?

G. Because they heard of Canobie Lake and everything else.

R. Canobie Lake was in Lawrence?

G. No, it was in Salem, but Lawrence used to be a hot town. They had the Crystal Ballroom. They had the roller skating rinks. They had ice-skating. So anyway, they said they'd be right back, but we figured if the Canobie Lake bus came, we were going to get on it anyway. We didn't figure they were going to come back. We watched and then they crossed the street, went into the terminal, got one of the lockers in the terminal, put the bottle in, came back across the street, went to Canobie Lake with us and had a ball. They said to us, "Where do you live?" So Jackie and I figured we wanted a date for Sunday night, right? If we told them we lived about 7 or 8 miles away--well, it wasn't that far. Essex Street to Norris Street. So we told them, "Not too far." Well, they kept walking, and they kept saying, "How much farther?" "Not much, not much." My mother let them spend the night with us. They went to church with us in the morning, and in the afternoon, we went downtown and went to the ice cream parlor. Then we went to the movies, and they got on the bus and went back to Boston Sunday night.





R. Did you ever see them again?

G. No.

R. Tell about Chinny-chin-chin.

G. That was after I broke the engagement with Wally. Well, I made up my mind from then on I was going to have a good time. I didn't give a damn who asked me. I made that decision when I was 18. I wasn't going to waste my time on nobody steady anymore. So anyway, a couple of weeks after, my heart was mended. We went dancing, and I met this fellow. He was a nice fella, and he was working at that time, and he had a little bit of money. He could afford to take girls out. I met him and danced with him. He was a good dancer. His buddy was short and fat, and he was tall and skinny. So anyway, of course, the short, fat one took a shine to Jackie because Jackie was the shorter one. You know, that's how they paired off automatically. Anyway, he was going to take us to Sailor Tom's and to a ballroom that had Guy Lombardo playing--the Totem Pole. It was on the Lawrence side of Boston, not too far from Shawsheen. Boy, I always wanted to go there. So I said to Jackie--Jackie refused to go with the other one, flatly refused.

R. How were you going to get there?

G. He had a car. He was a little older than us. So anyway, I don't know how old the short, fat one was, but the other one was about 19 or 20. He had this job. When he came to pick us up--we decided to have a date that Sunday. That was when Jackie refused to go with the little fat one, the short one, because we had gone to a show, and she didn't enjoy it at all. So when it came Sunday.....All day Monday, my brother Bobby was telling me---he had a pointy chin. I guess he was absolutely homely. I don't know. So my brother Bobby started calling him "Chinny-chin-chin." "Hey, Glad, when's Chinny-chin-chin coming again?" Anyway, we had made a date for Saturday night to go to the Totem Pole, him and I. Jackie wouldn't go. So all week long, my brother's calling him "Chinny-chin-chin" and singing songs and making things up, right? So he got me so upset that on Saturday night--Jackie'd been fighting me all week because I wouldn't go dancing because I had a date. So Saturday came, and Jackie felt so bad because she couldn't go out. I said to my mother, "Ma, I really don't want to go out with him. We're going to go out earlier than he's supposed to come." And she said, "I'm not going to tell that boy a lie." So I said, "Come on, Ma, do us a favor." We left, Jackie and I left.

The Crystal Ballroom had a bowling alley aside of it. We had to kill some time before the dance because we'd left about an hour early not to run into him. So in the meantime when we got to the dance, we met a couple of fellas that were sailors also that were in and knew that we hung around the Crystal Ballroom. They had come in from Boston and went to the Crystal Ballroom, looking for us. And they were early. They'd come in on 4:00, and they were killing time in the bowling alley. So we met them by accident in the bowling alley next to the ballroom. So we started bowling with them. Well, lo and behold, of course, Chinny-chin-chin came up with a corsage in his hand. My mother said, "Oh, did she have a date with you?" He said, "Yes, she did." She said, "Well, she went out." "Who did she go out with?" "Her sister." Well, of course, he knew Crystal Ballroom we hung around and Canobie Lake. So this was the night for Crystal Ballroom. He went over to the Crystal Ballroom looking for me, right? He went in the bowling alley. We were bowling with George Castro and Chuck Ertley. Two sailor friends. Well, you know what he did? He walked over where we were bowling. We were sitting and taking turns bowling. He walked over to where we were bowling. He put the corsage on the bench and sat on it and left. Didn't say a word. And the sailor said, "What's wrong with him?" I said, "I don't know. We never saw him before in our life." That was just to tell me, "The hell with you."

R. Did he ever call again?

G. No, but he looked twice as ugly, Bobbie.

R. Give a biography of where you lived. Where were you born?

G. At Clover Hill Hospital in Lawrence. You were born there. We lived in Lawrence at the time.

R. When did they move?

G. I don't remember. I remember I was in 3rd grade when we moved to Norris Street, so if I was in 3rd grade when we moved to Norris Street.....I remember a farm we lived on in Shawsheen. That's where I went to first and second grade.

R. Tell me how you met Daddy.

G. I met your father through my brother Kenny who came home one night and said he had this real nice friend that wanted to meet his sister. I said, "How come?" He said, well, he was showing pictures of the family. He said, "How



old is this one," and he pointed to Jackie. "This one?" and he pointed to Nanny. In other words he asked the ages of everybody. He said, "That one's just about the right age for me." And so he said, "Why don't you fix up a blind date?" Kenny came to me. He said, "I'll have to talk to my sister." So he came home this one weekend, hitch-hiked, as he always did.

R. Where were they stationed? Boston?  
G. Boston.

R. Was the war already over?

G. Yeah. Daddy was not mustered out yet though. Kenny asked me if I would go with him. I said, "What does he look like?" He said, "Well, they call him Red." I said, "What's his name?" He said, "Red Burns." I said, "Oh, my God, a redhead?" I said, "What kind of red hair?" He said, "I don't know." I said, "Is it carrot top?" Because I liked any other kind. I said, "Has he got a bunch of freckles?" Like a kid....silly. He said, "I don't know. He's a nice fellow." I said, "No, I don't want no blind date." But I was having a ball at that time. I didn't need Daddy at that time, right? So anyway, in the morning Kenny had to leave real early. He used to leave at 4:00 to make sure he got back to the ship because he hitch-hiked. So he got up at 4:00, and he shook me. He said, "Gladdy, can't I tell Red to come." So I said, "Oh, alright." So he asked my mother if it was alright to bring him home early Saturday. My mother said, "Sure." My mother was very soft with servicemen, really. So she said, no, she didn't mind. So Kenny said they'd be home sometime in the afternoon. They didn't know because they'd be hitch-hiking. Well, Daddy refused to hitch-hike because he was in an officer's uniform. He didn't think it looked too hot for an officer to hitch-hike, and he had the money. So Daddy got on the train at Boston, and Kenny told him he'd meet him at the railroad station in Lawrence. Well, Kenny beat Daddy home from Boston. So they met at the transfer station, and they took the bus up to Prospect Hill and walked the rest.

I always had a problem with my hair. When I saw it was raining, I thought, "Oh, God, by the time I get there, my hair's going to be a mess." Because we always walked up the hill. I didn't want to wear a rain kerchief. That was beneath me at the time. So if I held an umbrella, the dampness would take my hair out. So anyway, I had a fit because it was raining. Jackie and I were watching out the window, expecting him at any time, trying to get a glimpse of him. So Jackie looks out the front window, the big window there, and she says, "Here they come." I said, "Oh, God, what does he look like?" I looked out the window about that time, and Daddy was jumping the puddles down Norris Street. I said, "Boy, he don't look bad, right?" We met, and then we went out. I fixed it with my father to take us to the bus station downtown. I said, "Oh, Dad, my hair will be a mess." Because Daddy really did look good in his uniform, and I didn't want to look like hell. So Pa took us to the bus terminal, and we went to Canobie Lake. Well, Daddy fell asleep on the way home on the bus. Besides that, I was a little peeved with Daddy all through the night. He was an awful dancer. It was like pushing a clubfoot around all night. I thought, "Oh, God," and the band was Lionel Hampton. I liked jitterbugging, and Daddy couldn't jitterbug. I had a horrible time. The straw that broke the camel's back was when he fell asleep on the way home. So I was so bored. I had to contend with him because he was invited for the night. Sunday morning we went to church. I said to Daddy, "What do you say? Do you want to go to church with me?" He said, "No, I ain't going to church. I'll stay here and talk to your mother." I was so mad again at him. I thought at least you could go. He sat there while Jackie and I went to church. My mother made us all go. He







talked with my mother while we was gone. When the weekend was over, my father took him to the railroad station. We went to the movies, and then Puppa picked us up at the transfer station and took us to the railroad station because there was no way really to get over there. So Puppa took us over there and sat in the car. Daddy pulled my hand and made me go in the railroad station with him. I was just going to drop him off, but he made me. I went with him. He made me stay there til the train was pulling out. He made me go on the platform. But see, he was a little fox. He had made up his mind already that he was going to spend the next weekend with me. But he wasn't going to tell me until the last minute in case I wasn't going to do it. I stood on the platform, waiting til the train pulled in. Daddy got on at the last minute. He planned it all, I think. I swear it. As the train started to move, Daddy jumped on the step, and he said, "I'll see you next weekend." I said, "Oh, damn." I was waiting for Kenny to come home during the week, because if he had a night off, he'd come home. I was going to tell Kenny to tell him not to come. Well, Saturday, sure enough, here came Daddy." Only he came at 10:00 in the morning, and I had curlers in my hair, which I didn't particularly like and no hair dryer, of course. But it didn't phase him a bit. When he came, he had a bouquet of flowers for Grandma, and he had a bouquet of flowers for me. Isn't that something? He said to Ma, "This is for you, Ma, for being so nice to me last weekend, and this is for you." Then afterwards, when we were going up the hill to catch the bus, he said he had to do it for me because he thought maybe I'd feel bad because if he gave it to my mother. But he was teasing me. Then I went with him that weekend. Jackie was very perturbed because the whole weekend was taken up with Daddy, and she had to stay home. So I promised Jackie the next weekend I would not have a date with Daddy.

When Sunday night came, when we were going over to the railroad station, Pa took him again. He said in the car, "I won't be seeing you next weekend. My friend from Maine has invited me up to Maine. Maybe we'll go skiing." But Daddy never went skiing. He made me think he did. I said, "Well, that's perfectly alright. I have other plans." Well, Daddy was a little sore because....well, you know, sassy me. So he didn't call me the next week, and he didn't call me the next week. My mother said, "I guess the redhead isn't coming anymore." I said, "I guess he's mad."

Well, doggone, the following Thursday it was Thanksgiving. We had had turkey, and Grandma made turkey noodle soup out of the bones. Lo and behold, Daddy comes jumping around the porch steps unannounced. Hadn't written me or nothing. Came unannounced on a Friday night. It was right at suppertime. My mother was so embarrassed. She always got so excited when someone came to eat if she didn't know. She said to me in the pantry, "We've got soup that the turkey walked through." She meant there was nothing much in it. So I said, "Ma, don't worry about it. If he came uninvited, he deserves what he gets." Well, the thing was, Daddy had been to Maine, and he had met some people--George Pettyo in Boston--a few days before that, and they got drunk on wine, and Daddy was sick as a dog. His stomach was as sick as a dog with the wine. So when he found the soup, that pleased Daddy because he couldn't have eaten anything else. Later he said that. I said, "You embarrassed my mother half to death. You came when she was having that soup." He said, "She doesn't realize how happy I was to see that because I couldn't have gotten anything else down." So anyway, he said, "Let's go to the show." But he went back that night. He didn't intend to stay. Daddy wasn't that way. He didn't intend to stay without being invited to stay overnight. So he said, "Let's go to the show." So I said alright, but I was mad at him for coming unannounced. When we were going up the hill, Daddy said, "Did you miss me?" I said, "No." He said, "Didn't you wonder why I didn't call?" I said, "I just figured you didn't enjoy yourself and didn't call anymore." He said, "You didn't miss me, huh? Do you know I stayed away on purpose?" I said, "Oh, did you?" Being snotty. I didn't say no more. He said, "Don't you want to know why?" I said, "No, not unless you want to tell me." He said, "I stayed away on purpose to see if you meant anything to me." I said, "What did you find out?" He said, "You do."

So from then on, we just kept on going together. I don't know how it happened. So then one day we were going up the hill. We hadn't been going together for very long. This was after Christmas. He had given me the cameo for Christmas, and that was late. The guy didn't finish it. See he had it set. Adrena's husband brought it from Italy.

R. Wasn't it on Daddy's birthday you met?

G. It was on Daddy's birthday. I didn't know that for a long time though. He didn't tell me. But anyway, Christmas he brought me the cameo, and then right after Christmas we were going--Daddy was always so romantic. We were in the ice cream parlor waiting to go to the railroad station on Sunday night. Daddy then started paying cabs for me to take a cab home. We had gone to the movies, and we were sitting in the ice cream parlor and were waiting for the time for him to catch the train. He said to me, "What do you say? Let's get married." I said, "You've got to be kidding." He said, "No, I'm not." We talked about getting married that night, but I chalked it off. I thought he was being silly. Then it went on a couple weeks later.

February 14 he gave me a nightgown and a housecoat. We still wasn't engaged then. Shortly after Valentine's Day, I was sweeping up dirt in a dustpan in the pantry. He bent down, and he said....he held his hand



down, and he said, "What do you say? How about getting this ring fixed for you?" So I looked up and said, "Okay." So he did. The next time he came, he had the ring.

R. Didn't he get that ring when he was torpedoed?

G. That diamond I have was money he earned, he said, in the water and on Okinawa when the marines picked them up. He said he would never spend that money on anything that didn't last forever. So when he got back to Boston, he bought the diamond, intending to give it to his wife. So that week he came with it. He came in the door and pulled me into Ma's bedroom. Ma knew he had it. That was it. So then we were once again sitting in the ice cream parlor that weekend after I got my ring, and he said, "When are we going to set the date?" I said, "Well, when? I don't know." "Well," he said, "the sooner, the better." He told me of his plans for Franklin Tech and college. I said, "I'll have to talk to my mother." First of all, he said, if we don't get married right away, people won't say you have to if you get pregnant right away.

So when we went home, Grandma said, "Give me a month." So we were married March 31, 1946. So I met him on his birthday, August 23, and we were married March 31st. I don't remember the date we were engaged, but he did stoop down when I was dust panning. My mother heard him, too. She was peeling potatoes on the kitchen table or making meatloaf.

R. Tell me about where you were married.

G. We were married in Trinity Congregational Church, and then we had a reception at the East End Community Club. My mother and father belonged to it. It was a German club. She rented a hall there. We went to New York on our honeymoon.

R. What did you do?

G. We saw two plays: *The Voice of the Turtle* and *Joan of Arc*

R. How long were you there?

G. Five days. It was his choice. It was nice because he knew all the places to go--the museums and everything.

R. Where did you stay?

G. We stayed at the Globe. It's no longer there. It was a beautiful hotel. One of the most embarrassing things to me was--I was so awkward on my wedding night--we had got into New York at 3:30 in the morning. There were two beds in the room. So I got in one bed, and I nearly died--Daddy got in the other. But, of course, in the course of a couple of hours, he was in the other bed. But he said he thought that I was tired, right? But he was tired, too. But what happened was--you know what--and God damned if the phone didn't ring about 9:30 in the morning, and it was George Pettyo. Daddy told him that we were going to New York for our honeymoon, and he was in New York at that time. Daddy had told him which hotel we were staying at, and he called the hotel. He wanted us to have breakfast with him--the dummy. Right? So Daddy said, "You know, George, you've caught me at a hell of a time." He said, "Oh, I'm so sorry." Then we met him in the afternoon, and we all had something to eat together.

R. Was he married then?

G. Yeah. Then we came back to Lawrence, and we rented the house on Ferry Street. At that time my brother Walter was waiting for Ivy to come from England. He had married Ivy in England. They had no place so we decided to share that place to cut expenses. Daddy and I bought living room furniture and a bedroom. Walla bought the kitchen set and a living room for them and a bedroom. So we both used the kitchen, but we cooked at different times because they worked different. I worked in the mill at that time.

R. How long?

G. Well, we were married in March, and we went to Texas in June. It was alright. Ivy and Walter worked afternoon shift. Daddy went to Franklin Tech from September that year to June. They worked 4-12. I worked as a universal winder at the Ayer Mill until we went to Texas.

R. Where did Grandma's parents work?

G. Wood and Ayer.

R. How about Grandma?

G. Ayer and Wood--most of the time the Wood Mill.





R. What was the Ayer Mill?

G. It was a woolen mill. It was just across the street. The Wood Mill made woolen clothes. It was larger. You worked in part of the Ayer Mill. They had rented space.

R. Do you remember your rent?

G. I think it was \$45.

R. Why did you go to Texas?

G. Because Daddy couldn't get into any other college. He passed all the standards for M.I.T., but he did not get in because there were too many Massachusetts boys. So at that time the state where you were born couldn't refuse you. His father sent us \$1000 for wedding present, and that's what we used.

R. You went down on a train?

G. Yes, I stayed with Grandmother Burns four days while Daddy was registering for school. We went to Houston, and then Daddy's father took him to Austin and got him situated there. Four or five days Daddy was there, and it was awful. It was just terrible in that house. She was off by herself. I was strange, very withdrawn. I had left home for the first time, and I just felt so damn lonesome. And so one day I was sitting on the porch all by myself, and Dad Burns came and said, "What's the matter, Gladys? Are you lonesome?" I said, "Well, kinda." He said, "You want to go with your husband?" I said, "I'd like to, but I guess I can't." He said, "Get your duds." He took me to Austin, and he put us up in a hotel for a few days while we were running around, trying to find a house.

R. Where had Daddy been staying there?

G. He stayed in the YMCA. Then we stole the sheets from the hotel because when we moved from the hotel, we had no sheets. My things hadn't been sent to Texas. My brother Walla packaged them in drums. So we stole the sheets and pillowcases. I swear to God it was the first thing I ever lifted, and when I walked out of the hotel, if they'd looked at my face, it'd said, "I'm stealing the sheets and pillowcases." One was patched.

G. I thought I talked about Confederate Street.

R. You just said you bought it. When did they move in Wayne and Laura on you? I wasn't born yet, was I?

G. No.

R. Were you pregnant?

G. Yes. They moved in with us because they got married, and Dad didn't have enough money to put them up in a house. Wayne was in school. He went a couple years and flunked out all along.

R. Did Laura go to nursing school? Did she ever work as a nurse?

G. Yes. She was working as a nurse when she met Wayne, and she was working as a nurse until she had a baby. She was pregnant every 9 months.

R. How long did they live with you?

G. I don't remember, but however long it was, it was too long. We were fighting all the time. She'd go in that bathroom--never clean the tub. She'd leave food out, and the cockroaches would get into it. I'd go crazy. Everything I had was in jars. She'd leave dirty hose and panties in the bathroom because they had one room. They cooked--both of them came in late at night. They'd come in at 10:00. She was so damn lazy she never could get up in the morning. That was why she worked afternoon shift. Then afterwards when she completed her training and was an R.N., she went to work in a dentist's office. (Editor's note: My mother was a total clean freak. No one could live up to her standards, so these comments should be read with that in mind.)

Wayne had a friend, Dick Carfer, who got a girl in New York City pregnant--outside of New York. It was Fall River, Massachusetts. Her name was Georgia. He ran off when she told him she was pregnant. She was a WAVE in the service. She found out maybe from Dick's other girlfriend where he was. Her father called, and Wayne was not at home. Daddy told him he was his brother and couldn't he help? The father said his daughter was pregnant, and Dick was the father. He and Wayne were Air Force buddies, and he beat it off to Texas. First thing I knew, Dick Carfer was sleeping on our sofa. He was a tile-setter. The father said, "I can't afford to be calling, but would you give Dick Carfer a message for me? Would he please call collect?" Daddy thought it was terrible.

He was a shifty character. I didn't like him. Nervy and pushy and thought he was God's gift to everybody. Georgia's father told Daddy he wanted to send his daughter to Texas to marry Dick, and he would never bother him for a penny. If he wanted him to, he would sign a paper saying he would support the baby. They lived in a small city.





Everybody knew Georgia, and they'd told everyone her husband was in the service. They would simply say after a little while that they didn't make it.

Daddy talked to Dick. Dick said he wasn't going to marry her. Daddy said, "Well, Dick, is it your baby?" He said, "I guess so." Then he said, "What kind of man are you? The man says you won't be obligated." Daddy talked Dick into marrying her. So anyway, here the girl came. Daddy and I went looking for a preacher who would come to the house. We found one who wasn't too far away from that school where Lizzie was that agreed to come. Daddy told him as much as he thought the minister should know. So the minister came.

Georgia came, and Wayne picked her up at the railroad station. The preacher came to the house on Confederate Street. Daddy was there, and I was there. Dick Carfer, of course, was there with Georgia. Wayne--the five of us. Of course, the preacher didn't say anything at all. She was 7 months pregnant. She was a big girl, so it showed up--oh, God--really. So when the preacher said, "Do you promise to obey, to keep her in sickness and in health," Wayne started to giggle. Then Dick started to giggle, and Georgia started to cry. Daddy got as mad as a hornet, and, of course, we were terribly embarrassed in front of the preacher. He just went on. He never let on because he knew that it was a forced thing because Daddy had clued him in. We thanked him, and he left. Wayne gave him \$10. Dick didn't have any money. Wayne gave him \$10. It was the littlest thing he could do. So then you know what happened? Wayne and Dick said they were going to celebrate the honeymoon so they went out and got drunk, and Georgia stayed with us. We couldn't send Georgia home that night. She was supposed to go home the next day. So it happened we couldn't get a train ticket for her. There was no room. See a lot of boys were coming home. A lot of people were traveling. In other words the boys who went after the war, like the last two years of the war, still had time to get out. They had another couple years or a year. I forget what it was. But there was a lot of boys getting out then. So anyway, we couldn't get train reservations for where he was supposed to pick her up at that time.

That meant Georgia had to stay 2 nights. She was a lovely girl. She told me she never had relations with anybody but Dick, and that they had had it plenty of times. They were both in the service. She said, "Gladys, it's his baby." Dick and Wayne went off that night and got punch drunk.

I went to bed, and Daddy went to bed. In the morning--you know how early Daddy got up. In the morning Daddy discovers that Georgia and Dick were in bed together. It so happened that Laura was working all night. Wayne slept on the sofa, and Dick was supposedly going to sleep on the floor on some quilts.

When Daddy went to make his coffee, Dick came out of the bedroom in his shorts. Daddy looked at Dick and said, "You didn't." He said, "Well, we talked it over, and we've decided to see if we can make a go of it." Daddy told me about it. I was so glad. I felt so glad for her. They asked if she could spend another night. I couldn't for shame say she couldn't. So we called the railway station and changed the ticket. Then that afternoon, Wayne and Laura and Dick went out again. They were drinking heavily at that time. They didn't ask Georgia to go with them. So then Georgia told me that he had played her for a fool, that she was a sucker. He had told her in the bedroom before he left to go out with Laura and Wayne to get lost, that he didn't want to see her there when he got back. Daddy waited for them to come home. Daddy told Dick to get out--"Don't you ever come here again."

I got upset about it, and Dick and I had a fight. Dick went to swing at me, and I grabbed the skillet. I said, "Don't you ever come back in here again, not even to see Wayne." Wayne said, "I've got just as much right to have my friends in here as you do. I live here, too." I said, "It isn't your house."

I was going to Deerham's Business School at the time. The next morning I asked Georgia if she was alright. She had cried all night. We went to the railroad station with her. Before she got on the train, she said, "Gladys, could I ask you one more favor? I'm so indebted to you, but could I ask you one more favor?" I said, "What is it, Georgia?" I felt so sorry for her. She said, "Could you write me a little while and don't put your name on the envelope? Just the address because we know the mailman so well." I wrote her until after the baby was born, once a week. I've got a picture of the baby, and I'm telling you, if it didn't look like Dick. It was the spitting image of Dick. After that, Wayne used to sneak Dick in the house when Daddy and I were in bed. One morning Daddy found Dick had spent the night. Daddy said, "You'd better get the hell out of here before Gladys gets up." I heard Daddy say that. I thought it was really dirty. So with that I got up. At that time I was as Puritan as the day is long. I wouldn't understand anybody not wanting his own baby and then taking advantage of the girl.

I always kept the frying pan in the stove. Somehow I got that frying pan again. He told me he wasn't getting out. Daddy said, "Oh, yes, you are and so are you Wayne and so are you Laura." So Wayne called his father up in Houston, and his father rode over. He took me in the bedroom. Wayne started in on him as he hit the door. He said, "I don't want to hear nothing. Just a minute." He took me in the bedroom because that's what the Burnses do. They always talk alone. He said, "What's the matter, Gladys?" I said, "Dad, I tried so hard. I know it's hard for you to see that Wayne and Laura get a place, and I appreciate you getting Red and I this place, but I can't take it anymore." He said, "That's all I wanted to know." He told Laura and Wayne to put their coats and hats on, and he got an apartment for them. He paid the first month's rent on their apartment, and he apologized. He said,





"I never should have done it, Gladys."

R. How long all told did they live with you?

G. About 9 months. She'd cook and peel an onion. Whatever she'd cook would be on the drainboard the next morning. See, they'd cook at 11:00 at night.

R. You'd quit business school then?

G. When I got pregnant with you, I had to quit because I was passing out...even in school. I caught myself.

R. When did you go to Lawrence to have me?

G. When I was 7 ½ months pregnant.

R. Why did you go?

G. Number one, there was nobody to help, and you were going to be born at exam time. At the same time, Daddy's mother encouraged him to send me home. She thought it was interfering with his schooling. Mother Burns had Dad give Red the money to send me home, which actually broke my heart. She wanted to get rid of me. She hated me, Bobbie. Number one, it was my fault I was pregnant when her dear son was trying to get an education. I was there 3 months.

R. Then Grandma came back with you to Texas?

G. Yes.

R. Was that when the bed broke?

G. Yes. Pam was born in Texas at Seton Hospital.

R. When did Daddy get a job?

G. Daddy was trying and trying to get a job there after he got out of school. He couldn't get one. That was the time when the first crop of servicemen were coming out of college. There was a lot of G.I.'s who went to college at that time. So Daddy got a job with the state, working in the employment office in Austin as a clerk for maybe 7 or 8 weeks only. At that time he had an application in with the Texas Board of Water Engineers. So he got a job with them first in Austin, then in Houston.

R. Where was it--I can remember driving out in a truck with Daddy and seeing him go over the side of the bridge. I have a vague memory.

G. That was Houston. He controlled the flow of the river.

R. What did he do in San Antonio?

G. He worked for the San Antonio Drug Company. For a very short time. That was a wild goose chase. He made no money there, very little. We were disappointed. They didn't follow through. They had us come down there, and they didn't follow through with the contract, with the salary. So he only stayed there a very short time and then got a job again with the Texas Board of Water Engineers in Houston making more money than he did with the San Antonio Drug Company. Of course, he wasn't happy doing that. He wasn't following his trade. So he kept sending applications and sending applications. My god, we kept typing hundreds of them things, two fingers at a time. One time Daddy was looking for a job, we sent out 175 applications with--

First he worked with Merck and Company later. That was one of his breaks. That was in New Jersey. But the first really good break he had was when he went with U.S. Rubber.

R. Wasn't he allergic to penicillin at Merck?

G. He was allergic to penicillin, and they put him in cortisone. They changed the divisions.

R. Why did he leave there?

G. He wasn't satisfied. So he went back to Texas. That's when we went to San Antonio Drug Company. Then back to Houston.

(Gladys and Robert Burns are pictured to the left in 1945.)

R. Austin, then New Jersey, then San Antonio and Houston?

G. Right. Then we sent to U.S. Rubber and that was when we really started accomplishing something.



R. You bought that house in Joliet. I can remember the hotel in Joliet. It had Mexican scenes in the restaurant downstairs.

G. The company paid for that. After U.S. Rubber we went to Socony Mobile then to Pure Co in Chicago then Air Reduction in Murray Hills, New Jersey.

R. What was he doing with Air Reduction.

G. Designing. Then he was laid off. The plant was phased out. He could have gone to some damn lousy plant, but he wouldn't take it. So then he went to Philadelphia. But he loafed about 6 weeks. The first time in Daddy's whole life he ever collected workmen's compensation. He had gotten his severance pay when they phased out, so we weren't hard up. If we would have had to wait a while, it would have been. It took a little bit of what we had in the savings. From Texas to Massachusetts to Texas to New Jersey to San Antonio to Houston to Joliet to Gary to Glen Park to Merrillville to Warren, Ohio, to Edison, New Jersey, to Lakewood, New Jersey, then Florida.

#### FURTHER MEMORIES MY MOTHER SHARED WITH ME AT A LATER DATE.

I REMEMBER...

"Getting milk and a cookie at break time in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade for free because my mother couldn't afford the cost of 10 cents a week. I think the teacher must have paid for them."

"On rare occasions getting a penny and going to the store half way up the hill to get a penny's worth of candy. It was either a couple tiny tootsie rolls or humbugs."

"A bakery truck that canvas the neighborhoods. We'd run after it till the driver stopped, and he would give us the ends they had cut off the fig squares and lemon squares. What a treat that was, and the driver knew it."

"A man pushing a cart up and down streets, sharpening scissors and knives. He had a big bell that signaled his coming."

"Us kids gathering eggs for Mr. Fink in his chicken-house and giving us the thin-shell eggs to take home."

"The frightening experience of having my tonsils and adenoids out and having to stay overnight in the hospital. The best thing about it was I got to have ice cream afterwards."

"My organdy graduation dress from 8<sup>th</sup> grade my mother struggled to buy and then having to wear it to Sunday School as a change. No one wore a graduation dress that I saw, and it embarrassed me. Finally, my mother had me wear it with a pink satin ribbon around my waist. That helped a bit."

"Having no electricity for days because we couldn't pay the bill."

"Having two donated bikes for all us kids, and we had certain times when it was our turn to ride it."

"Police closing Prospect Hill at big snow times and all of us kids going sledding. Our family had one sled, but we always managed to ride with someone. I remember being on the back of this boy's sled kneeling between his legs. Him riding laying on the sled on his stomach. He hit a parked car and got knocked out. I wasn't hurt because I saw it was going to happen and rolled off the sled in time."

"The look of the milk delivered on the porch with the cream frozen rising over the top of the bottle and the cap setting on top in the winter. Later when the milkman sold his business or retired, he came every Saturday to collect a little of the money that was owed him. I'm sure she paid him every cent. That milk was only used for the baby or cooking or tea."

"Cutting paper dolls out of the newspaper every Sunday was a big thing. We'd go around asking the neighbors for their paper so we'd have more to trade."

"One of my embarrassing moments was when my friend Edna and I were roaming in one of the stores downtown. Edna would take a sample of candy occasionally from a counter. One day I decided to do the same thing. I did just that. No sooner got it in my mouth and I felt a tap on my shoulder. I heard a voice when I turned around ask if he could 'wrap it up for me.' Never did he say a word to Edna. It was the first and last time I ever did such a thing."

"My first real job at a dry cleaners, pressing shirts. Being followed by a man in a car one morning walking to work. I ran all the way and when my boss saw me so out of breath, inquired what was wrong. She called the police. They met me the next morning at the bottom of the hill because they were waiting if the man showed up again, and gave me a ride to work."

"In church they observed once a year a day they called 'children's day.' I always got picked for the programs they had kids put on because I was good at memorizing. To this day I especially remember one poem and that was *In Flanders Fields* or most of it and the *Twenty-third Psalm*. On that day every kid got a geranium plant. That's what my mother decorated the yard with every year."

"My first puppy love, Victor. My first present from a boy he gave me. It was a cosmetic kit a 'Richard





Hudnut' brand. I was in heaven. He worked as an usher in a movie and would sneak Jackie and me in after his shift, and we'd smooch in the back row."

"My first real love, Ray Markey. His mother broke us up because I wasn't Catholic. To this day I still have the "La Guna" pearls he gave me."

"The men working or sitting or leaning on their shovels on the roads filling holes on the W.P.A."

"Going ice-skating in the flooded field by the Merrimac River and talking the boys into lacing our skates so our hands wouldn't get cold. Having 3 pair of skates given to us and having to take turns amongst each other. Remember stuffing the toes with paper because they were too big for my small thin feet and also because they were boys' skates. My ankles would ache for lack of support. When I was about 12, I finally got a pair of my own one Christmas. I was overjoyed."

"Trudging through knee-deep snow to work at 5:30 a.m. because the buses couldn't run because the roads were not plowed. We had a least a 4-5 mile walk. There was no way we could miss work. My mother needed the money. The first \$25.00 we earned, we got \$3.00, and every \$10.00 after that we got \$1.00. I worked on piece work and would work my lunch hour so I could make more. I gave my mother my pay until I got married. I got married on a Saturday and was paid the day before for the week. I thought my mother would let me have it that one time, but she didn't give it to me, just the spending money I always got. I would never ask her for it. She did give me a real nice wedding with a reception at the East End Community Club."

"Sitting by the Philco radio, a floor model, listening to the *Lux Radio Theater* and the *Shadow Knows* once a week. I don't think I ever missed it until the radio was repossessed for lack of the payments."

"My mother asking my grandmother if she would loan me \$200.00 to go to hair dressing school after I graduated, and she said, 'No.'"

"Watching my father shape a well-shaped tree out of several rejected Christmas trees on Christmas Eve because they were cheap, and my mother was so fussy about the shape."

"Another happening I will never forget. Your Dad got a job in Houston. We lived in San Antonio at the time. As usual I couldn't go with him with two kids until he got a pay check and a place for us to live. He sent me a telegram and \$10.00 to use for a cab from the bus station to the apartment he rented. He did not meet me at the bus station because he had to stay at the apartment for the movers with our mere belongings. I jumped in a cab outside the station exhausted after having two kids on the bus and felt relieved I would soon be at the apartment. When I told him 'Yancey Street,' the address I received on the telegram, the cab driver asked where it was. I told him I didn't know. He looked on his city map and couldn't find it and told me to get another cab. I got out thinking, 'What an idiot.' I got another cab, and he told me there was no such street in Houston. With no milk for Pam and no food all day practically and afraid to spend the \$10.00 I had for fear I'd need it, I walked about a block hoping to find a policeman. I noticed a blue balloon on the side of a building not far and that blue ball signified in those days it was a police station. There was 4 or 5 policemen in view, and when I told my story at the desk and told them I needed help finding my husband, and, of course, by this time I had two pretty unhappy kids. They looked at me as if I was looking for a run away husband. However, one felt sorry for me, and he asked me what address I was supposed to go to. He told me there was no such street as 'Yancey,' but there was a 'Dancey,' for me to try that. I told him I had all of \$10.00, and if it was not the right place, I was in deep trouble. He told me he would take me. Thank God when we drove up I spied your Dad in the window looking for us. He figured the bus was late (2-3 hours?) and asked me where the movers were. God knows I felt like killing him. The telegraph office he called and they paid the expenses that were added on because they had to spend the night at a rest stop to wait for a call from us via the telegraph office for their error."

"I remember hawking my diamond ring in Houston when we needed money until he got another paycheck from another new job. I was so worried I'd never see it again."



## LUTHER FAMILY CHART

### GENERATION ONE

by Nancy Haines

Mary Luther  
B. ca. 1847  
Hall Co., Ga.

Melvina Luther  
B. ca. 1849  
Hall Co., Ga.

John Taylor Luther  
B. 25 December 1853  
Hall Co., Ga.  
M. 2.) Julia Abbott  
D. 9 August 1927, Dallas, Tx.

**Sara C. Luther** -----  
B. March 1854  
Oglethorpe Co., Ga.  
**M. James Mann**  
25 September 1872  
Hopkins Co., Tx.  
D. Spring 1905

Emma Jane Luther  
B. 10 April 1858  
Hopkins Co., Tx.  
M. Littleton Harris  
20 February 1876  
D. 18 December 1932

by Ruth Ramsay

Robert Luther  
B. 1868  
Hopkins Co., Tx.  
D. July 1887  
Hopkins Co., Tx.

James Luther  
B. 1869  
Hopkins Co., Tx.

Nevada Ann Luther  
B. 15 January 1870  
Hopkins Co., Tx.  
M. Wade Franks  
22 January 1893; Saltillo, Tx.  
D. 17 January 1943; Tx.

Charles  
B. 7 October 1871  
Hopkins Co., Tx  
D. 25 January 1916;

### GENERATION TWO

**Elbert S. Luther**-----  
B. 27 August 1825  
Hall Co., Ga.  
M. 1.) **Nancy Haines**  
4 December 1845  
Hall County, Ga.  
2.) Ann Marie  
3.) Ruth Ramsey  
22 April 1869  
Hopkins Co., Tx.  
D. 15 December 1872  
Hopkins Co., Tx.

**Nancy Haines**  
B. ca. 1825  
North Carolina  
D. June 1859  
Hopkins Co., Tx.

### GENERATION THREE

By first wife  
George Luther  
B. ca. 1796  
Randolph Co., N.C.  
M. Elizabeth Strider, 1814

**Godfrey Luther**  
B.  
Randolph Co., N.C.  
**M. Mary**  
D. Hall Co., Ga.

By Polly Vinson  
Abram Luther  
B. 7 February 1815  
Randolph Co., N.C.  
M. Mary Shaw, 1834

Elizabeth Luther -----  
B. ca. 1822  
Randolph Co., N.C.  
M. Hale Shaw  
  
Margaret Luther  
B.  
Randolph Co., N.C.  
M. James Overton  
  
Rebecca Luther  
B.  
Randolph Co., N.C.

### GENERATION FOUR

**J. Michael Luther**  
B. ca. 1775  
Frederick Co., Md.  
M. \_\_\_\_\_,  
Polly Vinson  
Randolph Co., N.C.





## INTERVIEW OF JOSEPH BAILEY LUTHER BY HIS SON BUD

This interview was conducted on September 4, 1973.

J.L.: For my daughter Prudie Orr, I am attempting to give a little verbal account of what I know about the background and history of the Luther family. Part of this must necessarily be assumption based on facts that I have heard and read. I haven't done enough research to verify these things, but I assume that the Luthers who were of German extraction were early immigrants to Georgia which was a haven of refuge to those who were politically and religiously persecuted in Germany. My knowledge of my father which I recollect and also some information from my aunts and stories that I heard in my childhood which I know or at least strongly believe to be true.

My grandfather was Elbert S. Luther, and he and his family lived in the area of Gainesville, Georgia. The actual incident took place in some time prior to 1852. I'm not exactly clear about the year. He had guaranteed the indebtedness of a man who he thought to be his friend. The man defaulted on the indebtedness, and there were personal differences. As a result of the differences, the other man whose name I don't have was killed. I have no knowledge of the circumstances of the controversy. I do know what caused it, and I do know the results of it. The Georgia law at that time was that the guarantor of a note pledged everything he had to satisfy payment of that note, and this law was invoked on Elbert Luther. The law took everything that was visible that he owned to meet this debt. This story came to me from my father. It all happened in his babyhood, but I'm sure that it's close to being correct. In this foreclosure thing, the authorities overlooked one single asset that my grandfather had which consisted of 2 mules and a wagon. With the unpleasantness and excitement caused by this killing, it's assumed that my grandfather felt best since he had three small children, to leave the area. And I like to think he wasn't a fugitive because he didn't leave in haste, and he wasn't restrained in any way. So it must have been the people must have felt that there was some justification for what he did. We had relatives, and I'm sure he wasn't destitute.

At any rate, he decided to come to Texas. This was in the year 1854. He formed a camping cross country rig with his 2 mules and a wagon, and I'm sure on borrowed travelling expense and headed west to Texas with his wife and three children. Without going into detail about the trip itself, they came to what is now Sulphur Springs, Texas, or very close by there on White Oak Creek. He had no special intention to settle there, but there were already a few settlers in that area. The settlement was known, I believe, as Sulphur Bluff and the settlers who were already there tried to prevail on him to stay because I suppose he impressed them as being a responsible sort of individual. There were settlers there already. I recall the name of one family was Coffey; one named Van Sickle; and one named Cumby.\* There's a little town in that area named Cumby to this day. He had three children. My father who at that time was only 2 or 3 years old and his sisters who were only infants—certainly not much older or not much younger than he. And they offered him a very attractive inducement—a cow—if he would stay. This was offered to him by a man named Coffey. So that and other things prevailed on him to stay, and he did. Land was very easy to acquire. If you had to buy it at all, it was cheap. So they did stop there with the intention of remaining permanently. I've had my father tell me that their cabin was on the exact spot where the courthouse of Hopkins County in Sulphur Springs, Texas, now stands. They owned or at least later came to own much land there. That was no great asset itself, but in any case, my grandfather was apparently an enterprising sort, because this year that he came to that spot was in 1854, and by the time the Civil War was started, he had either built or bought a grist mill and a cotton gin and a whiskey distillery, legal and licensed, and a toll bridge across White Oak Creek. And was quite prosperous by comparison and by standards of those days. At the start of the Civil War he owned 27 slaves. So everything was in good shape for him. When the war started, my father was 9 years old, having been born in 1852, and his sisters were growing children, of course. I believe he was the oldest of the three. My grandfather went off to war. They had locally formed, as they did in Civil War times, a cavalry troop, and they attached themselves or they were attached to Hood's Texas Brigade. And I'm sure they acquitted themselves creditably in the war.

My grandfather was gone two years—the first two years of the war, and then came home on leave of some few weeks and returned to the war—to the action. And remained the last two years. Then, after the surrender, he came home. Of course, as all other people were, he had the same land that he had when he left, but nothing else. The niggers were freed. And what he had had deteriorated. And he was not in good health and didn't live long. I don't know the year he died, but it was in the 1870's.

My father was always very proud of the fact that his father was made captain of the troop on the death of the man who was captain and served in that capacity until the war was over. He was always proud of the fact that his father was a captain of cavalry in Hood's Texas Brigade.

My father, John Taylor Luther, was the only boy in his family and died at the age of 75 in Dallas, Texas. He died in August of 1927. In 1893 he married Julia Elizabeth Abbot of Bosque County, Texas. They had 8 children, the oldest being Faye; the next Mae; the next Bula; and the next Ruth. Then after having had four girls, they had four boys: J.T. Luther, Jr.; Howard, who's known as Buck Luther; myself, Joe Bailey Luther; and the youngest of the



family, Lewis W. Luther.

At the date of this recording, there are 6 of my father's family living. The oldest son, J.T. Luther, lost his life in a fire when his home burned in Dallas, Texas. And a daughter, Bula, who never married, died in Dallas, Texas. The date of this recording is September 4, 1973.

B.L.: You haven't told that story in a long time.

J.L.: It happened when he (John Taylor Luther, Sr.) was transporting prisoners to Texas State Prison.

B.L.: How old was he?

J.L.: He was a man about 50 years because he was 50 when he \_\_\_\_\_. He was kind of a tough guy anyway. He'd stopped at some little town out in the neighborhood of El Paso. He'd picked up one Mexican prisoner to transport, and he had no other prisoners with him at this time. He was coming East on the T.P.(?)

B.L.: Did he ever carry more than one prisoner?

J.L.: I've ridden with him when he had 65 by himself. But that wasn't as hazardous as it might sound because he had them all chained together by the necks. He just had this one, and the train time was delayed or something. He and this one prisoner were sitting on the platform of this little country railroad station to wait for the train. And so this Mexican asked him if he could go relieve himself. It was a pretty moonlit night, so the old man gave his permission. He didn't have chains or bonds on him. He went out to the right-of-way of the railroad station and like railroad rights-of-way do have, it had a barbed wire fence along it. The Mexican crawled through the barbed wire fence which was alright. The old man was just standing there watching him in the moonlight. And so that hombre got to thinking about home, I guess. And when he went through this fence, he didn't check up. He just hit the ground running. The old man told me that he himself gave it some thought, "Well, this Mexican is not very important, and if I let him go about his business, I can go on the Pullman when the train comes and get myself some sleep."

B.L.: All that was kind of one of those instantaneous...

J.L.: Yeah. So he then had some sort of thought, "Well, I never have lost a prisoner, and I hate to start now." So he took his old pistol out. He was sitting on the platform. And the Mexican is just running his ears off. So he took dead aim, and he figured he'd hit him in the leg and stop him. And the old man was a very, very, poor marksman with a pistol, as most people are, and so he pried down on it. And when he did, the Mexican just went end over tea kettle, and remember he was shooting in the moonlight. So he went out there to him, and he said it looked in that moonlight like he'd blown the side of his head off. He's shooting at his leg and hit him in the head. So he went to the station platform for the fire barrel and got some water and kind of cleaned the Mexican up as best he could. He said he wasn't too interested in him, but it'd been better if he'd hit him in the center of the head. But he discovered that he had hit him with his 45 bullet right a glancing blow on the side of the head and shot a hole through his ear. But he discovered all this after he'd washed him up a little bit.

B.L.: And he'd regained consciousness?

J.L.: The Mexican really wasn't hurt. He was just stunned. And he got him cleaned up. Of course, the Mexican didn't have any more run in him either. He didn't have to watch him very close I don't imagine. When the train arrived, of course, he got on the train, and he went on transporting his man to the penitentiary he'd started out to. The Mexican went ahead and served his term, whatever it was. They identified him because of this hole in his ear.

B.L.: Did Grandfather Luther ever have any problem hauling prisoners after that?

J.L.: Oh, he had several incidents in his time, but—

B.L.: Did that word get around?

J.L.: I'm sure it did— probably got the name of being a dead-eye shot because after it happened, he probably said he was shooting at his ear. But he told me he was shooting at his leg. He never lost a prisoner in all his—

B.L.: He didn't ever use his gun, did he?

J.L.: He never killed a man. That's the only man he ever told me about shooting. He had occasions to shoot. He didn't like firearms, the old man didn't. Said an officer was supposed to use his head. Said it wasn't any use to shoot somebody. But you're supposed to train your head enough to where you don't have to shoot anybody. So that was his theory, and he lived by it. And got away with it.

Aunt Vada, you've heard me speak of. She was named for the state of Nevada. I think she was born the





year Nevada was enrolled as a state. She was my father's half-sister. She was the youngest. He was the only boy in his family. It was Aunt Vada in Saltillo, Texas. Aunt Vada and her husband, Wade Franks. He was a nice guy. The old man liked him.

Uncle Isaac—that was my father's uncle—my grandfather's brother. Uncle Isaac made the Gold Rush in 1849 and found some gold, but he didn't get home with it. Some bandits raided their camp, and Uncle Isaac had quite an experience. He just lived because he was lucky. This group that he was with seemed to be honest people. I know very little detail about the story. It seems they had been successful in panning for gold and were coming back overland from California and, of course, those trails were infested with bandits. And I presume they got some men some information that the boys were out. And this particular night, so the story goes, he had a presentiment. He took his bedding and didn't bed down with the rest of the boys. He went off in the dark from the campfire. And sure enough the bandits came and assassinated all of them.

\*The 1860 Hopkins County, Texas, census shows Benjamin Van Sickle (age 41), Thomas Coffey (age 46) and Larkin Coffey.



# SLACK/WILLIAMS FAMILY CHART

## FIRST GENERATION

Richard  
B. 10 February 1851, Tx.  
D. Infancy, Tx.

Pleasant Eppes  
B. 2 August 1852, Tx.  
D. childhood, Tx.

**Emma Elizabeth Slack**  
B. 12 January 1854  
Hunt Co., Tx.  
**M. Rufus Kidwell Lane**  
20 November 1873  
Greenville, Tx.  
D.  
Greenville, Tx.

Ida Slack  
B. 18 February 1856  
Hunt Co., Tx.  
M. R.T. Sanders  
3 January 1872  
Greenville, Tx.  
D. 9 July 1931  
Greenville, Tx.-----

Lora Slack  
B. 5 November 1859  
Hunt Co., Tx.  
M. Clint Terry  
6 July 1876  
D. 30 July 1843  
Durant, Ok.

Mollie Slack  
B. 8 September 1860  
M. Dr. John F. Harris  
20 April 1880  
Hunt Co., Tx.  
D. 13 January 1933

Charles Slack  
B. 29 January 1863, Tx.  
D. childhood, Tx.

Julia Slack  
B. 16 November 1867  
Hunt Co., Tx.  
M. Alexander Douglass  
1 March 1888  
D. 31 March 1899  
Denison, Tx.

Isaac Stella Slack  
B. 26 May 1871; Hunt Co., Tx.  
D. 21 November 1873; Hunt Co., Tx.

## GENERATION TWO

By Ruth Bruce  
Rutha Jane Slack  
B. ca. 1824  
Wilkinson Co., Tx  
M. Richard Beal  
1 July 1843, Tx.  
D. 10 February 1846  
Fannin Co., Tx.

by **Harriett Bush**  
**Isaac Slack** -----  
B. 11 November 1830/31  
Wilkinson Co., Ms.  
M. **Mary Ida Williams**  
28 June 1849  
Texas  
D. 2/12 February 1870  
Hunt Co., Tx.

## GENERATION THREE

**Harriet Bush**-----  
B. 25 December 1809  
Wilkinson Co., Ms.  
M. **Daniel Slack**  
17 October 1827  
Wilkinson Co., Ms.  
D. 11 November 1848  
Wilkinson Co., Ms.

Hilary Bush  
B. ca. 1820  
Wilkinson Co., Ms.  
M. 1.) Angelin Rodgers  
2.) Sarah A. \_\_\_\_  
D. ca. 1848, Tx.

**Daniel Slack**-----  
B. ca. 1799  
Hunterdon Co., N.J.  
M. 1.) Ruth Bruce  
1823  
2.) **Harriett Bush**  
D. 10 February 1847  
Lamar Co., Tx.

**Philip Greenhill Williams-- Thomas Williams?**  
B. 10 March 1799  
Campbell Co., Virginia  
M. Nancy Lee Chaney  
24 April 1820  
Pittsylvania Co., Va.  
D. September 1847  
Texas?

**Nancy Lee Chaney**-----  
B. 16 July 1803  
Pittsylvania Co., Virginia  
M. **Philip G. Williams**  
D. September 1867  
Honey Grove, Texas

## GENERATION FOUR

**Isaac Bush**  
B. ca. 1780  
M. Hetty Bruce  
14 July 1808  
Wilkinson Co., Ms.  
D. 17 July 1827  
Wilkinson Co., Ms.

**Hetty Bruce**  
B. 10 August 1792  
Maybe Kentucky  
M. **Isaac Bush**  
D. 17 September 1827  
Wilkinson Co., Ms.

**Uriah Slack?**  
B. 19 March 1761  
Hunterdon Co., N.J.  
M. **Jane Job**  
4 October 1779  
D. Fall 1835

B. ca. 1775  
Virginia  
M. **Elizabeth Cross**  
D. Virginia

**Thomas Chaney**  
B. ca. 1780  
Virginia  
M. **Elizabeth Dodson**  
21 December 1801  
D. 10 November 1858  
Virginia





## LANE FAMILY CHART

### FIRST GENERATION

Mary Lane  
B. 22 August 1894  
Hunt Co., Tx.  
D. 29 February 1916  
Hunt Co., Tx.

Luther Lane  
B. 25 January 1875  
Hunt Co., Tx.  
D. 6 June 1877  
Hunt Co., Tx.

**William Lorenzo**  
B. September 1877  
Hunt Co., Tx.-----  
**M. Jimmie Ora Mann**  
25 October 1899  
Greenville, Tx.  
D. ca. 1930  
Chicago, Il. (?)

Freddie Lane  
B. 17 March 1880  
Hunt Co., Tx.  
D. 1 October 1881  
Hunt Co., Tx.

Cora Lane  
B. 27 April 1882  
Hunt Co., Tx.  
D. 11 May 1884  
Hunt Co., Tx.

Claud Lane  
B. August 1885  
Hunt Co., Tx.  
M. Bessie \_\_\_\_  
D.

Christine Lane  
B. 17 February 1889  
Hunt Co., Tx.  
M. 1.) Oscar Hawkins  
2.) H.B. Grace  
15 September 1925  
E.

Birdie Lane  
B. December 1891  
Hunt Co., Tx.  
M. Brown

### SECOND GENERATION

Martha Lane  
B. ca. 1844  
Greene Co., Tn.

William Lane  
B. ca. 1846  
Greene Co., Tn.

Joseph Lane  
B. ca. 1848  
Greene Co., Tn.

**Rufus Kidwell Lane-----**  
B. 11 February 1850  
Greene Co., Tn.  
**M. Emma Slack**  
20 November 1873  
Hunt Co., Tx  
D. 4 November 1913  
Hunt Co., Tx.

Emily Lane  
B. ca. 1853  
Greene Co., Tn.

George Lane  
B. ca. 1854  
Greene Co., Tn.

Charles Lane  
B. ca. 1857  
Greene Co., Tn.

Lewis Lane  
B. ca. 1858  
Greene Co., Tn.

Julia Lane  
B. ca. 1861  
Greene Co., Tn.

Frank Lane  
B. ca. 1863  
Greene Co., Tn.

### THIRD GENERATION

By first wife  
William Lane  
B. 9 January 1810

Thomas J. Lane  
B. 17 August 1811, Tn.  
M. Mary Rosanna Britton  
D. 25 May 1884, Tn.

Rebecca Lane  
B. 4 March 1813, Tn.  
M. Lewis Self  
D. 18 May 1888, Tn.

Sarah Lane  
B. 26 April 1815, Tn.  
D. 12 December 1824, Tn.

John H. Lane  
B. 13 April 1817, Tn.  
M. Esther W. Brandon?

Samuel Lane  
B. 14 March 1819, Tn.

**Joshua C. Lane-----**  
B. 16 December 1820  
Greene Co., Tn.  
**M. Margaret E. Smith**  
19 October 1842  
D. 1892, Greene Co., Tn.

Catherine Lane  
B. 1 September 1822, Tn.  
M. Thomas Aiken  
D. before 1870, Tn.

Dorcas Lane  
B. 8 January 1825, Tn.

Joseph Lane  
B. 21 June 1827  
D. unmarried, 1850, Tn.

Elizabeth Lane  
B. 21 June 1829, Tn.  
M. Franklin Dobson

By Hetty Magill  
Mary Jane Lane  
B. ca. 1845, Tn.

Martha Amanda Lane  
B. ca. 1847, Tn.  
James Lane, B. ca. 1849

Rosanna Lane, B. ca. 1853

### FOURTH GENERATION

**Thomas Lane**  
B. 4 September 1785  
Carroll Co., Maryland  
M. 1.) **Elizabeth**  
2.) Hetty Magill  
5 April 1843  
Greene Co., Tn.  
D. 16 June 1874  
Greene Co., Tn.



## INTERVIEW WITH JESSIE OWINGS MCCOLLAM

I conducted this interview with Jessie McCollam in her home in Greenville, Texas, on September 8, 1984. With us was Earlane Simpson, a descendant of Emma Slack Lane through Emma's daughter Christine and Jessie's husband Edward. Jessie was the granddaughter of Ida Slack, Emma's sister. I had written a letter to the editor of the Greenville newspaper, asking if there was anyone in town who could identify pictures of Emma Slack. Jessie answered my letter. (Emma and Ida are pictured below; Emma is on the left.)

E.M.: (Looking at a picture of Ida and Emma Slack.) That's Aunt Emma. She had kind of dreamy eyes.

J.M.: (Looking at a picture of a much older Emma.) I guess it is. I just don't remember her looking that drab. Aunt Emma had pride and was a well-dressed woman always. Before you take down anything— Aunt Emma had a little platform rocker of the old-fashioned type where all the wood shows, and the back comes up high. She had that sitting alongside her big bedroom window. She sat there. Stonewall Street with all the traffic. She sat there with her glasses and her spittoon. She dipped snuff. My grandmother didn't. They learned how as little girls from the nigras. They learned to dip snuff. Aunt Emma did it as long as she lived, much to Granny's chagrin.

Aunt Emma would sit there in that chair, reading her paper, with one leg thrown over the arm of the chair this way. Completely relaxed. Pushing gently with one foot and reading. And that was Aunt Emma in her later years.

(Looking at a third picture.) That's Aunt Emma, but I don't happen to remember that circumstance. Elizabeth is the girl there. That was another sad story. Elizabeth was a grown young lady when I was coming on.

E.M.: She was a lot younger than we knew her if that's Aunt Emma.

J.M.: I knew her. Edward is not a—

R.H.: A local boy?

J.M.: Edward is a Yankee. That was a dirty word in the Slack household. They did not look favorably— Granny liked Edward. She took our side because, you see, we eloped. Granny had married Mr. Sanders when she was not 17 years old, and she was sympathetic with our— we eloped out of high school— seniors. In that day and time, you couldn't go to school anymore if you were married. You were out. So six weeks before I was to graduate, I was out of school. The education I've gotten since then was on my own, and he the same way. He's a retired Lieutenant-Colonel in the United States Air Force, and a lot of study went into that in between the time we got out of high school.

Emma's house had a wide veranda Clear across the front. This is not (taken) at our house.

Emma was two years older than Ida, and we paid homage to Aunt Emma as long as she lived. She was the oldest of the two sisters. She had a little more money than my grandmother.

Aunt Emma never bought an automobile. She never owned one. Christine could hardly get her into her little— Christine had a little Ford coupe that stood bolt upright. She went around. She'd come out to our house out near the college. But Aunt Emma seldom seldom came with her. My grandmother succumbed to the automobile early because our horse was getting old, and the buggy was a little







run down. We had a buggy with a fringe on top. We went everywhere. We went to the opera. I told you that she kept me as much as she could because I was born during her husband's funeral. Her only daughter and her baby—my mother was her baby and only daughter— was giving birth to her first child out in the country on a hot afternoon. Granny was at the funeral. Left her a widow at about 50 years of age.

All the bills were paid. There was approximately \$2,000 in the bank. The home was debt-free. There was nothing against it. She had business property and two farms. That's what he left her. When she died 25 or 26 years later, she had every bit of that property all debt-free, all taxes paid, and a little better than \$2,000 in the bank. She had managed.

R.H.: Is that Elizabeth Gamble seated (in the picture)?

J.M.: It looks like her.

R.H.: Did she have a club foot?

J.M.: Not that I—

R.H.: Doris (Christine's daughter) told me some child was in a baby carriage accident and had a club foot or an injured foot. She said she stayed with Christine and Birdie quite a bit— this young lady who was about their age.

R.H.: I can't imagine who that would be. Grandmother Sanders and Emma Lane— their youngest sister was Julia slack, married to Alexander Douglass. To this union three children were born: Lola and I can't think of his name. He's up there in McWright (cemetery) and a little baby. But Lola was humpbacked. Lola's back had been injured. Lola and Christine and my mother were all very close in age. My other was born in 1886— Mamie Lou Sanders.

R.H.: What was R.K. Sanders' name?

J.M.: R.F.— Romulus Frank Sanders. Do you want to go to McWright Cemetery? Ida and Frank took a plot in McWright, and they took it long enough. It was a family plot. Julia died young. Julia is buried on that lot. Julia and Mr. Douglass and Lola's brother, Lola, and her husband and Lola's son and his wife. It's right along that front road.

R.H.: When I went there, we found an old tombstone that said *Alice Slack*. Do you know who she was?

J.M.: Oh yes, she was a sister of Ida and Emma. There are three of those lost little baby graves on that lot. It was Emma and Ida and Lora and there was a little boy. Mr. Slack (Isaac) left these girls and their mother and went away to help his kinfolk. He left a pregnant wife and five little girls. There were slaves, and I talked to one of those. I was a little girl. He was not a slave when I knew him. But Ida took me. He would come to Aunt Emma's back door and visit occasionally. He would come to our house, I believe she said once or twice, but that was a long way because his house was out there close to East Mount Cemetery. He probably is in Potter's Field back of East Mount. But he was there to watch over the girls and the household and help because they were 3-4 miles out Sabine River out here north of town. This child came and lived about 2½ years, I believe, and died. That was during the Civil War.

E.S.: This as little Alice?

J.M.: No, Alice was a girl. There were two girls and a boy. I don't remember the names of those infants. They were on those little sandstone markers and sandstone does not last through this length of time. He (Isaac) didn't last long when he came home from the Civil War. I told you about the girls running from this bearded man (Isaac) because they had been taught to come at once to the home when they saw these strangers because this part of the country was overrun with people who were out to get what they could take.

E.M.: Indians, too.

J.M.: Oh yes, there were Indians down along the river and in the woodsy areas. Right down here, Lake Tawakoni— that was a big dig. The archaeologist came here from the university to dig down here before the government let them turn that land into the lake. That was Indian Territory there. Caddo is also an Indian name, and Caddo Mills was another place of migration for the Indians. The Indians were the marauding type who would come into a arm and take things.

R.H.: So they had to worry about that?

J.M.: Well, it was still on their minds. It was not a predominant thing. At Bonham there was an Indian look out. It was a fort— Fort Bonham. When Texas was being formed into a state, Fannin and Hunt Counties were the same thing.



E.M.: I moved to Greenville in 1917. A fellow named Lindsey had to kill an Indian who tried to kill him.

J.M.: We sort of fit in between the pioneer and this hip modern thing. If we get a little jumbled in our description of things, we're trying so hard to be modern.

R.H.: You've seen an awful lot.

J.M.: Yes, we have. We've seen it change. My grandmother Ida Slack had one of the first telephones that was installed in Greenville. She owned the whole block that we lived in. Our house was on the end. Younger people in the area up near the college would do their courting on Grandma's telephone. They would come to visit Grandma, and they'd phone a friend or give a boyfriend a number. I would very often have to run to a neighbor's house and give the word to come answer the phone or come call somebody.

The electric lights installed in Emma's house and in our house were the kind that hung from one lone cord down in the middle of the room with one bulb.

R.H.: Real attractive?

J.M.: They were flyspecked. I remember that. It was another dirty thing to put up with.

R.H.: Did we ever know the other children?

J.M.: It's like the three that are on Aunt Emma's lot out there, the three little tombstones. If you studied the dates on them, you'd see there wasn't a one that lived to be more than 2 or 2½ years old. Children died of dysentery. They'd be leaving the breast feeding, getting to get food. There was no refrigeration, very little ice. You can imagine trying to keep food in the weather like we've been having. This weather is nothing new. They had weather then, too. They'd freeze to death in the winter, and they'd faint in the summer. They had palm leaf fans. Most houses were built with an open runway—a dog trot—through the center. You'd take your chair out there and fight flies and get a little breeze. That's what it amounted to. Keeping food—it's a wonder anybody lived.

R.H.: So all three of Emma's children died from dysentery?

J.M.: I'm not going to say that. My grandmother lost them.

R.H.: Some of them died of diphtheria. I had two brothers. One died of dysentery, and one from diphtheria. I don't see how any of them raised children then.

(Jessie brings in Ida's Bible here.)

R.H.: What religion was the family?

J.M.: We're Methodist. In some of the obituaries I think someone gave Aunt Emma to the Primitive Baptists. But I don't remember her going to the Baptist church. She lived near the Presbyterian Church, and as I told you, she walked. She wouldn't drive. She lived near the Presbyterian church, and she liked that pastor and would go there. She would come to Wesley Methodist around the corner where Christine was very active. Aunt Emma did not attend church as regularly as Ida. We went every Sunday, sometimes twice a day. I went three times because I had to go to Epworth League in the middle of the afternoons.

This is Mary (Williams Slack) McCombs' death notice. The nice families sent these to immediate family members to keep. They are keepsakes. Here is the one for Julia, Lola's mother, the humpbacked one's mother. Lola and Christine did not get along too well as mature women. Lola, by her affliction and by being the only living daughter of a well-to-do man, was spoiled. She had fur coats when I was a little girl. My mother didn't. They were first cousins. They were both only daughters, but my mother never owned a fur coat in her life, but she was from a well-to-do family. They were landed people. Uncle Alec made his money in merchandise.

R.H.: Did they print a lot of these up?

J.M.: No, you gave these to dear relatives or maybe close friends. It is a commemorative thing to be kept in a Bible. This is for Julia. They all mourned Julia's death. She was attractive. She died as the result of a birth of a child, not directly in childbirth. Lola, who was a great one to blame people for things, blamed the fact that the doctor in attendance was a woman.

R.H.: That was strange for the day.

J.M.: Yes, it was unusual, and her mother died, so Lola never got that out of her mind.

Mr. Sanders was from the "Old States," as Grandma said. He came wandering across the country after the Civil War when everybody was moving and getting fixed. A young man looking for a fortune. They would work





their way across country. They would stop and get acquainted. You took strangers into your home if they looked right. Just across country. You'd come upon a prosperous looking place, and you visited a while, and maybe they would ask you to rest over night. They would feed you and talk. You see, they didn't have newspapers delivered. They didn't have radios. Telephones— no— just maybe one or two in town. Maybe at the depot you could send a message.

E.M.: They didn't have telephones in the 1860's.

J.M.: Communication lines were from me to you. You went across and told somebody you saw somebody over here, and word was slow about getting around.

R.H.: Did Romulus work for the Slacks?

J.M.: He worked for a season, fell in love with Ida. They were married. She was 16 years old, and he was nearly twice her age. They were put in a little one-room house on the property just north west of the homeplace. In the first year of her marriage, this child was born— Charles Aaron— in December of 1872. I told you Ida was born in 1856, February 18<sup>th</sup>. Then came Arthur Frank, a sickly, long, skinny ugliest baby she ever laid eyes on, she said. And the sweetest one. She loved him so much. He was born January 17, 1875.

E.M.: That was one year before Custer's Last Stand.

J.M.: Edward's hung up on Custer. We went to that National Park out in the Dakotas. They had wind 100 mph there this week. No rain, no clouds, just wind. You should see it. It's a beautiful place.

Sam Houston, July 12, 1878.

R.H.: She had a lot of boys.

J.M.: A house full of them, and then my mother. When Mr. Sanders called on Emma and Mr. Lane— she called him *Mr. Lane*. I never heard her call him *Rufus*. *Mr. Lane*. In speaking to him or about him, *Mr. Lane*. But anyway, the next one was Jesse Emmet. His was October 8, 1880. (Rufus is pictured below.)



R.H.: All these were born in Hunt County?

J.M.: You're telling it. They were right here within four miles from the courthouse.

R.H.: Aren't you glad I put that letter in the paper, Earlane?

J.M.: Now you know why it's like hearing from the grave. I wasn't sure she (Earlane) existed. Christine raised Doris away from us, away from our connection here. Not too far away in miles, but she drew the curtain.

R.H.: The same with mine, too, with William Lorenzo going to prison. That sort of cut the family line.

J.M.: I wasn't going to tell you about that.

R.H.: They didn't talk about it?

J.M.: No, you won't find it there, not a thing. I knew what it was for. I don't know whether he actually took anything or not. When that happened, that was a federal offense. There was no excuse for it. The man came from a well-to-do family. He did it in a weak moment. Maybe he lost the money. I don't know. It was never discussed. He did not come back here. That was a curtain. The sisters didn't discuss it.



Emmer didn't—she was *Emmer* to my grandmother, and my grandmother was *Ider* to her. Christine said *Ider* as long as she lived. There's not a sign of an *R* in it, but that was their little dialect. Now, Grover Cleveland—

R.H.: I wonder who was President then—

J.M.: What about this one— Sam Houston? That's all history, too. But Grover Cleveland, October 12, 1884. Now Granny held off naming that child. The word hadn't come as to who won that election. The first word that came was something else, and she said she'd bury him before she'd name him that.

R.H.: He was two weeks old when he was named?

J.M.: At least that old. Mamie Lou was born October 8, 1886. When she was born, and he went by the next time he came into town to tell Emma that Ida had been delivered of this girl, he said to her in a bold, boastful manner, "I guess that'll be the end of it now. She's got the girl she wanted." Well, after a whole raft of boys, the woman was desperate. She was young, and she needed help. My mother said that she couldn't begin to stand on the floor and reach up into the mixing bowl. She was having to help. Talk about making biscuits for that many men and them farmers with the appetite of a wolf. She did it. She worked hard all her life.

R.H.: Jesse died—

J.M.: Jesse died as a little fellow. He died October 5, 1881. Sam died of a ruptured appendix in St. Paul's Sanitarium in Dallas, Texas. He died of the poisoning. They had to operate it. The obituary is in here. He lived to be 21 or 23. He died February 1, 1902. He was a handsome young man, engaged to be married to a girl in this area. He is buried at McWright. Grandma never got over it. Mama said she grieved for him on past and through her husband's death. Grandpa lived two or three years after this. Mama said she grieved for him after Grandpa was dead. It hurt her so bad because he died in a Catholic Hospital away from his people. Grandpa had been there. The boy survived the operation, and the doctors said he was doing well. A few days after Grandpa came home, he died. Granny lost two children, one in infancy, and that one.

Here's her husband's death. Here's her death and my mother's and Grover Cleveland. Charles Aaron lived on and lived and lived. He must have been 90. Arthur Frank was last out in Utah in his son's home. Charles died in Lindsay, Oklahoma. Arthur died in Salt Lake City. His son lived until just a few years ago. His wife is still out there. Lucille Sanders is the wife of Lee Sanders who was the son of Arthur.

Mamie Lou Sanders married Marvin J. Owings. They were married, and I was the first child of that union. I was born out in the country between Bailey and Bonham in Fannin County.

R.H.: Did Romulus die in Hunt County?

J.M.: Yes.

R.H.: Was he ever in a war?

J.M.: Yes.

R.H.: Civil?

J.M.: Yes.

R.H.: And they were Methodist?

J.M.: Yes.

R.H.: What was his occupation?

J.M.: First he was a farmer. Then he was a merchant and land owner. He rented his properties out, both farm and business properties.

R.H.: So the Slacks did well.

J.M.: All except Lora. Lora came after Ida in the lineage of the Slack sisters. She married a Mr. Terry. He was a United States Marshal in the Indian Territory. Talking about the Slacks and their so-called wealth, the Slack men earned theirs.

R.H.: Were there any men here other than Daniel and Isaac named Slack?

J.M.: Not that we know of. Lola kept coming to our house, and every time she'd come, she'd want to get into the other book. There was another book older than this with the Slack thing in it, until finally she got it. My mother was a person who would accommodate a relative or a friend. In Lola's possession or Christine's— they were both working on it. They both wanted that book. As far as I know, Lola got it. But there were pictures and sketchy little





things in script.

R.H.: Christine told me the family Bible was with Birdie.

J.M.: That would be Aunt Emma's family Bible she was talking about. This is the Slack one that they all wanted things out of. They would take it and copy things and bring things back and finally it went. I'm pretty sure it's in Lola's. Lola's dead. Her husband's dead. Her son is dead. But where's Julia?

E.S.: Julia says she knows nothing about any of this. Lola's husband remarried. It was always Christine's idea that this second wife just tossed everything out.

J.M.: I didn't know the second wife. There was so much turmoil—uncalled for. Lola died trying to do a very generous thing, trying to take this first grandchild back to Australia so that it's Australian grandparents could see it. She was so fragile that she didn't live. They brought her back in the most ungodly coffin I ever saw in my life. It was one of those ancient Egyptian looking ones. It was British, tanned, shiny. Douglas had married an Australian girl at the end of WWII and brought her back to Dallas as his bride. He was an undertaker.

R.H.: What do you know about Mary McCombs?

J.M.: She was a Williams. She was the one who lived through the Civil War out here with all these girls. Of course, she was Mr. Slack's wife. She lived on and on.

But Billie McCombs became Mary's second husband. He was a friend of her first husband. They had been in the war together. They both had come from the "old states." Billie was a bachelor. He'd never married until he married the widow with a household of children and all this land. He had a brother, Otha McCombs, who ended up living on the farm next to my grandmother out west of town later. He had named his son Monroe.

R.H.: Did you ever hear a story about Mary's father drowning in the Red River?

J.M.: I don't know that I did. They all crossed that Red River in wagons, and it's full of quicksand. You go down. Cattle would be sucked down right before their eyes. They told the story on that. They had to carefully send a horseman ahead before you pulled a load down into there. If the horseman could make it—the horse would have to swim lots of times—but there's be enough footing under there that would hold the wagon.

Before Granny was 20 years old, she had 3 boys. Busy, busy, busy. In a little one-room house. I saw the leavings of that little house when I was a child.

R.H.: A log house?

J.M.: No, a clapboard house with one board between you and the north wind.

R.H.: Was the house still around where Isaac and Mary lived?

J.M.: Yes, in my lifetime it was still there. It burned.

R.H.: Log house or clapboard?

J.M.: A sort of combination with the dog-run in it.

R.H.: Would the kitchen be on one side and the bedroom on the other?

J.M.: Very often the kitchen was in another building. I don't remember exactly the set-up. When I saw it, it was being occupied by Mr. Sanders' brother Jesse.

R.H.: Did Isaac build the house himself?

J.M.: He with the help of nigras. Slaves.

R.H.: Did they have a lot of slaves?

J.M.: No, it didn't take a lot. They were Slacks. They used the name Slack. Granny used to call him by name, and I can't remember that. Slavery didn't mean to a lot of people what you might think. They worked. They had nothing of their own. But they had the full protection of the head of the household where they lived.

E.S.: And a degree of freedom to move about.

J.M.: That's right. They were not restricted to that spot. They never accumulated much, but their needs were probably not as great as you might think either. They had food. They had access to firewood for fires. They had to work for it, but everybody did.



R.H.: Tell Earlane what you told me about Daniel and Isaac coming to map the Sabine headwaters.

J.M.: That was their mission in here. The one who came by boat was Daniel. In recent years there is a memorial dedicated to him. That's in Bonham. I did not go to the dedication. It was not the type of weather that I said I should get out there and get with it. The one that came on by land— they all made it to Mississippi, and they worked their way by water. Believe it or not they got up into the area between Texarkana and Bonham by the Red River. Of course, they were not going by steamships. They were getting there by water with their supplies. The one that came overland brought the heavier equipment with them. In our courthouse here tract after tract of land that has been sold in recent years came out of the Daniel and Isaac Slack survey. The last parcel of that that belonged to my ancestors didn't change hands until my Uncle Grover Cleveland sold that in his later years. It was a land grant and had names of important people on it.

J.M.: Where is Julia?

E.S.: Las Vegas or Reno or Lake Tahoe, somewhere like that. I think her name is Weinberg. She has a very large mobile home and goes to visit Doris every two years and stays three months and drives Doris crazy.

J.M.: I can't imagine those two being close friends when there was this rivalry. Here's Aunt Emma's obituary. That's my mother's wedding write-up. Everything was done from the home in that day and time. Uncle Ruf was buried from his home. Aunt Emma was buried from that house. She never lived in another house when she left her father's house. She was brought to this mansion on North Stonewall Street that Mr. Lane provided for her. It was a large, two-story house with a complete veranda upstairs and down across the front, a two-story thing. Wood.

Here's Uncle Ruf's obituary. We went down to see him as usual. They were all seated on the front porch. The older ones had been in and spoken and come back out. They were all gathered out there visiting. Aunt Emma says to me, "Why don't you go in, honey. Uncle Ruf would love to see you. He'd like to see you."

I went in, and this man had a gray look. His skin was gray. He was very thin. He was so weak that he couldn't hold his head up, but he reached over and patted my hand and made a few comments. I will never forget because that's the last time I saw him alive. In his obituary notice they even tell he died of Bright's Disease. That's kidney infection.

So many of them were Woodmen of the World. It was a very influential men's organization in this part of the world.

R.H.: Were Ida and Emma closer to each other than to the other sisters?

J.M.: They were right under each others' noses in the same town and being close in birth as well. They kept in communication, and you could rest assured that you couldn't eat your lunch in the middle of the day that Emmer didn't call Ida on the telephone.

Our telephone was out in the hall, and Granny would stand there and talk to Emma. They would exchange the latest happenings to the members of the family every day. Then on Sunday afternoon, we were supposed to pay homage to Aunt Emma, and we all dressed and went down to her house and sat awhile. If Granny could coax Emma to go with her, Aunt Emma would get on the back seat, right next to the door, just ready to jump out at any moment. My sister and I would be wedged in between them. Granny on one side and Aunt Emma on the other, and my sister and me in the center and Mama and Uncle were drivers up in front. Away we'd go. We'd go to the cemetery sometimes. But just around over town and wave to friends as we'd pass. They would. They knew everybody here.

This is the one (obituary) that caused Christine to blow her top. Down the street from Aunt Emma was a woman she had known since girlhood named Mrs. Henry Carpenter— Miz Harry Carpenter. Her name was Mary. Well, when Aunt Emma dies, Mary proceeds to write a thing for one of the papers. She made it more or less a tribute to herself, and it infuriated Christine so thoroughly that she wouldn't have it. So in the next edition of the paper came the long one with a historical write-up by Christine. (Commenting on lines in the obituary) The "Slack Community" consisted of a few farms in the area and the little schoolhouse where they all went to school and studied reading and memory work and spelling from the Blueback Speller. Did you ever see one? They were marvelous. They had everything in it. It was a small book at that. When you finished that, you could read anything you wanted to and spell any word that was being used in ordinary conversation. So he had provided for educational facilities for the children of his community. He gave the land the little building was on.

Ren (pictured on next page) was still alive when his mother died. She had not seen him, and if she had heard anything from him, it would have been in an indirect manner. It was not her fault that that happened. I told you these were proud people and educated for their time. It happened at a time when there were young ladies in the home, and it was something that was not talked about. We all knew it, but it was not an open topic. She didn't see him. He either ostracized himself or he was told. I don't know. It was quite a hush-hush thing.

Claude Lane— the last I heard he was living in the Austin area.

Where did Christine die?





E.S.: She was in Waco. She had retired teaching in San Antonio.

J.M.: My sister taught school for 40 years. The most of it was in Austin. While she was teaching there, she had a child by the name of Lane. Upon investigation, it was one of Claude Lane's children by his second marriage. His first wife was a Simons right here in Greenville. She died just from frustration, I imagine. She was very nervous. You knew that her child shot himself in the head. That was another horrible thing that happened to us. He and I were practically the same age. Walworth Harrison (Lane). He was about 13 years old, so you can see I was a great big girl when that happened. That was such a terrible thing to have happen. She stepped out of the house and went to a neighbor's house a little while after she got up. Claude was on the road all the time and had provided her with a pistol to protect herself and her household and children. Well, he meddled with that pistol and played with it, and his little brother Leo could tell you exactly what happened because it happened before his eyes. He held it, "You don't think I'll do it, do ya?" And he did it to himself and that was all there was to it. There was a little baby sister, too. I was there when the family came in. Where did they put Walworth?

I know where Mary Gamble is. She's out here on a beautiful lot with more vacant spaces because Elizabeth was not brought back here for burial—her only child.

R.H.: Did Elizabeth marry?

J.M.: I don't know. She went to Washington, D.C., as a government secretary and worked there for years. But the last talk I heard was she was in New York. Christine went to New York one summer and took O.E. as a small child while she did some work at Columbia University. Whether she contacted Elizabeth or was maybe with her, I don't know.

R.H.: Was Elizabeth her only child?

J.M.: Yes, her husband didn't live any time. His tombstone marking is one I've never seen in my life. There's his name and under it it says, "34 years, 11 months, 19 days." No year for birth or death. I have never seen....

R.H. What was his first name?

E.S.: G.W. were his initials.

J.M.: I don't know. I told you Claude was alive—he came to Mayfair's room, and he was hot on Christine's trail. Mayfair couldn't give him any information. She told him that the last she knew of Christine, Christine was in Fort Worth. He tried to make Mayfair admit that she knew where she was. He wanted a settlement out of the estate. He swore he never got a thing.





R.H.: Was it right after the funeral?

J.M.: No, years and years later.

E.S.: Doris said—it must have been in the 40's when Christine and Mr. Grace were living in Austin—that... she and Lizette, Claude's second wife, were friends. There must have been two children because one of them was supposedly retarded, and Leo took him after Claude died.

J.M.: Christine had Doris late in life, and Doris never was a part of our family. Christine did not bring Doris in here to see kinfolks.

R.H.: Did Birdie come here a lot?

J.M.: No, Birdie lived in Dallas quite a while and had 2 or 3 children over there. She and her family went to California. Her children were pretty good-sized then. Her husband was a Mr. Brown, and they called him *Brownie*.

J.M.: Aunt Emma had a shed in the backyard with 3 or 4 feather beds in it. It was stuffed full of flammable materials, possessions. One hot summer afternoon there was a spontaneous combustion in her backyard and explosion with terrible fire, and treasures and possessions went. It was a terrible blow to her.

(Discussing pictures of Christine and her children.)

J.M.: Mr. Grace had two teenage boys when he and Christine married. One of them was Jack. They were there in Fort Worth. They were underfoot. They were all one family for a while. Christine lived in a house near TWC, Texas Women's College.

E.S.: I have just gotten some of these stories from mother—that when her father was a boy, he just lived by himself.

J.M.: He was a child withdrawn into himself. He was smart. Christine dominated him. Aunt Emma felt sorry for him. They were in her house when he was little. He was a quiet boy. He had a weak heart, didn't he?

E.S.: He went to a specialist between 1934 and 1935 when he died. They thought he'd had rheumatic fever as a boy.

J.M.: Christine was a sort of vindictive nature. She was hard on people, exacting. She taught my sister in school. Christine was an excellent teacher. Edward would tell you that.

E.M.: She taught me.

J.M.: She had a good stand-in with the principal of the schools here. When he had a child in any of the other ward schools than where she taught, he would suggest that child be put under Mrs. Hawkins. She was a disciplinarian.

R.H.: Was Emma like that?

J.M.: Aunt Emma and Ida were both strong characters and the raising of their families had been left sort of to them. Grandma Sanders' children had to work a little harder than Aunt Emma's. Emma's boys were not toughened to field work and manual labor. Now, every last one of my grandmother's children got an education beyond the ward school education available. They went to college. They may not have all graduated. Grover Cleveland was valedictorian of his class at Burleson. Incidentally, Christine went there, and I think maybe Birdie did, too. Burleson College was a Baptist College in West Greenville. The property belongs to the state and has the National Guard Armory on it. Grover Cleveland got a scholarship to A & M, and that's where he was when his father died.

Mary was sent to Kidd Key College in Sherman.

(Here Edward brings in pictures of Mamie and Mayfair.)

J.M.: That's my mother and my sister. There were just the two of us. We didn't have a brother. My mother died at the age of 54 with cancer. My mother was taller than Christine. Both were very slender. But my mother must have been 5'9" tall, and my father was over six feet tall. My mother didn't have any figure at all—just zip. Very erect.

R.H.: What about Ida?

J.M.: Ida was heavyset like I am.

R.H.: Emma?

J.M.: Emma was small. She was daintier, shorter. I'm 5' 5½". Grandma would have been 5'6" or 7". I'd say Aunt Emma wasn't as tall as I am, not quite. Lora was—(looking at the picture). Here is where we went in answer to a call for help. This is the way we found her in '38 with a broken hip. That is Lora in her old age beside her poverty-stricken little house that was just as clean as it could be. She had married Mr. Terry who was a United States Marshal in Indian Territory. She had either 9 or 11 children. There were 7 or 9 boys, and there were 2 girls. When





he died, there wasn't a grown one among them. He died in the line of duty. He's buried at Hoge Cemetery, east of Celeste. Why they brought him back there, I don't know, but that's where he's buried.

R.H.: So she was left with a lot of children to take care of on her own.

J.M.: They had to get busy. They just were in abject poverty. When we went there and found this, we went back. Granny came home and told Emma what we found—that Lora was not able to wait on herself much anymore and that she needed everything. So Aunt Emma gave some, and Granny gave more. \*

We took it and went back in 1939. She has on one of the dresses here that we took that day. These are her two daughters. This one lived in Durant with her....she was Mrs. Hutton. She had a family of boys. She had four boys that I know of. This is her sister who was younger. She lived in another town in Oklahoma and had two beautiful daughters. We met those later. This is Grover Cleveland Sanders right there, and this is Mamie, my mother, here. Here's my sister peeking over here. I was already married, and this is my oldest child here.

R.H.: They went strictly to rescue Lora?

J.M.: They went to comfort. She stayed there. That was in 1939. She was the third daughter. After her in the lineage came Mollie. Mollie was a dainty woman. She married Dr. John Harris. They raised their family in Celeste, a nice home. She also had a houseful of children, but hers were predominantly girls. She had two sons: Nash and Dalton. In between was Stella and Ethel and May and Maxine. Ethel married a Dr. Gibson and was in Dallas. At one time she had the job of the person who passes on moving pictures whether they are fit to be seen or not. Stella married a lawyer and they were in Austin.

R.H.: What was Mollie like?

J.M.: Mollie was dainty, small-boned. The saying among her sisters was she enjoyed poor health for years. We'd go to see her, and she'd either be in bed or she would be sitting in a chair near the bed dressed in a negligee. Her meals were brought to her in the bedroom on a tea cart. They lived real nicely. She specified manners. Her children also went to college—the girls. I'm not sure about the boys. Dalton was a secondhand car dealer in Dallas when I was a young woman. Nash—I don't know what he did or where he went.

R.H.: Was Mollie a strong personality like Ida and Emma?

J.M.: Not so much. As I told you, her family was a little more socially inclined. The girls were talented, especially the two youngest ones were exceptionally good musicians and taught music and played in church—music—and were called upon on special occasions. In their heyday they were ostracized from the Baptist church. They were thrown out of the Baptist church because they allowed young people to dance in their parlor on Sunday afternoons. Making their own music and entertainment. They were asked to leave the Baptist church. That was another disgrace but not as bad as some of them.

Mollie and Julia got a so-called "finished" education at Kidd Key College in Sherman, which was on the order of Hockaday School in Dallas in its day and time. It was a finishing school.

R.H.: I'm really getting a picture of the sisters as liking to do things in the right way...

J.M.: That's right, and this desire for education and polish as it was known. The finishing of your education was stressed down to me. I was given elocution when I was a child at school. That was to recite poems with a little bit of action thrown in. Since I had no musical talent. My sister got that.

E.S.: I wonder where they got the name of Claude. There was a child, Isaac Stella, whose tombstone shows she was born 1½ years after Isaac died, which puzzles me.

J.M.: He lived a few months. He had pneumonia and was so weak he didn't get over it. He lingered a while.\*\* I started to tell you about Mary Slack marrying Billie McCombs—he was a bachelor. He kept coming while her husband was down and helping all he could. Then he married her in due time. By consent, all the daughters would tell you. Lola would get up and proclaim it. You see, she kept Lola a lot of the time in her home. The two children and the baby—which they said eventually killed Mary because it was just more than she could take. The death (of her daughter Julia) and these children thrown in on her at the last. Now Uncle Alec provided for them, but it was better that they be with their grandmother than with a single man, you see. So she kept them, and it was the end of her.

\* She is in error here, as both Emma Lane and Ida Sanders were dead by 1938. So either the year is off or her memory of their participation is faulty.

\*\* In fact, he lived for over a year after his return, and Isaac Stella was born a few months after he died.



But they spoke of him as Uncle Billie. He would hover over them and include them, and they were his family, which was unusual... She did not have children by Mr. McCombs. Whether he was sterile, I wouldn't know. But I rather suspect so. Having been a bachelor and through the war and up in years anyway when they were married. She's buried between the two men up there on that lot.

R.H.: So her children really liked him?

J.M.: Oh, yes. He was a wonderful stepfather to them. I went to his funeral under an arbor out there in the country at McWright (Cemetery).

R.H.: My grandmother's middle name is McCombs. So Ren named his daughter McCombs.

J.M.: I want to show you these plots so when you want to come back and tell anybody else about this. I'm not going to last forever. These graves are in different parts of the cemetery.

R.H.: Julia died where?

J.M.: I don't know. She's buried on the lot with my grandmother.

R.H.: What was Julia like?

J.M.: It wasn't in childbirth. She lived through the birth of the child. It was an infection that developed later. She was taken then. Of course, her having lived to adulthood and up into childbearing age and to go first, she was always put up on a pedestal. Talented, pretty, sweet, and all those kind things you say about people, and probably she was. If she'd gotten Christine after her—Christine was outspoken, and she was smart as a whip. As far as having a loving disposition, I'd hesitate... She was even hard on me.

R.H.: Was Emma hard?

E.M.: Emma was hard. I knew Emma.

J.M.: After having lost her first three babies in a row, and then her oldest son having disgraced the entire family she thought, she withdrew more into herself and was sharp.

E.M.: I would say Emma was plainspoken.

J.M.: She was plainspoken. She was as honest as she could be. She liked me, and I liked Aunt Emma.

E.M.: A few days after we ran off and got married, she called me over the phone. She said, "I want you to go out and see Mamie." I can hear it now. She says, "Mamie can't make her mind up whether she'll get a pistol and shoot you or not." That's exactly the way she said it. She give me the devil.

R.H.: Was she liked by most people?

E.M.: I liked her.

J.M.: They all liked her. Aunt Emma was a good woman. She, as I said... She had had it, as the modern saying is, from people or circumstances that she couldn't control. There was never a softer-spoken, more gentle person than her husband, Mr. Lane...Mr. Lane.

In among his acquisitions right on the square—there's a big bank building on that property now—he owned this building that he had his mercantile store in and a building that was a bar, a saloon. Uncle Rufe owned a saloon, and it had the marble counter with the mahogany footrest down there. It was a beautiful thing. It was there for years, but that building was demolished.

He had fine features. I would remember him only with white hair and a sallow complexion because he was at death's door the last time I saw him. I was scared to death there in that big room and him on the bed.

(She begins to read and comment on Emma's obituary which was written by Christine.)

J.M.: Greenville Evening Banner. February 25, 1926. Written by Christine.

"Funeral services for Mrs. R.K. Lane, pioneer Greenville woman, who died at the family home on north Stonewall Street Saturday morning, were held Sunday afternoon at 2:0, at the home 2216 Stonewall Street. Services were conducted by Dr. George French, pastor of Wesley Methodist Church assisted by Rev. J.B. Gober..." (Brother Gober was a one-armed circuit preacher. Everybody knew and loved him. I think he was Methodist.)... "Pallbearers were—active: Jim Ellis..." (He's 104 years old. Lives on Stonewall Street right down the way down here several blocks. Goes to Sunday School every Sunday morning. Never misses.)... "Will Reeves..." (He lived the next block north of Aunt Emma and owned the coca-cola bottling works, very well-to-do people.) ... "Al Island..." (Dry goods merchant)... "Fred Derricks..." (Who lived in the upstairs apartment of Aunt Emma's for years. His first child was





born there. He was of German descent.)... "Marvin Bush..." (Whose brother lives across the street over here in the apartments)... "Jess Morris, M.O. Leggett, and H.L. Carpenter..." (Mr. Carpenter was the husband of the woman who wrote the other article. M.O. Leggett, the son of this man mentioned here, was a friend of O.E.'s. They played across the street. They looked at each other across the street and hollered back and forth and played. M.O. grew up and fell into a share of the Luby cafeterias.) "Honorary pallbearers were N.S. Moore... (another very influential man who lived across the street from them on St. John Street. He was a groceryman and in later years became mayor of this town.)... "J.M. Spurlock..." (The banker)... "T.D. Starnes..." (Another lawyer)... "and Dr. Galliard." (Dr. Galliard lived across the street from Aunt Emma. His home is in our park out here being one of the finest homes in Greenville.) "To that we'd add N.E. Peak..." (Another merchant)... "Otha McCombs..." (Who was of the family)... "Sam Rosenthal..." (Who courted Christine for years during her widowhood. He was a Hebrew. He was a furniture man.)... "A.G. Grandsmasters, C.S. Hutchens, and William Arnold." (He led our Centennial parade. He was so old, he had to be shown around at that deal. It was at this parade that they made the moving picture show, and A.S. Moore owned the picture show for years, and he showed that picture on two different occasions to the public. There they were, the two sisters, standing side by side. They were in the honored group at the parade and celebration.)... "Mrs. R.K. Lane was born January 8, 1854, and married on November 20, 1873. To this union 8 children were born, 3 dying in infancy. A daughter, Mrs. Mary Gamble, died in February, 1916. The four surviving are Ren Lane of Chicago; Mrs. H.B. Grace of Fort Worth; Mrs. Birdie Brown of Los Angeles, California; and Mr. Claude Lane of Muscogee, Oklahoma."

(Here she discussed where Ren Lane might be buried, as she remembered his body was returned to Greenville, naked, as he was a pauper at death, and was identified by Dr. Harris. Then turned to talking about Ida again: My grandmother has a child buried beside the road between here and Mt. Pleasant. Jesse. The one that lived to be a few months old. They were coming by wagon train through there—one of Grandfather's grand maneuvers. He dragged the whole family around. They even went out as far as Anson, and he was in business for a while in Anson. Then back to Greenville. He was on the go. Move and drag and change and all those children. She got down with the fever.)

(Continuing to read from the obituary of Emma Lane... which is full of errors.)

"Her husband, R.K. Lane, was a successful dry goods merchant of Greenville for twenty years. He preceded Mrs. Lane in death 12 years ago. Mrs. Lane has resided at the same place for 53 years where she was taken as a bride. Her parents came to this county 100 years ago. Mrs. Lane's father, who was Isaac U. Slack, was married to Mary Williams, June 28, 1849. Her father being five years of age when he came here from Wood County, Mississippi. Her mother came from Pittsylvania, Virginia, in 1847. Isaac Slack fought through the Civil War, dying from pneumonia a few months after the close of this conflict. He was the first man to plant wheat in Fannin County and the first man to plant cotton in Hunt County, and attended the first court held in Hunt County which opened its sessions under the huge oak tree on Johnson Street of this city. He also helped lay off the first streets of Greenville. To the Williams-Slack union were born 11 children, the 3 eldest dying in infancy. Three children survive as of this death: Mrs. Ida Sanders of 2122 Langford Street; Mrs. Lora Terry, of Durant, Oklahoma; and Mrs. John Harris of Celeste. The history of the Slack family of which Mrs. Lane was a member, reads like a romance, and there are just a few of this family remaining to carry on. Eight grandchildren and two great-grandchildren survive Mrs. Lane."

(Discussing pictures again...)

E.S.: Christine said Mr. Hawkins was the Beau Brummel of....

J.M.: He was a good-looking man. He was a widower. Whether he had deserted a wife or she had actually died, I don't know. But that was the big hoopla over Christine marrying him in the first place. He was a widower, and she was a choice young lady. She was talented; she was educated; and she had the backing of a good family. For her to have married a widower, who was a railroad man, was certainly not what was expected of her. And when Birdie married a traveling salesman, that was the end. But Birdie didn't look back. She was cute, and she went with Brownie, and away they went and had 5 or 6 children just like popcorn. One of the things that came back in the correspondence was that out in California, the children had taken part in some movie. They had wanted a mass scene of something, and her children had taken some bit parts. Well, that was just more than we all could imagine back here.

E.S.: Claude was a railroad man, wasn't he?

J.M.: All of them were. Christine just kept on being educated. Dragged O.E. clear to New York City. Had him in a one-room apartment... Unless she was with Elizabeth. She was an aggressive person, a smart person, and an inquisitive person. It all goes together.



E.S.: She was all her life. She was tutoring people to take government examinations when she was in her late 80's. She doctored her birth certificate and taught until she was 80. You see, she hadn't taught long enough to retire that way. She couldn't retire under teacher retirement because she'd always taught just part time...in parochial schools...  
J.M.: Christine taught Edward in school. She taught my sister. She was hard on Mayfair. She expected a lot of everybody.

(Here we went to lunch, the cemeteries, and the Slack land.)

J.M.: Uncle Alec lived on a long time after Julia died. A little gentleman if there ever was one. I told you he spoiled Lola. In fact, Lola's husband, Mr. Johanning, was a very, very ordinary person. Uncle Alec saw to it that he furthered his education some, and he got him a good job. Mr. Johanning advanced in that job. Was it an electrician on the railroad?

E.M.: He was in signal maintenance.

J.M.: On the Katy railroad. They made their home with Uncle Alec, took over. She had some beautiful furniture that was mahogany with big acorns...massive...just beautiful. As I told you, the fur coat. He gave her everything in an effort to maybe take away his regret that her beauty and her charm were marred. It was sort of an arranged marriage. I don't suppose Mr. Johanning had much to say about it.

R.H.: Lola was the one who was humpbacked?

J.M.: Yes, she was every bit as aggressive as Christine.

R.H.: There was one more thing that I wanted to ask you. My Aunt Adrena said that Ren Lane was very much spoiled by his father. Would you say so?

J.M.: I'm sure he was very much adored. They had lost two or three children. He was the first son that lived. It was a regrettable thing that happened.

R.H.: Adrena also said that Emma had a big marble slab in front of her fireplace where she used to bathe her babies.

J.M.: She did. It was a beautiful fireplace. I knew the mantle and the fireplace well because we sat there and visited. Her bedroom was just about as big as this room we're sitting in with 10-12 foot ceiling in it. High ceilings. They were all built that way and time. They heated those things with a fireplace, and it can't be done. You had to sit in front of the fireplace and toast your feet. If you'd get cold in the rear, you'd turn around and warm that and sit down right quick. That went on at Grandmother's home in Bailey. They had a fireplace. We'd go there. You dreaded to go in the winter time. You couldn't keep warm. You wore your coat.

My Grandfather Owings never came to the dining table without his coat on. He was a gentleman, and he wore it in the summertime, too. His father was a lawyer, and his sons— he raised three of them— never saw their father strike a lick of work in his life. He was hurt as a little child. They said it was— I hesitate to say servants, but that's what they were— It was because the people who helped with the housework grabbed him up by the arm too often. The injury was there. One arm did not develop like the other arm did. It was injured in the shoulder. It was a small arm, and he protected that. He was a gentleman to the end. He wore his hair closely cropped. It had a slight tinge of red to it, too. His eyes were bright blue. His sons— every one of them— had eyes the color of mud— dark brown— from their mother who was part Indian.

R.H.: Was Emma or Ida or their sisters— were they needlewomen?

J.M.: With six sons and a fat husband. And Grandpa Sanders' picture— he had a homemade suit on, and it bulged at every button. It was like he was in a strait jacket. She sewed hard sewing— she did their mending and made their pants, their coats, their shirts. Quilts galore. Hers were the kind that would keep you warm. They were heavy and made out of wool scraps. My mother did everything. Granny could knit. She'd knit up a storm. She'd knit me mittens. She'd knit me stocking caps. W

Wen WWI was approaching, she was so tense and so involved that we immediately went on wartime rationing. We ate corn meal mush, and we ate cornbread. We grew the corn; we took it to the grist mill; had it made into the things we could use in the home. We clamped down and lived like it was at our doorstep in WWI. She was so involved. War had marred her childhood, and it made life hard. She had a horror of it. We were into it again up to our eyebrows. Everything she could get her hands on she read and would just quote it and study it, talked about it. Took it personally, WWI.

E.S.: I have things Christine crocheted.





J.M.: Christine tatted. Did you get any of the Battenburg work? It's like lace. It's done on little loops and looms. You could make collars and doilies. It's very spiderlike stuff.

E.S.: I have some lace and a black crocheted shawl.

J.M.: Aunt Emma wore those things as she sat in her little swivel rocking chair. It looked more like an old-fashioned dentist's chair. All of the woodwork showed. It was good solid wood and little plush arm rests— little round, right ones.

R.H.: And her spittoon ready?

J.M.: She didn't spit when anybody was around. She was a lady about the whole thing, but it was there.

When Aunt Emma's teeth gave way— Granny's never did. Ida kept her own teeth her whole life. She went to the dentist once or twice after she was 70. Aunt Emma had to have her teeth pulled. Of course, she had to go to a dentist's office to have that done. Up here on the corner was Dr. Parker, and he was a dentist. Dr. Parker pulled her teeth. How in the world he got an impression, I don't know. And that was the last time she ever went to his office. He called on Miz Lane, brought the teeth, and fitted them in her own chair in her own home. She wore them just as little as she could get by with because she was too old to put up with it and adjust to it. It went hard with her.

Dr. Galliard was a physician who lived across the street over there. He would attend to Mr. Lane. He was dead by the time Aunt Emma died, but I'm pretty sure he attended on Mr. Lane.



# GENERATION ONE

## Roberta L. Burns

B. 9 June 1947  
Lawrence, Ma.  
M. Allen Hofmann  
7 September 1968 -----  
South Plainfield, NJ

Pamela E. Burns  
B. 14 January 1949  
Austin, Texas  
M. Michael Balogh  
28 August 1971  
South Plainfield, NJ

Deborah E. Burns  
B. 21 June 1954  
Joliet, Illinois  
M. George Viebranz  
30 November 1974  
Cleveland, Ohio

Gary W. Burns  
B. 7 September 1958  
Gary, Indiana  
Lived with two women,  
no marriages

# GENERATION TWO

Sara Adrena Burns  
B. 4 December 1917  
Fort Worth, Tx.  
D. 2 November 1981

## Robert R. Burns

B. 23 August 1920  
Paris, Texas  
M. Gladys Proctor  
31 March 1946  
Lawrence, Mass.  
D. 23 July 1973  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Mary Virginia Burns  
B. 12 December 1922  
M. Glenn Tegge  
D. 13 August 1988

Wayne Burns  
B. 26 December 1924  
M. Laura Moeller  
D. 6 November 1969

Percy Jack Burns  
B. 22 September 1927  
D. after his mother

Gloria Louise Burns  
B. 11 March 1929  
M. 1) Frank Dolan  
D. 25 March 1992

William Neal Burns-----  
B. 2 July 1930  
Dallas, Tx.  
D. 1938, Galveston

Patricia Anne Burns  
B. 27 February 1932  
M. 1.) John Starchla  
D. 30 June 1995

# GENERATION THREE

Rufus Orville Burns  
B. 24 July 1882  
Van Zandt Co, Texas  
M. Ora Jim Mann Lane  
30 April 1910; Hugo, Ok.  
D. 17 May 1956, Dallas

Bertha DeAlva Burns  
B. 16 April 1884  
Lamar County, Texas  
M. Albert Cole Higgs  
16 December 1904  
D. Spring, 1970; Tx.

Myrtice Evalina Burns  
B. 3 June 1886  
Lamar County, Texas  
M. Malcolm Lincoln  
D. 30 June 1981, Ca.

Horace Greeley Burns  
B. 17 September 1888  
Lamar County, Texas  
M. Sally Carol, Pearl  
Campbell  
D. 16 August 1928; Tx.

Eula Dementra Burns  
B. 27 January 1891  
Lamar County, Texas  
M. Robert Ingram  
2 December 1930; Hugo, Ok.  
D. 27 August 1977  
San Angelo, Texas

John Adrian Burns (twin)  
B. 21 May 1893  
Reno, Texas  
M. Sara McCombs Lane  
January 1917  
D. 14 April 1948; Tx.

Jesse Raymond Burns (twin)  
M. Marian\_\_, Mayone Young  
D. 14 March 1948; Az.-----

Laura Eunice Burns Harrison  
B. 11 April 1896  
Lamar County, Texas  
M. Carl Broyles, 1916  
D. 14 June 1981; Austin, Tx.

Byron Eustace Burns  
B. 14 September 1898  
Lamar County, Texas  
D. 1966; Austin, Texas

# GENERATION FOUR

Ann Alice Burns  
B. 15 Dec. 1852  
Claysville, Ky.  
M. Wilson Grinder  
21 April 1872  
Collin Co., Texas  
D. 25 January 1940  
Hopkins Co., Tx.

Frances M. Burns  
B. ca. 1853  
Harrison Co., Ky.  
D. in the Red River

Rhoda Laura Burns  
B. ca. 1854  
Harrison Co., Ky.  
M. Adam Caperton  
10 April 1871  
Independence Co., Ark.  
D. ca. 1939?  
Ada, Oklahoma

Elizabeth Burns  
B. ca. 1856  
Harrison Co., Ky.  
D. as a child

Henry Burns  
B. ca. 1857  
Harrison Co., Ky.  
M. Sallie Meeks  
4 June 1882  
Van Zandt Co., Tx.  
& 3 others  
D. Oklahoma

Dorothy Burns  
B. ca. 1859, Ky.

D. as a child  
John M. Burns  
B. 8 May 1860

Co., Ky.  
M. Nancy Fulton  
12 October 1881  
Van Zandt Co., Tx.  
D. 5 July 1948  
Terrell, Texas

## BURNS/FULTON, BARNES CHART (CONTINUED)





## GENERATION FOUR

### John Martin Burns-----

B. 8 May 1860  
Harrison Co., Ky.  
M. Nancy Fulton  
D. 5 July 1948  
Terrell, Tx.

### Nancy Alice Fulton-----

B. 21 July 1863  
Polk Co., Tx.  
M. John M. Burns  
12 October 1881  
Van Zandt Co., Tx.  
D. 26 April 1924  
Paris, Texas

## GENERATION FIVE

William Burns  
B. ca. 1822, Ky.

Malinda Burns  
B. ca. 1827, Ky. -----  
M. Elihu J. Harding  
25 February 1847  
Harrison Co., Ky.

Orville Burns  
B. 4 September 1827, Ky.

M. Sarah Kramer-----  
9 February 1851  
Harrison County, Ky.  
D. 28 June 1906  
Paris, Texas

Nancy Jane Burns  
B. ca. 1834, Ky.  
M. John Cash  
12 August 1857  
Harrison Co., Ky.

Talitha Burns  
B. ca. 1836, Ky.  
M. William Hicks

Sarah Burns  
B. ca. 1838, Ky.

Angeline Burns  
B. ca. 1844, Ky.

Jonathan Americus Burns  
B. ca. 1845, Ky.

### Rufus Fulton-----

B. 1839  
Mississippi  
M. Hannah Barnes---  
Ca. 1862, Ms.  
D. ca. 1880, Texas

## GENERATION SIX

Jonathan W. Burns  
B. ca. 1800, Ky.  
M. Nancy J. Stewart---  
Ca. 1822, Ky.  
D. after 1850

Martin Kramer  
B. ca. 1800, Pa.-----  
M. Rhoda Freeland  
8 April 1828  
Adams County, Ohio  
D. between 1850 and  
1853

Rhoda Freeland  
B. ca. 1805  
probably Greene Co, Pa.  
M. 1.) Martin Kramer  
2.) Leason Taylor  
14 February 1853-----  
Harrison Co., Ky.  
D. after 1853

Samuel Fulton III-----  
B. Ca. 1806, NC  
M. Elizabeth Smith  
27 December 1831  
Washington Co., Al

George W. Barnes  
B. ca. 1819, Tn.  
M. Nancy Watson-----  
17 June 1843  
Blount Co., Al.  
D. after 1900, Tx.

## GENERATION SEVEN

Willoughby Stewart  
B. 3 May 1775  
M. Sarah Powell  
6 August 1797  
Mason Co., Ky.  
D. 20 April 1852  
Shelby Co., Ohio

Sarah Powell  
B. 30 June 1776  
D. 26 June 1846, Oh.

Balthazar Kramer  
B. ca. 1774  
M. Elizabeth Ingles  
2 March 1800 ?  
D. 5 October 1823  
Fort Smith, Ark.

Elizabeth Ingles  
B. 5 June 1776, Md.  
D. 5 October 1873

Aaron Freeland  
B. 1774/1775  
Greene Co., Pa.?  
M. Sarah-----  
D. ca. 1853  
Adams Co., Oh.

Samuel Fulton II  
B. ca. 1777  
M. Elizabeth Weatherly  
15 April 1796  
Guilford Co., N.C.  
D. aft 1854

Jesse Watson

## INTERVIEW WITH EULA BURNS INGRAM

My Aunt Laura Moeller Burns conducted this interview with my Great-Aunt Eula Burns Ingram in 1976 at



my request. She interviewed Eula in Eula's home in San Angelo, Texas. At the time of the interview, Eula was 85 years old. A picture of Eula, her parents, and her siblings is in the Bible record section of this book.

L.B.: Roberta said she had gotten negative responses on death certificates for George Washington Barnes and Rufus Fulton. Do you know where they lived and where they died?

E.I.: George Washington Barnes died in Red River County, right below Lamar. Must have been the late 90's when he died. I saw him when I was 6. About '97.

L.B.: You also told me he had a second marriage.

E.I.: Yes, there were no heirs. She was too old. But his first wife was a Watson. Nancy Watson. And that's where his children came from.

L.B.: Let's move to Rufus Fulton.

E.I.: He married Hannah Barnes. He was my grandfather. He was down in Brownsville, Texas, when my mother was born. And she was born in Polk County, Texas, in East Texas. She was six months old before her father saw her. And Jim Fulton, Rufus' brother, married Caroline Barnes, sister to Hannah. And the two couples married, I think, in Mississippi. See the Barneses lived in Mississippi. And the Fulton boys formerly came from Alabama. And the two brothers married the two girls. My grandmother was 17, and Aunt Caroline was 19. I don't know the ages of the men. The Fulton boys were natives of Alabama, and the Barnes girls were supposed to be natives of Mississippi. And during the Civil War those couples married. And my mother was born in '63. They must have married say in '62. She was born July 24, '63.

Roberta said my grandfather was not in the service?

L.B.: No.

E.I.: Did she find Jim—James?

L.B.: I'm not sure she was looking for James.

E.I.: I know one time I wrote my Aunt Caroline about my Granddaddy, and she said he was not able to be in the service. But that was what I was always told. That was Mama's impression. Anyway, he was down in Brownsville, I thought in the service of the Confederacy, when she was born in Texas.

L.B.: Anyway, the 2 boys and girls moved to Texas, and the grandfather followed later then?

E.I.: Yes, Mama said she was 9 before she ever saw her grandparents, and at that time they lived in Arkansas. The Barneses had migrated to Arkansas sometime.

L.B.: When do you think they came to Texas?

E.I.: Grandpa Barnes lived north of Detroit. He was a Baptist preacher, and he farmed on the side.

L.B.: Was he one of these circuit riders?

E.I.: They called the Methodists circuit riders, but he was something like it. He'd just preach in country churches. Sometimes they'd just have a preacher once a month. He'd preach at one little country church once and go around.

L.B.: Nancy Alice had how many sisters and brothers?

E.I.: Well, she had two sisters. They died early—Nettie and Sally. And she had a brother George who died. And she and Watt were the only ones to live to be grown. Mama was the oldest.

L.B.: When her mother died, she went to live with aunts, right?

E.I.: She went to live—well, her mother died right after they first went to Eveline(?). I can't think of the place. Mama said, "My Daddy was always looking for greener pastures." He just wouldn't rest. My grandmother died in childbirth at 31. They lived across a creek, and the doctor couldn't get there.

L.B.: Where was this?

E.I.: It's close to Weatherford. I can't think of it.

L.B.: And at this point your mother went to live with her grandfather and—

E.I.: And Aunt Samantha. It was always her mother's ambition for her to go to school, to college—Old Baylor, really.. She would have gone to Baylor. When she got to her grandpa's, it was a different story. I guess they didn't





have the money. I don't know. In a way— Aunt Samantha was a widow and living here— And Aunt Samantha didn't treat her right, according to Mama. She made more or less a servant of her. So her Uncle Jesse Barnes said, "I'll take Nan to live with me." And he and his wife were really good to her. And he and Aunt Bunch—that's what they called her— Mama said they were just as good to her as they could be. And she stayed there until she married Papa— married in their home, you know. It was written in the Bible.

L.B.: She was about 9 when her mother died, wasn't she?

E.I.: 13. And Watt was two. The oldest and the youngest. Watt was left in West Texas with a family. His father had died—I don't know just when Grandpa died—he was living with a family there. And when Orville was about a year old, they came in a wagon by way of Dallas to this place. Aunt Caroline lived in Robertson County before Lamar. Rufus Fulton died out near Weatherford. Mama said she was 16 when her daddy died— '79. There was a Joe Fulton. I think my great-grandfather may have been named Joe Fulton. Anyway, there was one they called Little Joe Fulton. I know I heard my mother talk about Little Joe. And Bertha and Cole Higgs—in Dallas met Little Joe's son. And he was at Cole Higgs' funeral. I met him. Little Joe was my mother's first cousin.

L.B.: Let's switch over to the Burns. Do you recall anything about Sarah Kramer's mother?

E.I.: No. She had a sister named Molly, I know. I remember Uncle Henry remarked to me that I looked like Aunt Molly Kramer. She married an Engels or a Lowe. She had two sisters. Aunt Laura named her youngest daughter Sarah and called her Sadie.

L.B.: Eula is now going to give us a physical description of Orville Burns and Sarah and their children.

E.I.: Grandpa Orville Burns was very fair-skinned; big, blue eyes; and black hair. And he was very deliberate in his talk and speech. Sense of humor. And I understand that my Grandmother Sarah was a brunette and on the tiny build. Grandpa was broad-shouldered and about 5'6" or 7". My daddy was 5'7".

L.B.: Only 5'7"?

E.I.: Aunt Alice, the oldest, had blonde skin— very fair— and blue eyes and black hair. Aunt Laura Burns Caperton was a brunette. She was of larger build than Aunt Alice. Uncle Frank, who I never saw, I understand, was a brunette. Uncle Frank died in a cattle drive crossing Red River. He drowned. Uncle Henry—

L.B.: Where did that drive originate? Was he living with Laura and them?

E.I.: He was living with them. Some man wrote Aunt Alice that her brother Frank died, drowned in Red River.

L.B.: Did they ship the body home?

E.I.: No. Uncle Henry was not as fair as Aunt Alice and John, but he was considered fair. He had blue eyes and black hair. He was very tiny built for a man. And he rode horses—he could break wild horses. He wasn't afraid to ride the wildest horses. And the neighbors all had him to break their wild stock. And they all had little feet— Granddaddy had big feet, but not the others. They wore about a 7AAA. Aunt Laura was bigger than the others.

L.B.: Going back to Orville. Did you think he was a farmer when he married Sarah on the Licking River?

E.I.: I don't know what else he did.

L.B.: He didn't live off hunting?

E.I.: He had guns to hunt with. He had a muzzle-loader he was proud to own.

L.B.: You said the powder horn had J.W. Burns on it.

E.I.: Yes.

L.B.: Why did you think the *W* stood for William?

E.I.: It was my understanding that Orville's father was named William. And he married a Stewart.

L.B.: You said John was a very prominent name in the Burns' family.

E.I.: I understood Granddaddy had a brother John.

L.B.: It was your understanding that Orville was the only one who left Kentucky?

E.I.: Orville came down the Ohio River, into the Mississippi, and came up to Batesville, Arkansas.

L.B.: And engaged in farming there?



E.I.: To the best of my knowledge.

L.B.: So when the girls and Frank came to Texas before your grandfather, you think they engaged in farming? Or just off jobs?

E.I.: There didn't any of them live in cities. Now, John, my father, as I said, had blonde skin and very blue eyes, black hair. We farmed. But in the winter—or any time—Papa sold farms. You know, we'd buy a farm, and if he could make a profit, he'd sell it. That's the reason we moved so much around there. We lived on the David Rogers' home about ten years. My mother said, "I'll never sign this away. I want to die from here." But Pap talked her into selling because he could make a gain.

L.B.: Where was this David Rogers' farm?

E.I.: It was 7 miles east of Paris on the Pine Mill Road.

L.B.: That is where you spent most of your childhood, isn't it?

E.I.: Yes. Right there.

L.B.: Earlier you said you felt that Orville might have married in Arkansas but that when he came here, he did not bring another woman with him.

E.I.: He did not bring her with him because he married Grandma Adie in Van Zandt County.

L.B.: After he arrived in Texas?

E.I.: Yes, some time after.

L.B.: How long did she live then?

E.I.: He came to live with us when Eunice was a baby—in '96 or '97. And she had died then.

L.B.: What was the name you gave her?

E.I.: Adie. She was Mrs. Somebody. Adie was her first name.

L.B.: Did you know her last name?

E.I.: No, I don't know. She was a widow. She had a farm, and she had cattle. I understand Grandpa moved in and helped her on the farm.

L.B.: But later, I think Eunice told me he did come and live with you all.

E.I.: He did. And he died in 1906 and is buried at this Mt. Olive churchyard. It's a country church. Well, it's right on—it's north east—right on the bank of the river.

L.B.: I think we've covered Burns' appearance and personality. Now let's go back to the other side. Eula has just said that in the winter months when John Martin (Burns) wasn't selling real estate, he also had a —

E.I.: peddling wagon. He went off through the country, bought chickens and eggs, and he also had a dry goods box on the end. You know it had piece goods. And that was very profitable. Because a lot of women never went to town in those days. Did trade with peddlers then. He went all down in Red River County and our own county. He'd leave Monday morning—from home til Friday. Then he went to town, and he'd sell the chickens and eggs, and he'd stock in the dry goods.

L.B.: He wouldn't take cash then? More or less took it in trade then?

E.I.: He took cash. He had a big truck, and I suppose he had a place to take care of the eggs. I don't know. But he had his dry good box on the end, on the side of the runner. And it had a door—closed it with a big stick there. He held it down and just held it back with the wood.

L.B.: With that kind of business, he must have been a pretty fast talker.

E.I.: Oh, he was. He was a salesman natural-born. He was full of gab. He was real jolly and friendly. My mother was more reserved. So dignified.

L.B.: Tell us about your mother now. I believe you said she considered education very valuable.

E.I.: She did.

L.B.: I believe Eunice told me she—you all—went to church a lot. Her grandfather was a Baptist preacher, right?





E.I.: Yes, and she went herself. You're an individual, you know, regardless of your ancestry. I guess you could say she inherited the \_\_\_. But she loved the church, and she wanted us all to be somebody. And know something. Now my daddy wanted us to get along and be somebody. But none of the Burns didn't seem to care so much about education. They didn't think it was so important and — as Mama did.

L.B.: Well, they felt they can talk their way. I think they still do.

E.I.: I agree. Aunt Alice was the best woman I ever knew— one of the best. Still she was more friendly and loved everybody more than my mother. My mother was more dignified and more particular who we associated with. But Aunt Alice loved them all. But Mama thought you had to be particular.

L.B.: Now Aunt Alice had how many children? And where are they at?

E.I.: She had ten.

L.B.: Ten! Did you know all those cousins? Did you see them frequently?

E.I.: I never saw them. I think I saw only Josh and May. I saw May one time. Josh was Aunt Alice's— the biggest one. They called him John. And Aunt Nannie— but he died young. And they had a girl named Orville.

L.B.: That's a girl's name?

E.I.: Yes, they called her Obie, but her name was Orville. And she came to see us before she married. She married, and we never saw her any more. She had one child. She married a Mr. Hill. Doris never married, and May married early. She married a man named Barnes. He wasn't a relative. They lived in Hopkins County down about Sulphur Springs and Winnsboro and all those towns. Adie— she was named for Grandpa's Grandma Adie— I never saw her. She came to \_\_\_ and lived on year and went back.

L.B.: Went back to where?

E.I.: Went back to Hopkins. She married Frank Henderson. She had a bunch of kids. But I never saw but one of them. He was the age of Rufus was. But Laura— she had a little Laura. And she got burned to death in a wash pot. I think she was around the fire, you know. You had to watch them blazes. Her dress caught on fire, and she burned to death. And Mag— named Margaret— but they called her Mag. She got married and had a couple of kids and Sam and Frankie and Nora and Henry came to our family late.

L.B.: Since you saw her children so seldom, but you saw Aunt Alice so often...

E.I.: Well, Aunt Alice— they moved to Lamar County in 1904 and brought all their children. She lived— she went to live with May a short time before she died. And died in Hopkins. But Uncle Wilse died in 1908 in Lamar County. He didn't live long after Alice died. But he's buried by my granddaddy at Mt. Olive Cemetery by that church. And Uncle Henry's third wife, Aunt Sally.

L.B.: You'd better go through Henry's wives.

E.I.: Well, Aunt Sack was a Meeks. She was the mother of his first three sons.

L.B.: And this marriage was where now?

E.I.: In Van Zandt County. Will and Calvin by ...

L.B.: But they will carry the name of Burns then.

E.I.: But they're dead.

L.B.: Did they have heirs?

E.I.: Will never married. Calvin married a very nice woman. He had two children. He was in Choctaw County when he married her, but I don't know where they are now. After Aunt Sack died— she died when Calvin was about two— she and Mama were about the same age, about 11 months difference. Mama didn't have a sister to grow up with, and they were sisters-in-law, and there was a closeness. He married a Widow Rich, and she had a daughter named Alice Rich, and she didn't live too long, but somehow she and Mama weren't so close. She had a different personality, I guess you could say. Mama was not as friendly to them I said. She and Mama had a big fight. Then we— they— moved to Lamar County in 1888. And in the meantime Uncle Henry married the Widow Shaw. She was named Sally. He married two girls named Sally. They came to Lamar County around 1900. She died in 1903.

L.B.: Any heirs from that? Yes, Jerome— he's the age of Byron.



E.I.: I heard through a friend in Los Angeles— you know, when I broke my hip, and it got in the *Paris News*. A boy I grew up with— he lived in L.A.— he wrote me. He said he heard that Jerome had a son or daughter living in West Texas somewhere. And that was four— no, not the fourth one. He married a woman in Paris the fourth time. Papa used to laugh and say, “Well, Henry’s been— had four wives— and I have to live with the same old woman.”

L.B.: Did Henry farm also?

E.I.: Yeah, and broke wild horses. I’ve got a picture of him in a wheeled carriage, and the horse... Henry went to town and peddled vegetables. You know, he had a peddling wagon with vegetables like Grandpa. And Aunt Betty kept boarders. She had two brothers that were railroad engineers, and she kept railroad men.

L.B.: What was Betty’s last name?

E.I.: Kirkbride. Betty Kirkbride. But there were no heirs from that marriage. She had a daughter.

L.B.: Did we go through all of Aunt Alice’s children?

E.I.: Nora. Josh died young. Frankie and Nora and Sam and Henry were all about my age. Sam and Frankie were older. Nora was my age. Henry was about the age of the twins. They all died in Lamar County. They’re buried— Henry wanted to be buried out there. He had to go to the Veterans’ Hospital— his health failed. And he died in the Veterans’ Hospital in Waco. But he told them before he died that he wanted to be buried by his daddy there in Mt. Olive Graveyard. So there’s Grand dad, Aunt Sally, Uncle Wilse, and Henry buried in the same plot.

L.B.: Well, wouldn’t your mother be buried there also?

E.I.: No, they’re buried in Paris. See, we lived in Paris. We quit the farm in ‘18, and Papa bought this old railroad boarding house there in Paris. That’s where Sara and J.A. lived with us for four years.... or so.

L.B.: Four years?

E.I.: Yes, we had a big 8 room house.

L.B.: So, who was born there then— Adrena and Bobby?

E.I.: No, not Adrena. Adrena was born in Ft. Worth. Bobby and Mary. They were born there. Then they moved to Dallas.

L.B.: Okay, go through then the marriage of Adrian and Sara. They got married in Fort Worth.

E.I.: Frank Norris married them— you know, that famous Baptist controversial preacher? Ain’t you ever heard of Frank Norris?

L.B.: That may have been before my time. Eunice said they came right back to the house. I didn’t realize they lived in Fort Worth for a while.

E.I.: They did. Adrena was born there. See...

L.B.: What was Adrian doing there? What kind of work?

E.I.: Well, I don’t know. I know one place they asked him if he could do electrical work, and he said he could. It happened he could do the job. Anyway, when Adrena was a baby, they had hard luck, I guess. They moved into Paris with us. They stayed until Mary was about a year old, I believe. She was born in ...

L.B.: How many of you were still home?

E.I.: Well, Eunice and I were there when I wasn’t teaching. And Byron.

L.B.: \_\_\_\_\_

E.I.: She had pneumonia and developed Galloping T.B. She spit up her lungs. My mother had had failing health for two years, but we couldn’t get her to go to the doctor. She should have, but she didn’t.

L.B.: There wasn’t a whole lot in those days that you could do to cure T.B., was there?

E.I.: Well, no, not so much, but maybe they could have done something. But we didn’t hear about her having T.B. Course these things run in the family. I think her daddy had it. But see Rayme and Myrtice had to go away. And we didn’t hear about it. That winter Mama and Aunt Alice took care of so many boarders. She may have worked too hard. You know. She had the \_\_\_ already. Aunt Alice just came and stayed. And she was strong, being a Burns. She was stronger than my mother. And course, Mama had the responsibility. I was away teaching school. Eunice





was away nursing. She had Marquerite and Carlene and Sadie. And she had the responsibility of keeping house. It was an awful thing. But we should have had somebody to help Mama. Too late, you know. We didn't realize it. Her health was low after Christmas and kept getting worse.

L.B.: How long?

E.I.: She died in April.

L.B.: Did we ever give her physical features? She was rather tall, right?

E.I.: 5'5" and her weight was about 120. She was slightly built. I'm built like her here. She was very trim. She had brunette coloring. She was dark. And she had very blue eyes. She could really penetrate when she looked at you. Tell you to do something. I'd look at Mama and say, "Surely, Ma'am."

L.B. Well, after she died, was it about the time Adrian and Sara went to Grand Prairie? Cause that's where Wayne was born.

E.I.: After that they moved to Dallas. I never knew they lived in Prairie.

L.B.: What business was Dad Burns in in Dallas?

E.I.: J.A.? I think he was in real estate. When he was doing better, he sent for Sara and the children to come. He went ahead. And I went with Sara and the children down there. You know she had three of them, and I came back the next day. And Adrian had gotten a pretty nice house. I forgot what the name was. My mother was always afraid we'd spend too much. Adrian said, "Don't tell Mama what I spent." So I didn't. If I could get around it. She was pretty good to quiz you.

L.B.: And later they moved to Houston, right? Or was it back to Paris?

E.I.: They went there in '37. They had a rough time in Dallas.

L.B.: That was during the Depression. They had a house burn down there, didn't they?

E.I.: Yes. And Sara said that an oil company told Adrian to come down there, and they'd guarantee him a salary. Sara didn't want to move to Houston, I don't think, but they moved in '37. And when I was visiting there in '47, Adrian said I gave \$6,000 for this house. Now I could get \$12,000—this brick house. Said it was paid for. Generally he was broke.

L.B.: But he had the house.

E.I.: You could get pretty aggravated with Adrian. That's natural, I guess.

L.B.: I guess we should discuss your Aunt Laura. You said she had dark features and married....

E.I.: Adam Caperton.

L.B.: Mrs. Caperton thinks her husband says Aunt Laura was part Indian.

E.I.: No, she wrote me that. I said, "No Burns is part Indian."

L.B.: Aunt Eunice said that those Grinder kids bragged so much about being part Indian that the Capertons just said I'm part Indian, too.

E.I.: Could have been. Frankie did come to brag about that. I think she was self-conscious. You know some people criticizing you for the Indian...

L.B.: Who was Frankie?

E.I.: She was Aunt Alice's daughter. She was about my age. She was a real spunky young'un. She always had a chip on her shoulder.

L.B.: You know, some people are a little ashamed about it, and others are very proud.

E.I.: Oh, yes, she said she was proud of it, but I wondered if she was. She was lighter than I am. She was fair. She took after Aunt Alice. But Laura was real dark. She was my age—real dark.

L.B.: Going back to the Capertons. They had four children, right?

E.I.: Four that lived. Pat Caperton says she understood that Aunt Laura had seven, but I never knew about it. There was Hugh—I sent her the picture. Didn't you see the picture of Aunt Laura and her family?



L.B.: I saw the picture?

E.I.: I thought you did. After Uncle Adam died, she had a picture made. Hugh was sitting down. Then Melinda, and Ed and Sadie were standing. And Sadie was standing by a huge chair.

L.B.: So Aunt Laura and Hugh went up to Oklahoma.

E.I.: Yes, they did in 1908.

L.B.: And I believe Mrs. Caperton said they never saw them again.

E.I.: Oh, you mean Ed. He was Aunt Laura's son. He was kind of a wayward son.

L.B.: So Mrs. James Caperton— James is the son of ...

E.I.: Ed. Hugh never married. He gave his life to his mother. And— you want me to tell you some stories about Aunt Laura?

L.B.: Yes, for the general interest.

E.I.: Well, she was a little on the bragging type— stretching things a little. And very proud of her dress and appearance. But all the Burnses— My daddy was real proud.

L.B.: J.A. was, I know. And he dressed like a million dollars.

E.I.: They all did when they could. Of course, Raymond didn't seem to care so much. But those women were the cleanest women I ever saw in my life. My mother was clean enough, but Aunt Alice and Aunt Laura....

L.B.: They put that washing out on time.

E.I.: They made everything shine. My daddy liked things up to snuff. They'd better be. Mama was— she liked to read. And after she did the necessary things, she liked to read and do something besides work all the time.

L.B.: She was like me. You, too.

E.I.: Yes.

L.B.: Did you give us her coloring?

E.I.: I don't recollect her height. But she might have been— I'd say— 5'7". But I might be wrong.

L.B.: That's pretty tall for a woman then.

E.I.: That is. And to be a Burns, too. Grandpa was short and broad. And they all said their mother was little.

L.B.: Sarah Krammer?

E.I.: Yes. Must have had her feet.

L.B.: Knowing Germans as I do, normally Germans retain their language. Do you think Sarah Kramer was bilingual? That she spoke German and English?

E.I.: I don't know. But my daddy's proper G or something else he made— Somebody said, "That's a German letter." He made a different G. And he told us that he learned to write by going to a neighbor's house. Getting them to teach him. Because he wanted to learn, you know. Of course, Mama had to help him with his— he couldn't spell like he should. Mama was a — she really could spell. And she spoke with a slang. She spoke Reverend Barnes' ...Mama said *ain't*. She didn't care. She's just as soon say *ain't*.

L.B.: Well, I suppose Fultons and Barnes were English.

E.I.: Yes, I suppose so. Barnes could have been.

L.B.: You never heard any conversation?

E.I.: I never heard... maybe Irish. Aunt Caroline said Jim and Rufus' sisters were tall and freckle-faced and looked Irish.

L.B.: This is Rufus and Jim Fulton.

E.I.: They had sisters.

L.B.: Did we mention them?





E.I.: One of them was a Mrs. Frost. I heard Mama speak of Frank Frost.

L.B.: Did they also live in that area?

E.I.: Yes, I remember Mama speaking of Frank Frost. There was a girl with my mother. She was her cousin. And Little Joe Fulton was another one.

L.B.: Joe Fulton.

E.I.: And Mrs. Frost was my granddaddy's sister.

L.B.: Freckle-faced.

E.I.: And fair-skinned.

L.B.: How many sisters did they have?

E.I.: I don't know. Mrs. Frost if the only one I ever heard of. They'd talk about Frank Frost. And Little Joe Fulton.

L.B.: Did you ever hear about if they had slaves or any of that?

E.I.: Not much talk about that. I don't think they had. Too cruel.

L.B.: I suppose the Germans were over so recently. They handed down where they came from in the old country. You just recall nothing like that?

E.I.: Except Aunt Alice said the copper kettles came from Ireland. That's all I remember.

L.B.: This was on the Burns' side. We're going back to the Licking River. Tell me a little more about what you remember her saying about the Licking River.

E.I.: Well, Aunt Alice was a cut-up. She said one day thought she'd act like Jesus and walk on the water. But she couldn't. Said she'd like to drown.

L.B.: Did she recall any aunts or uncles in Kentucky?

E.I.: No, she never talked about it. They didn't talk about the past. We kids didn't think to quiz them. We knew more about Mama's people than Daddy's.

L.B.: That's always been the case cause the children are with their brother more. And she talks about her own relatives.

E.I.: My Daddy told me how he loved his mother. It just killed him when she died.

L.B.: You see the reason I keep coming back to the Licking River might be...

E.I.: Kin to others.

L.B.: And where they came from before Kentucky. I think you told us you think Pennsylvania. Mrs. Caperton told me the Capertons came from Virginia. You thought Sarah's people came from Indiana.

E.I.: I know she did. I always was told that she came from Indiana to Kentucky to teach school. I wondered how she could marry a man who couldn't read. But I guess he must have been pretty charming.

L.B.: You were aware of that before you saw this record with his mark on it?

E.I.: Oh, yes. I knew Grandpa couldn't read. Sure. Sure. He was good-natured, Mama said. He, you know, came to live with us. And nine kids can get pretty noisy. And we had that old David Rogers' place. Those rooms were 20 feet square, I believe. And a big ten-foot hall, open hall. And a long front porch. And back here was an L with the porch. We'd get our new shoes on. We'd scoot one behind the other, and we'd make lots of noise all the time. And Mama'd say, "Well, Pa, don't these children bother you?" "No," he says, "Nan, let them play." He says, "I can get up and get out." No fuss about us being noisy. He was good-natured.

L.B.: Did he tend to tell jokes? I remember J.A. told a lot of jokes. And I know Wayne and Patsy and Gloria—they're joke tellers.

E.I.: Yes, they get some of that from Watt (Fulton). He's a big joke teller—Mama's brother. Mama could tell some...

L.B.: I know it's coming from the Burns' side because Sara is more serious.

E.I.: Yes, she used to enjoy good jokes.



L.B.: J.A. could tell them one after another, as I recall.

E.I.: Yes, Watt could tell them, too.

L.B.: Can you think of anything else we haven't talked about?

E.I.: My mother— I thought she had the prettiest walk of anybody I ever saw. She was so graceful. I walk like my daddy— swing my shoulders, step along. And Raymond, he walked like her. J.A., you know, he could step like this. A lot of times I'd say, "Adrian! Wait!" He'd say, "Well, keep up!" We'd go to town. He wouldn't stop and keep step with you. Adrian took long steps. And my daddy—he was always in a hurry, too. All my brothers and sisters married in Lamar. All but me.

L.B.: Let's go ahead and talk about them all, oldest to youngest.

E.I.: Okay. Bertha was the oldest. She had the romance. She commenced going with Cole (Higgs) when she was 17. She met him in the community. They lived across the railroad. You know, Laredo was a flag station out of Paris. The T.P. Railroad goes East to Texarkana. He lived by the railroad. He lived over in the sticks—in the timber. The prairie started about the railroad. This is the Rogers' place. There was the Rogers', the Stock, and the Reissinger (?). We owned all those farms.

L.B.: These are all near Reno, right?

E.I.: Yeah. Where the twins were born. I don't think my parents owned the place. When Papa came to Lamar County, they came to be with Aunt Laura. And Uncle Adam died, and they lived in the Caperton home, right on Lamar Road across from the old Union Grove Cemetery. It's a big cemetery right on that highway from Paris to Texarkana. That's where Uncle Adam's buried. My parents moved right close to the railroad out on the water and section(?) House. I know because my daddy lived on the railroad. But old Grandma Stevenson—that woman out of Germany. She looked like that big German singer, that blonde— Shumanhite? Well, anyway, we lived neighbors to her. That's where the twins were born. And Papa went to town after doctor. Mama always had to lie-in. And while he was gone, Adrian was born. Old Grandma Stevenson was with Mama, and she tied the knot. And the doctor and Daddy rode up. And she went out on the porch. She says, "Oh, hurry, Doctor, hurry. There's one here, and another one on the way."

L.B.: How'd she know that?

E.I.: I guess she could tell. Mama wouldn't let her cut the cord, but the doctor said she'd tied it right. And Raymond was born after the doctor got there. Then Papa bought the David Rogers' home. It had a big orchard and a lot of timber and some cultivated land. It was pretty timber, but they called it the *sticks*, you know. There was 40 acres. Most of the farms were small. They were thickly settled, and just about everybody had a 40 acre farm. Maybe sometimes 80. And this was an old home.

L.B.: And you children went to school where?

E.I.: At the Mt. Olive school. It was a public school named Mt. Olive like the church. That was a community. And we lived about a ½ mile there—the church and the school beyond it. Reno was beyond the Lamar Road. We had those three farms there. And the Reissinger Place, I think was about 80 acres. My daddy cleared ten acres of timber that first year we were there— him and the boys.

L.B.: Probably sold posts.

E.I.: Sold cord wood. Burned some of it. I burned brush. I was just a kid about ten or eleven.

L.B.: Did you ever go to school the entire time, like nine months or eight months?

E.I.: No, we didn't have that kind. And we didn't always get to go the whole time. We had to gather crops, and we had to—

L.B.: Do you remember very much about your first teachers?

E.I.: Yes, sure. My first teacher was named Ernest Black. He rode a horse out of Blossom. Blossom's a town out on the T.P. Road ten miles east of Paris. He came across the timber there to our school. He was real young. I was eight. You had to be eight years old before you went to school in those days. And he asked me my name. And I spelled it, and I thought, "Well, I know more than he does. He doesn't even know how to spell my name." I knew my ABC's and could count.





L.B.: How many children were in the school?

E.I.: It was a one-teacher school. Might have been 40, might have been more. And later we had an assistant come out part of the time—a girl out of Paris. We finished the high school, got our certificates.

L.B.: If you had those small farms, did you have field work to do?

E.I.: Sure, we had to hoe cotton. And peanuts. And whatever we had. When I was nine, and the twins were seven, papa carried us to the field and kept us up with him. He was fast, quick. I was slow, always have been. And the twins got on one row, and I got on another. Pap's keep us all up and teach us how to get the grass out. I got so particular, not to leave any grass at all, that I got slower and slower. We were taught to work. We'd get up and go to the field by daylight. And Mama did all the chores around the place, gathering the food and cooking it. And we'd all— Papa was not a driver, but—

L.B.: I remember you speaking of your mother and Aunt Alice quilting. Were you girls expected to learn how to quilt and can and all those things?

E.I.: You had to can vegetables, but I was 33 years old then. I never—

L.B.: As a child you didn't have to sit in front of the quilt and quilt?

E.I.: No, I didn't learn it. Bertha and Myrtice learned to sew. Eunice and I never did learn how to sew. Mama could quilt. I've got two quilts in there that Mama and Aunt Alice quilted.

L.B.: Well, we'll go ahead then to Bertha and her courtship and how she got to Dallas.

E.I.: Okay. Anyway, Bertha and Cole commenced going together when Bertha was 17. When a boy come along who might be handsomer or seemed to be handsomer, she'd always stay with Cole Higgs. And they married in December 1904 and lived in the Reno community until 1907, and they moved to Hugo, Oklahoma. They went to stay there in 1908. It was kind of a boom town in the early 1900's.

L.B.: What was it booming from? Homesteading or oil?

E.I.: It was a new town. Cole was a carpenter. He thought he could build. But they didn't stay there too long. Myrtice also went and stayed with them and did stenographic work. She'd already been to Business College in Paris. When Bertha married—Myrtice was like a twin to her—she was never happy at home anymore. So she went to Business College and took this course and became a stenographer. Then she worked in Hugo, Clarksville, and she took very ill in Hugo. I think after Jimmie and R.O. married. She had this bad pneumonia. No, it was before they married because Jimmie said she'd never saw anybody so attentive to his sister as Orville was. We lived in Blossom then, and Myrtice came home pretty sick.

L.B.: You said the doctor advised she go to El Paso?

E.I.: Yes, she went there. That's where she met the Englishman. She met Lincoln. She always had a crush on foreigners.

L.B.: You mean, she'd met foreigners earlier?

E.I.: yes, some of them. She married Lincoln in 1912. They had two daughters: Marquerite, born in 1914, and Yvonne, seven years younger. I believe Yvonne was born in Tucson. And later she moved to L.A. She's now 90 years old and living in a boarding home run by Jews. She's the only Gentile boarder they have. She says they are good to her.

L.B.: And her daughters— you correspond with them?

E.I.: Yes.

L.B.: And Yvonne's last name is what?

E.I.: Lincoln.

L.B.: She never married?

E.I.: Yes, she's married but divorced. She took the Lincoln name back.

.B.: Did she have any children? And Marquerite?

E.I.: is married. She married a Wicker.

L.B.: Does her husband still live?



E.I.: Yes, he's too ill to work.

L.B.: Did they have children?

E.I.: No, Marquerite never could have any children. Myrtice will have no heirs after these girls. It's sad to have no descendants.

E.B.: Bertha married Higgs.

E.I.: R.O. sold insurance in Hugo, Oklahoma. They lived in Bartlesville for a while and in Fort Worth a while. That's where Sara married—in Fort Worth. Then they came back to Lamar (County). He worked in big country stores. Then they moved to Sherman. He worked in the cotton mills til he retired.

L.B.: Grandmother Jimmie had Sara and ...

E.I.: Bill. Bill was born in '06. He was the age of Bertha's oldest boy.

L.B.: And then after R.O. and Jim got married—

E.I.: They had three boys. You know who they were. Robert was born in '11. And the twins were born June 13, 1914—James Luther and John Fulton. They gave the first name of one grandfather and the family name of the mother. I thought it was pretty interesting.

L.B.: R.O.—then Horace—

E.I.: Horace was another one that fell in love with Sally. And my parents—especially my father—was opposed to the Carrolls. Because Mr. Carroll was not industrious. But he had a reason. He had gotten too hot in the sugar cane fields of Louisiana, and he couldn't take it. But my daddy thought he was lazy, and he tried to break that up. Sent Horace into Oklahoma to work. He was there about \_\_. He came home the first place, told us hello, and went across the fields to see Sally. He married Sally, and they lived in Lamar County, different places. He farmed first near Blossom, then in Pattonville, which is Black Land country, you know—cotton country. And there Sally died in 1917. March, 1917. They had two sons: Buford and James.

L.B.: Did they have heirs?

E.I.: Sure, Buford has four daughters and one son. Buford thought so much of Adrian, I guess, that he named one girl *Adrena* and one girl *Mary* and one boy *Wayne*. They lost a boy, but Wayne still lives.

L.B.: Where do they live?

E.I.: They live in Fort Worth. Wayne is married. And has kids. Buford married a girl in Lamar County. Buford is the age of Robert.

L.B.: Roberta's father?

E.I.: No, Orville's boy. I always think of him as Bob—Bobby.

L.B.: Roberta's father you called *Bobby*.

E.I.: Yes, he was a cute kid. My mother loved him to death. Adrena was harder to love than Bobby. She couldn't help it. Some kids just appeal to you.

L.B.: Going back to Buford. Do you know what the girls' married names are?

E.I.: One of them lives in Houston. Her husband works up there in NASA. Her name is Heimann. That's Betty, his oldest daughter. She was born—she's about the same age—

L.B.: What about your own life?

E.I.: I married December 20, 1930—Robert Lee Ingram. Bob was Robert Burns Ingram. I gave him my maiden name. My husband said, you can call him—

L.B.: What about your son and marriage?

E.I.: Bob married 1950—September 14. Jacqueline Yarnell. She was born August 9, 1935. They married in Merson. Bob is now engaged in real estate business in San Angelo. They have three sons: Mike, 25; Pat, 22; Mark, 14.

L.B.: This date is August 26, 1976

E.I.: They have two grandchildren. Pat and Sharon have a son named Jason, 11 months old. And Mike and Kathy





have a son Ryan, 5 months old tomorrow. Pat married Sharon Mattieson. Mike married Kathy Williamson. They're both of San Angelo. They both married in 1972. Mike and Kathy, the 19<sup>th</sup> of May, and Pat and Sharon, the 8<sup>th</sup> of July. They are both in real estate.

L.B.: Just briefly...

E.I.: I began—I always wanted to be a teacher. I began teaching in 1909 on a third grade certificate. Then I went to Summer Normal and obtained a second grade certificate. You had to be examined in 14 different elementary subjects. And I built on that to get a first grade certificate.

L.B.: From what you said, your education was not too great—just in little country schools.

E.I.: Oh, it wasn't. I was in 8<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> grade when I began teaching. I was 18 years old and wanted to go to work. And at that time they'd let you take a test on these subjects, and if you passed, you could teach. I went to Summer Normal School in Paris in 1910. In 1912 I went to Denton. I didn't take college work. I didn't go to Women's College. I went to the state teaching school. I took Summer Normal work. They had two schools going there to accommodate the people who couldn't do the college work. So I got my first grade certificate. I built on it. I finished it night before Christmas. If you got a first grade, you could get \$60. I started teaching at \$40 a month. You could get \$60 when you got your first grade certificate. And I entered college on that with five conditions: two in English and three in science. But I never worked them all off. I got the English off, and WWI came. In 1925 I got my permanent certificate which was two college years. If you got two college years, they gave a permanent certificate. Through this time I was teaching school every winter and going every summer.

L.B.: Which schools?

E.I.: Oh, different ones in the county. I taught in the rural schools. I taught 26 years in Lamar County: 20 years before I married and 6 years after. Then I went to Herbanville below Laredo—taught two years. Sixty miles on the other side of —

L.B.: Way down in the valley—

E.I.: Yes, nearly. Must have been 7 or 90% Latin. I never had been used to Latins at all. All we ever saw in Paris were the railroad workers. But it was very interesting work. And most of the Latins were like other children: Some wanted to learn, and some didn't. I went down there, and a professor came from Kingsville. And he'd be there. I took two hours college work after school there. Then when I went over to Three Rivers, I went to George West, and this professor came all the way from Kingsville. And I took two more hours there. Then I came to San Angelo, Lakeview School. They had going what they called the Child Study, and I got six hours for that. In the meantime I'd gone to Commerce. In '46 I started back to work towards my degree. In '48 I got my B.S. That's how I got this school. I couldn't have landed the school. The coach wanted Bob to come and play ball, but superintendent told me if I got my degree, I could teach there. I got my B.S. in '48; I got my Master's in '50. They gave the older teachers a chance to come back and build on what they had.

L.B.: And you retired in what year?

E.I.: In '59. I had taught 11 years at Lakeview, nine years after I got my Master's. And it was wonderful. While I was there, I got \$1,000 my first year.

L.B.: When did your husband die?

E.I.: December 14, 1936.

L.B.: And he's buried where?

E.I.: In Paris. And we had one son, Bob. He was born on the farm July 25, 1932.

L.B.: Who was next to you?

E.I.: The twins.

L.B.: We talked about John. Tell us about Raymond then.

E.I.: Raymond married about '21.

L.B.: You said he enlisted in WWI, in the army.

E.I.: Oh, yes, in 1918.

L.B.: He got the influenza, was discharged, and had pneumonia. Then we went to El Paso.



E.I.: And eventually to Tucson. And he entered college there. And that's where he met Margo. And they married about '21.

L.B.: Do you know her maiden name?

E.I.: No, I used to, but I don't remember. It's in the Bible. Nancy Ellen was born about '21 or '23. She died in 1928. Elmer was born on July 30, 1924, and is now living in Santa Rosa, California, with his wife and son.

L.B.: And the son's name is —

E.I.: George Arnold. They both went to WWII—both in the navy. And George Arnold married a girl from Montana, but it didn't work out. As far as I know, he's never married again. Last I heard, he was in Asia somewhere, working for Bank of America. Elizabeth died in 1961. Never married.

L.B.: Was there another boy?

E.I.: Not theirs. Marion had another child by Sidney Walker. He looked a lot like the Burnses.

L.B.: Elmer would be Wayne's cousin. Raymond and John were twins. It would be interesting to see if Elmer and Wayne looked alike.

E.I.: But they took after different sides. Mama said that Adrian was more like the Burnses and Watt. He's a combination. But Raymond, Mama said, had hands and feet just like her daddy—a slender build. Burnses had a stocky build.

L.B.: They say twins run in families.

E.I.: Aunt Samantha had twins, but they didn't live. I heard James' boy lost twins—Jimmie's boy.

L.B.: How many children did James have?

E.I.: He had two daughters. He's the only one who had descendants.

L.B.: And his girls' names are?

E.I.: Janet and—Janet was born in Paris, January 15, '42.

L.B.: Do you know who she married?

E.I.: No, I heard she was separated. And I heard—I was taking care of an old lady who died in '60. She knew Janet and said Janet had lost twins. I asked Robert Burns about it. He said he knew she'd lost a baby. Last I heard, she went to Dallas.

L.B.: Can you tell me what Elmer does?

E.I.: He works for State Farm Insurance last I heard. His wife doesn't work.

L.B.: We still have Eunice and Byron.

E.I.: Eunice went to El Paso to work in 1915, I believe.

L.B.: She told me she'd gone to visit Myrtice.

E.I.: Yes, she had, but she stayed there.

L.B.: And she met this soldier—

E.I.: Yes, from Virginia. West Virginia. Bluefield, I believe. He was on the border, patrolling the border.

L.B.: I thought he was in WWI.

E.I.: Carlene was born the day after the war started. She and Carl had married, and he'd transferred out of there before Carlene was born. Eunice came home to have the baby. She went to Camp Gordon to be with him. They came back to Paris.

L.B.: And that's when she started nurse's training?

E.I.: Pretty soon. She'd tried other work, but it wasn't sufficient. My daddy didn't want her to become a nurse because she'd have to wait on men.

L.B.: She became a very good nurse. She was very sought after in Austin.





E.I.: She nursed Mama, R.O., Horace— see Horace died in our house. He had a business in Shreveport. He had a second hand car business there. He did real well for a while, but his health failed.

L.B.: I believe she told me he had Bright's Disease.

E.I.: Died a month before he was 40. Mama didn't have a good heart.

L.B.: What did John Martin die of?

E.I.: Old age. He lived to be 88.

L.B.: I think he'd had an amputation?

E.I.: Oh, yes, he did. That was in '39. He lost his limb in '39. He'd been over to see J.A. and Sara. That sun was real hot that day. They took him home. Adrian asked him not to get out in the heat. But he wanted to go collect from a nigger he'd sold a lot of something. He was going down the railroad track and he stopped. He didn't know there was an engine and a boxcar down there just standing still. His pants' leg got caught in a wheel, and it mangled his leg.

L.B.: What age was he?

E.I.: 79. He lived to 88.

L.B.: Was he able to walk on crutches?

E.I.: Yes, he could walk on crutches and stayed with me for a while. He came to Paris after his leg was off. And he had a peg-leg he'd gotten from somebody. He was never the same. The fact that he couldn't get around and work anymore is what killed him.

L.B.: In '39 weren't the Burnses in Houston?

E.I.: Then Byron— he pretty much stayed home til his mother died. Well, he didn't stay there all the time. He worked in Houston before she died. He never married. He didn't like to work steady. He didn't seem to have the ambition to work, to seek employment like he should. He always had employment, but— . Byron was 5' 11".

L.B.: He was quite tall.

E.I.: He was 5' 11". Raymond was 6' 1". He was the tallest. Adrian was big, but Raymond was taller. Adrian sure was a handsome boy. He was the handsomest of all the brothers. And he was the jolliest— the most likable. Everyone liked Adrian, and he liked them.

L.B.: I know I saw him operate— very engagingly.

E.I.: He talked to everybody.

L.B.: You might mention something about Bobby for Roberta.

E.I.: Bobby was a lovable baby. He was friendly and charming. And my mother loved him. At night when he'd go to bed, he'd say, "Grandma, get the old black coat." Put it across his feet, make him warmer.

L.B.: He had red hair and the very thin complexion. I guess he took after the —

E.I.: Burnses. Grandpa had three red-haired sisters, he said. That's what he told us. One was named Talitha.

L.B.: You think they were left in Kentucky.

E.I.: Yes.

L.B.: I believe Bobby and Gloria had freckles. Wayne and Patsy and Mary— they are so dark.

E.I.: Oh, yes.

L.B.: E.I.: Adrena was blonde. Patsy looked so much like Jimmie (Ora Jim Mann Lane Burns).













# SCHOOL







# SCHOOL

## ELIZADEAN'S PUPIL LISTS

### PRESENTED AS THEY WERE WRITTEN

I purchased a small leather notebook in February of 2000 on the Ebay auction site." Written in the front cover is the name "Eliza A. Dean, Keene, N.H." Apparently, this schoolteacher in the Chesterfield, Keene, New Hampshire, area kept lists of the students she had in her classes. The lists begin about 1850. The first list is not dated, but the second is dated 1851. Following the lists are two pages of phonetically transcribed words— names of persons and places significant in history. Apparently, Eliza wanted to be sure she pronounced them correctly. At the end of the book are a few partial pages of expenses.

The IGI indicates that Eliza Ann Dean was born March 15, 1828, in Keene, Cheshire County, New Hampshire, and was the daughter of Stephen Dean and Eliza Cannon who married about 1819 in Westmoreland, New Hampshire.

Names of scholars attending my different schools

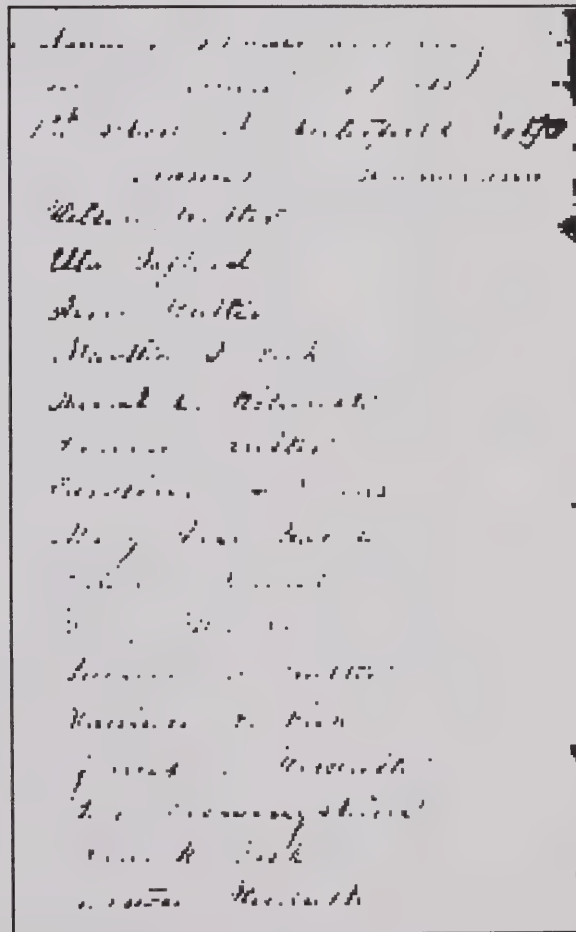
1<sup>st</sup> school at Chesterfield No. 90

Names Summerterm

Hellen Butler  
Ella Safford  
Ann Butler  
Martha D. Fisk  
Sarah C. Hildreth  
Laura Butler  
Caroline A. Evans  
Mary Ann Balch  
Fidelia Streeter  
Fanny Thomas  
Lucius M. Butler  
Harrison F. Fisk  
James E. Hildreth  
Levi Crowingshield  
Frank Fisk  
Watson Hildreth  
Norman D. Safford  
Johan H. Butler  
Henry Miles

2d School at Marlow No. 17 1851

Winter Names	age
Lydia F. Tinker	9
Ann E. Messer	8
Laura A. Mead	14
Alvira Richardson	12
Emma Tenney	8
— Knights	
Benjamin F. Mead	8
Ezkiel tinker	5
Martin B. Buzwell 13	
Milton Tenney	14
Milan Tinker	8
Elijah Tinker	12
George H. Messer	6
Worcester Glidden	6
Lorenzo Whiltimore	15
Alvah Tinker	—



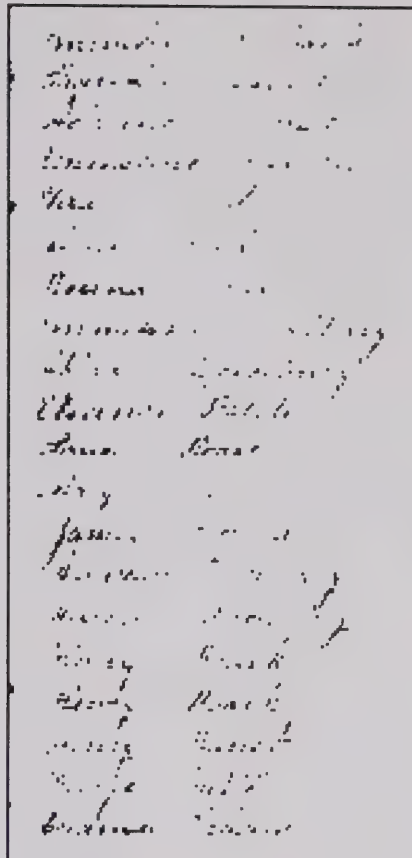


Fourth school in Keene in district No 3 No 35 Summer Term 1853

Names	Ages	Names	Ages
Emma Russell	5	John Grimes	5
Mary Russell	12	Henry Russell	7
Sarah J. Russell	12	David Holman	5
Mary E. Russell	10	Myron Ellis	4
Martha J. Towne	6	William Sullivan	5
Ellen Dickinson	6	Franklin Ellis	8
Lydia J. Ellis	10	Lucius Ellis	6
Susan A. Grimes	8	Ashley Ellis	5
Miranda E. Grimes	10	Quincy Towne	4
Alice Cram	5	Samuel Towne	9
Eliza A. Holman	9	Francis Robbins	5
Mary E. Holman	11	John Robbins	8
Martha A. Holman	13	Nelson Towne	8
Sarah A. Robbins	3	John Sullivan	9
Ellen C. Robbins	9	John Russell	3
Ellen Sullivan	7	Henry Dickinson	—
Francis Parker	—	Marshall Holman	3
George Holman	7		

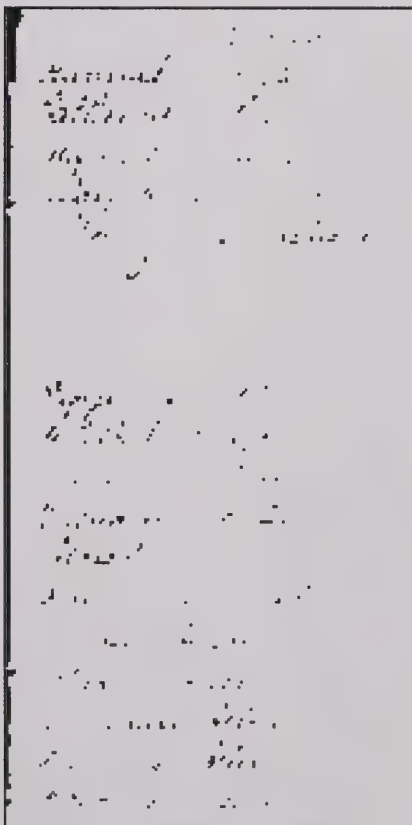






# Third school at Winchester No 56 Summer Term 1852

Ellen Wilson  
 Juliatt Wilson  
 Jane Holman  
 Jane Ball  
 Marriett Allen  
 Julia Streetson  
 Julia Willard  
 Lirrie Willard  
 Lutheda Willard  
 Annis Curtis  
 Annette Follet  
 Rosepha Page  
 Lucina Hawkins  
 Harriette Bullard  
 Emmeline Fairbank  
 Charlotte Barrett  
 Adaline Barrett  
 Emmeline Doolittle  
 Eliza Reed  
 Estine Reed  
 Rosina Willis  
 Emmeline Woodbury  
 Abbie Woodbury  
 Eleanor Balch  
 Lirrie Roark  
 Mary Roark  
 James Holman  
 Andrew Woodbury  
 Aaron Woodbury  
 Henry Roark  
 Henry Roark (sic)  
 Henry Barrett  
 George Tufts  
 Delaine Willard  
 James Wise  
 William Doolittle  
 Clinton Cheny



# Fifth school in Keene No 4 No. 33 Fall Term 1853

Mary Brown  
 Eliza Brown  
 Irene Carpenter  
 Sarah J. Allen  
 Mary Ellen Stevens  
 Mary Jane Chase  
 Sarah Chase  
 Mary Metcalf  
 Eveline Towns  
 — Towns  
 — Emerson  
 — Emerson  
 Hannah Houghton  
 Catherine Black  
 Harriette Ruffle  
 Mary Ann Harris  
 Mary Mansfield



George Houghton  
 Adelbert Houghton  
 Edward Metcalf  
 William Metcalf  
 Alfred Chase  
 David Carpenter  
 Daniel Allen  
 William Allen  
 Benjamin Allen  
 Lucius Allen  
 Horatio Black  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Ruffle  
 Albert Pond  
 Charles Towns  
 Kimbal Towns

Sixth School in Keene No 4 No 44 Winter Term  
 1853

Irene Carpenter  
 Mary Jane Chase  
 Sarah Chase  
 Mary Metcalf  
 Martha Wright  
 Eveline Towns  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Towns  
 Elira Brown  
 Harriette Ruffle  
 Catherine Black  
 Mary Ann Harris  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Emmerson  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Emmerson

Sumner Carpenter  
 Joseph Chase  
 David Carpenter  
 Alfred Chase  
 Edward Metcalf Died  
 William Metcalf  
 Lyman Graves  
 George Houghton  
 Adelbert Houghton  
 Albert Pond  
 William Allen  
 Daniel Allen  
 Benjamin Allen  
 Lucius Allen  
 Horatio Black  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Ruffle  
 Edward Davis  
 Charles Towns  
 Kimbal Towns

*[Handwritten list of names, mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through. Some legible names include: George Houghton, Adelbert Houghton, Edward Metcalf, William Metcalf, Alfred Chase, David Carpenter, Daniel Allen, William Allen, Benjamin Allen, Lucius Allen, Horatio Black, Albert Pond, Charles Towns, Kimbal Towns.]*

*[Handwritten list of names, mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through. Some legible names include: Sumner Carpenter, Joseph Chase, David Carpenter, Alfred Chase, Edward Metcalf, William Metcalf, Lyman Graves, George Houghton, Adelbert Houghton, Albert Pond, William Allen, Daniel Allen, Benjamin Allen, Lucius Allen, Horatio Black, Edward Davis, Charles Towns, Kimbal Towns.]*



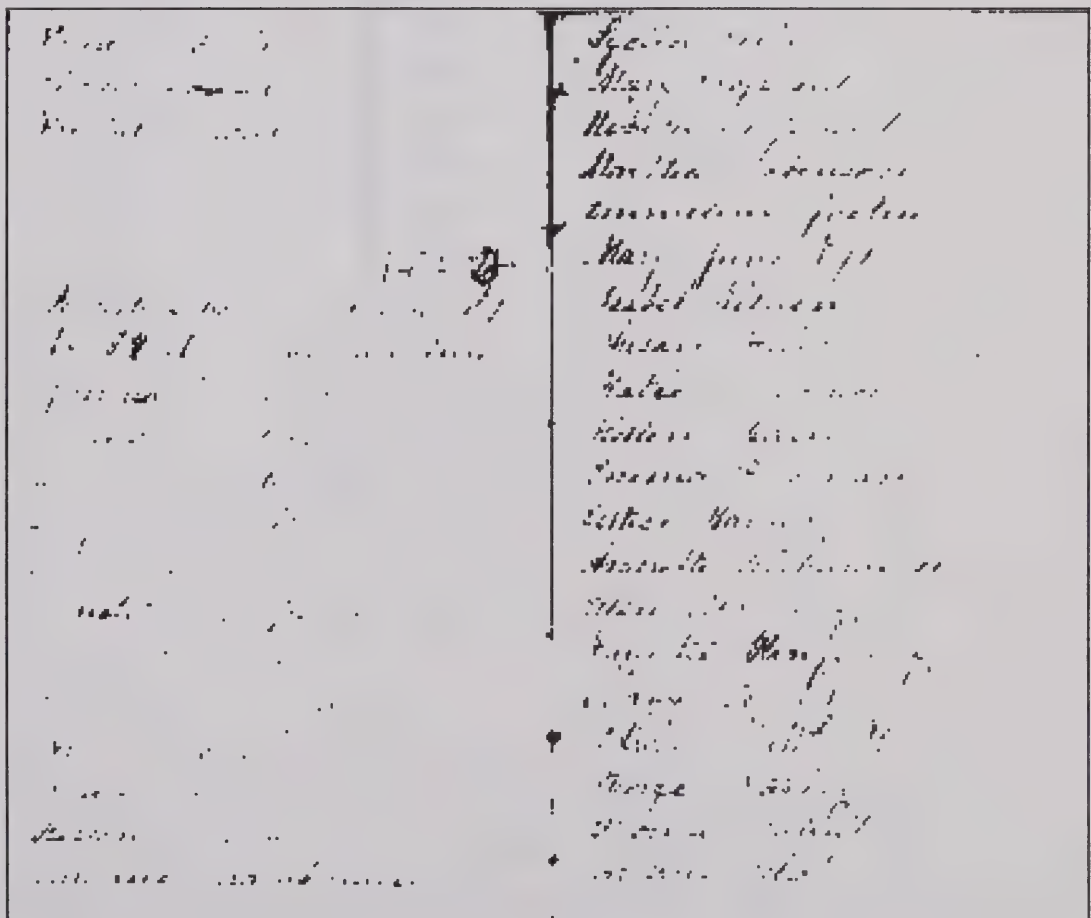


Seventh School in Keene No 1 No. 41 Summer Term 1854

Joanna Harrigan  
 Emma Packard  
 Lucy Griffeth  
 Lucy Hamblet  
 Laura Day  
 Harriette Thompson  
 Ellen Harrigan  
 Harriette Goodnow  
 Ann Dort  
 Sarah Davis  
 Hellen Carroll  
 Caroline Chamberlain  
 Lydia Ellis  
 Mary Crossfield  
 Rebeca Crossfield  
 Martha Robinson  
 Emmeline Joslin  
 Mary Jane Taft  
 Isabel Tilden  
 Susan Hills

Katie Goodnow  
 Hellen Ball  
 Emma Freedman  
 Esther Barber  
 Annette Richardson  
 Ellen McCarty  
 Harriette Kingsbury  
 Mary Lewis  
 Edwin Mathews  
 George Starkey  
 Thomas Lahiff  
 Arthur Elliot  
 Steven Tilden  
 George Robinson  
 Charles Bradley  
 George Metcalf  
 Warren Ballou  
 James O'Brien  
 William O'Brien  
 Charles Rollins

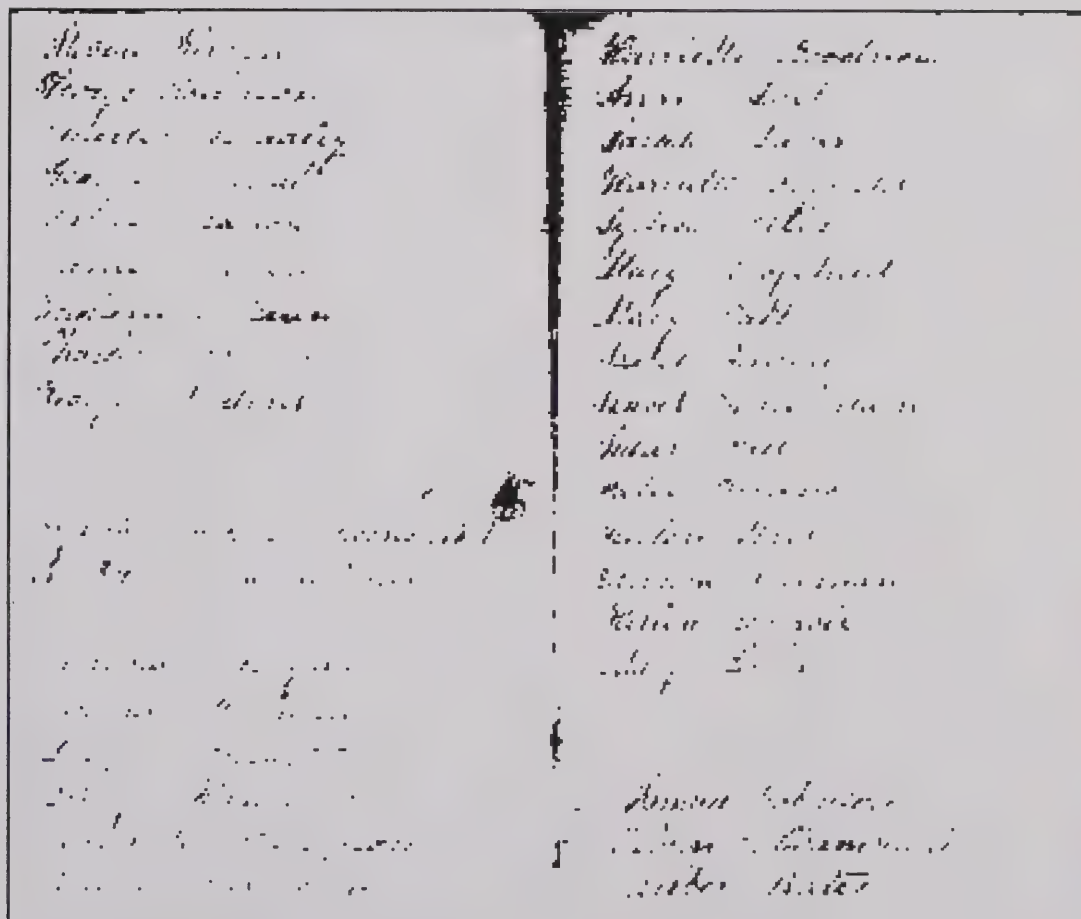
George Rollins





Eighth school in Keene No 1 No 39 Winter Term 1856

Joanna Harrigan	Samuel Robinson
Emma Packard	Osborn E. Chamberlain
Lucy Griffeth	Wilber Bates
Lucy Hamblet	Jeremiah O'Brien
Harriette Thompson	George Starkey
Ellen Harrigan	Warren Ballou
Harriette Goodnow	George Robinson
Ann Dort	George Rollins
Sarah Davis	Charles Rollins
Harriette Slyfield	Benjamin Thompson
Lydia Ellis	William O'Brien
Mary Crossfield	James O'Brien
Mary Taft	Byron Chamberlain
Isabel Tilden	Steven Tilden
Isabel Chamberlain	Arthur Elliott
Susan Hills	Charles White
Katie Goodnow	Charles Bradley
Hellen Ball	Charles Crossfield
Emma Freeman	
Hellen Carroll	
Mary Lewis	







Ninth school in Keene, Centre No 34 Fall School 1856

	Age		Age
Mary Stewart	7	Eugene French	8
Susan M. Wilder	9	William Craig	10
Abbie E. Wright	9	Francis Draper	13
Mary Wright	11	Charles Weeks	8
Mary L. Willard	11	George Metcalf	11
Ella F. Randall	10	Charles Smith	10
Ella M. Waldo	8	Charles Craig	8
Emma C. French	7	Frederic Waldo	10
Ellen Lyon	9	William Davis	13
Elizabeth Flint	10	Henry Martin	—
Annette Follett	11	William Randall	—
Lydia Martin	12	David Ellis	10
Sarah Davis	10	Wilham Martin	11
Caroline Buffrim (?)	13	Thomas Lahiff	14
Ada Emmons	12	Edward Bates	11
Ann E. Dort	12	Frederic Bates	10
Charles French	12	Deric Hartwell	7?

June 1865		July 1865	
June 1	1865	July 1	1865
June 2	1865	July 2	1865
June 3	1865	July 3	1865
June 4	1865	July 4	1865
June 5	1865	July 5	1865
June 6	1865	July 6	1865
June 7	1865	July 7	1865
June 8	1865	July 8	1865
June 9	1865	July 9	1865
June 10	1865	July 10	1865
June 11	1865	July 11	1865
June 12	1865	July 12	1865
June 13	1865	July 13	1865
June 14	1865	July 14	1865
June 15	1865	July 15	1865
June 16	1865	July 16	1865
June 17	1865	July 17	1865
June 18	1865	July 18	1865
June 19	1865	July 19	1865
June 20	1865	July 20	1865
June 21	1865	July 21	1865
June 22	1865	July 22	1865
June 23	1865	July 23	1865
June 24	1865	July 24	1865
June 25	1865	July 25	1865
June 26	1865	July 26	1865
June 27	1865	July 27	1865
June 28	1865	July 28	1865
June 29	1865	July 29	1865
June 30	1865	July 30	1865



10<sup>th</sup> School in Keene Center district Winter 1856

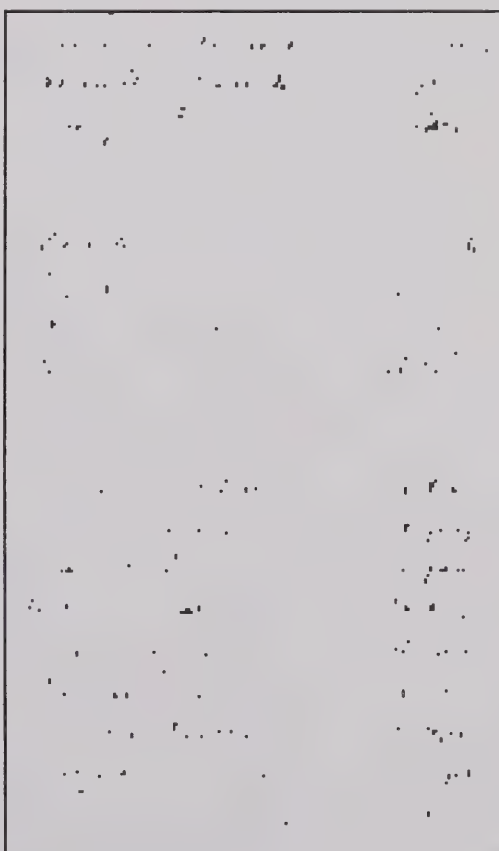
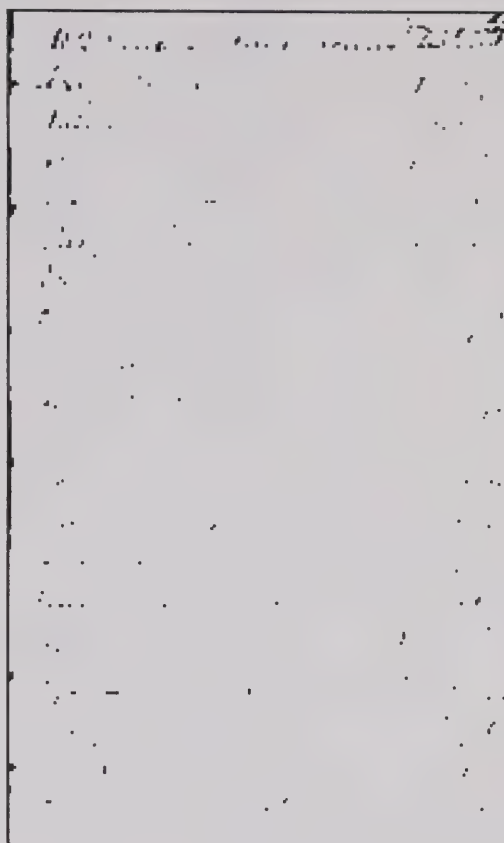
Mary Stewart	9 May
Susan Wilder	9 April
Abbie Wright	10 Oct
Mary Wright	12 Oct
Mary Willard	12 Sept
Ella Randall	10 Dec
Ella Waldo	9 Sept
Ellen Lyon	9
Annette Follette	11 Aug
Lydia Martin	13 Nov
Sarah Davis	10 March
Caroline Buffum	13 March
Ada Emmons	13 Sept
Fannie Whitcomb	9 Sept
Srah Nims	12 Oct
Lydia Nims	10 Aug
Mary Nichols	11 Sept
Louisa Metcalf	14 Apr
Frances Smith	11 June
Miranda Grimes	13 Decem.
Annette French	11 Jan.
Mary Ragan	11 Apr.

Charles French	13 March
Eugene French	9 Feb.
Francis Draper	13 May
George Metcalf	12 Feb.

William Davis	
Henry Martin	9 July
William Martin	11 Nov
Thomas Lahiff	14 July
Edward Bates	12 Jan
Frederic Bates	10 May
Charles Lyon	12 Jan.
Edwin Seaver	16 March
Hiram Freely	8 Apr.
William Randall	13 Sept
William Craig	10 July
Charles Weeks	
David Ellis	
Charles Smith	
Charles Craig	
Francis Duffy	20 Nov

11<sup>th</sup> School in Keene Centre Summer Term No. 31

Annette Follette	
Annette French	
Lydia Martin	
Mary Willard	
Frances Smith	
Fannie Dunbar	
Mary Wright	
Abbie Wright	
Ella Waldo	
Susan Wilder	
Sarah Nims	







Lydia Nims  
 Sarah Davis  
 Emma French  
 Hellen Grout

William Martin  
 Henry Martin  
 Lucius Willard  
 Eugene French  
 Charles French  
 Charles Craig  
 William Craig  
 Edward Bates  
 Hiram Greely  
 Frederic Waldo  
 Charles Weeks  
 Henry Perry  
 Edwin Griffeth  
 Charles Smith  
 Thomas Burns

12<sup>th</sup> School in Keene Centre Fall Term No 30

Fannie Whitcomb  
 Abbie Wright  
 Annette French  
 Caroline Howard 15

Susan Wilder  
 Frances Smith  
 Mary Stewart  
 Ella Waldo

Ann Ballou 8 December  
 Susan Davis 9 Feb

Hellen Grout  
 Fannie Dunbar  
 Emma French  
 Lydia Nims  
 Mary Willard  
 Ellen McCarty  
 Ida Stewart

9 March  
 7 Oct

Eugene French  
 Charles Weeks  
 Frederic Waldo  
 Thomas Burns  
 Henry Martin  
 William Martin

9 Aug

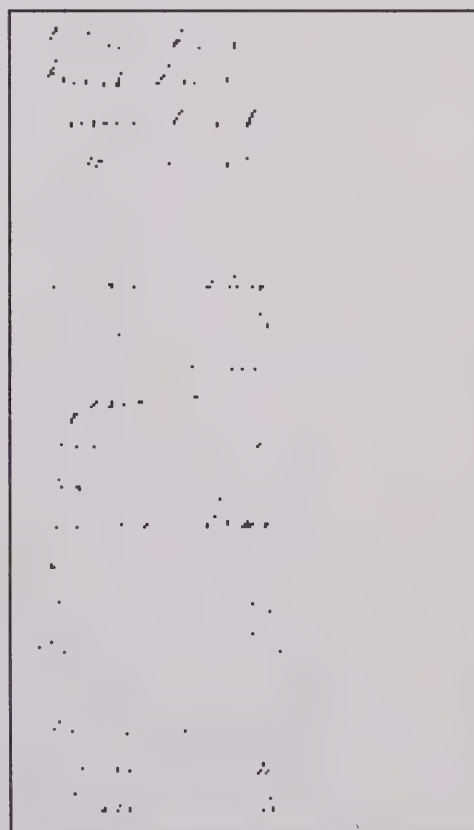
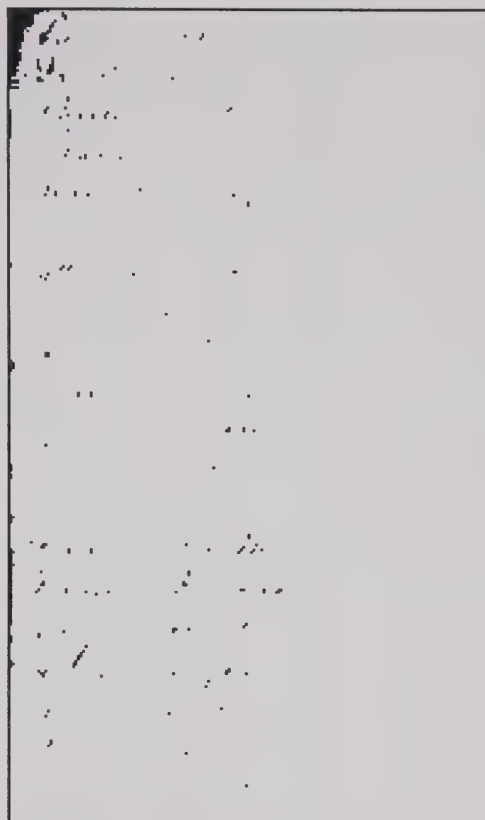
Henry Perry  
 Thomas Lahiff

10 Aug

Frederic Clark  
 Charles Handerson  
 Hiram Greely  
 William Craig  
 Charles Craig

10 Apr.

380





13<sup>th</sup> School in Keene Centre Winter term No 32

Fannie Whitcomb

Abbie Wright

Annette French

Susan Wilder

Mary Stewart

Ella Waldo

Ann Ballou

Susan Davis

Fannie Dunbar

Ida Stewart

Mary Willard

Caroline Wood 14

Ellen McCarty

Lydia Nims

Anna Waters 10

Frances Smith

Hellen Grout

Eugene French

Charles Weeks

Frederic Waldo

Thomas Burns

William Martin

Henry Perry

Thomas Lahiff

Frederic Clark

Charles Henderson

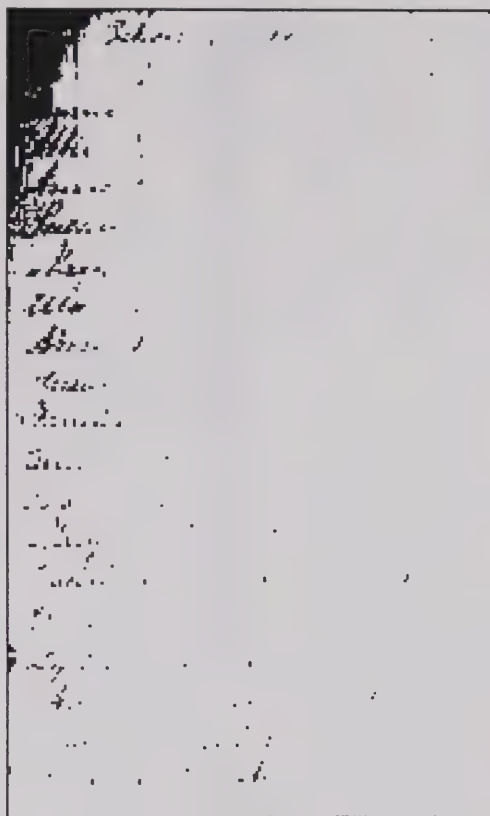
Hiram Greely

William Craig

Charles Craig

Orlando Lamphear 14

Henry Martin 442



14<sup>th</sup> term of school Keene Centre 1857 Summer term  
No 30

Annette French

Fannie Whitcomb

Abbie Wright

Susan Wilder

Villeroy Slayton 13

Sarah Meins

Fannie Dunbar

Mary Stewart

Lydia Nims

Hattie A. Mason 10

Emma French

Ellen McCarty

Hellen Grout

Susan Davis

Mary Willard

Ida Stewart

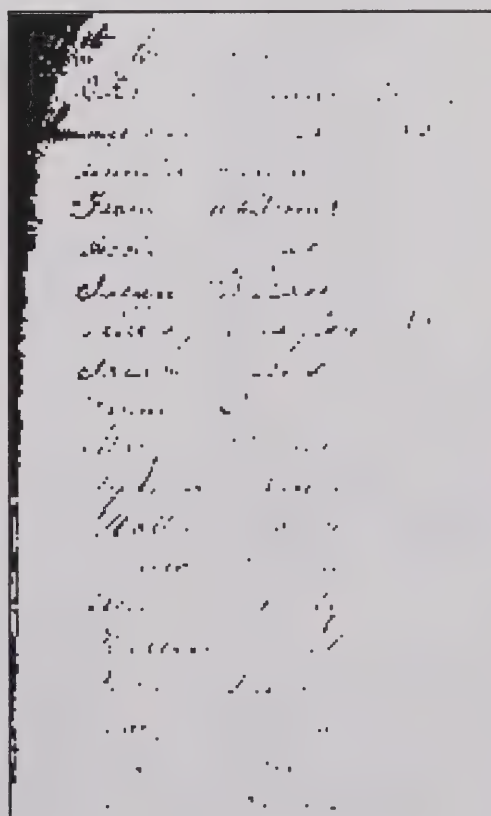
Annie Ballou

Rosa Robbins 9 June 4

Julia Barnett 12 April 6

Ellen McCarty

Eugene French







William Martin  
 William Craig  
 Henry Martin  
 Charles H. Mason  
 Charles Weeks  
 Charles Craig  
 Hiram Greely  
 Frederic Clark  
 Thomas Burns  
 John Molonie

11

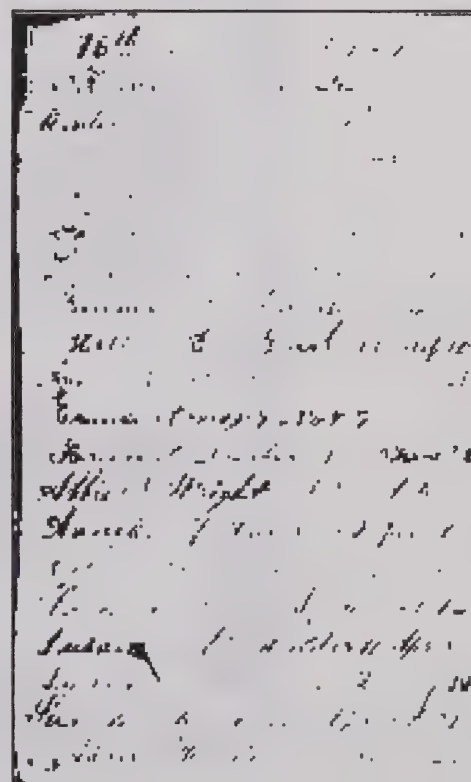
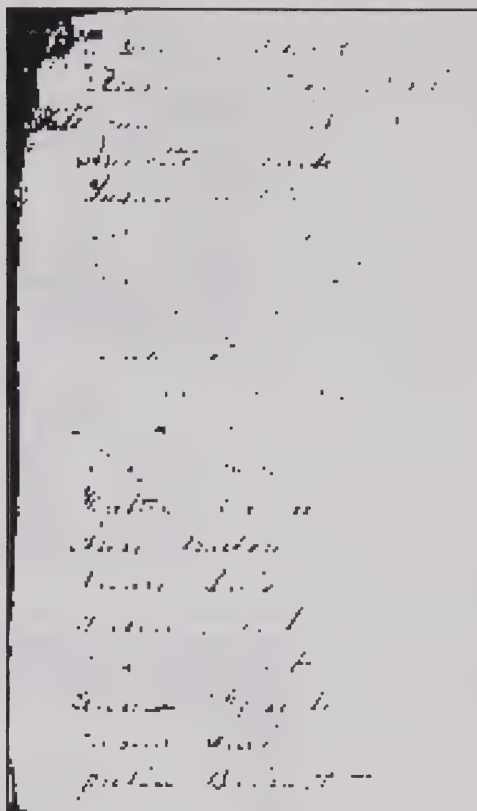
15<sup>th</sup> term of School Keene Centre 1856 Fall term No 32

Annette French  
 Susan Wilder  
 Abbie Wright  
 Fannie Whitcomb  
 Villeroy Slayton  
 Sarah Nims  
 Sarah Dunbar  
 Lydia Nims  
 Mary Stewart  
 Hattie Mason  
 Ann Ballou  
 Susan Davis  
 Helen Grout  
 Ida Stewart  
 Emma French  
 Emma Craig  
 Julia Barnett  
 Rosa Robbins  
 Mary Seely  
 Ellen McCarty

Charles H. Mason  
 Eugene French  
 William Martin  
 Henry Martin  
 William Craig  
 Charlie Weeks  
 Charlie Craig  
 Frederic Clark  
 Hiram Greely  
 Thomas Burns  
 John Molonie  
 Chester Kingsbury

16<sup>th</sup> term of School Keene Centre District Winter Term  
 No

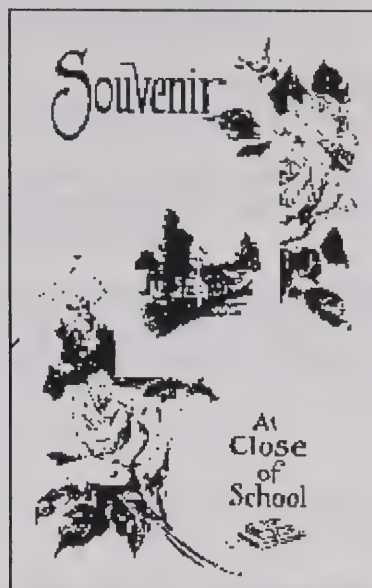
	Age
Fannie Whitcomb	11 Sept 4
Caroline Wood	18 Novem 8
Lyia? Philetta Witt	13? Apr 23
Emma French	10 Sep 25
Hellen E. Grout	12 Sep 10
Ann M Ballou	10 Dec 21
Emma Craig	9 Nov 9
Fannie T Dunbar	12 June 30





Abbie S Wright	12 Oct 5
Annet French	12 Jan 4
Ellen M Hills	13 June 17
Rhoda E. Smith	14 Oct 12
Susan M. Wilder	11 Apr 8
Lydia A Nims	12 Aug 30
Sarah M Nims	14 Oct 31
Addie F? Whitney	14 Apr 26
Ida Stewart	9 22 Oct
Susan Davis	11 12 Feb
Ann McLaughlin	12 13 Dec
Hannorah Fitzgerald	17 March 17 <sup>th</sup>
Mary E. Stewart	11 11 May
Rosa Robbins	
Julia Barnett (Barnell?)	

Eugene French	11 Feb 3
Frederic Clark	11 March 7
Wililam L Martin	18 Nov
Sarrah? L Whitney	M 19
Thomas Lahiff	17 June 8
William Craig	12 July 19
Henry Martin	11 July 25
Frank H Hills	11 Aug 30
Thomas Burns	Aust 10
Charles F. Weeks	Aug 10 9
Charles Gray	May 10
Henry White	16 Oct 21 <sup>st</sup>
John Molonie	
Chester Kingsbury	
Charles Richardson	
Hiram Greely	







**CLASSLISTS, MERIT CARDS, AND REPORT CARDS  
ARRANGED BY COUNTY AND STATE**

***"IN MEMORY OF DAYS SPENT TOGETHER IN THE SCHOOLROOM, THIS TOKEN IS PRESENTED  
WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF YOUR TEACHER"***

The source of these lists are the school souvenirs presented by teachers to their students at the conclusion of a school term or as a Christmas card. Should the source be otherwise, that is indicated. The homilies printed below in red and italics are taken from the souvenirs themselves.

***"MY PUPILS DEAR, THIS SOUVENIR SMALL, TO YOU I DEDICATE, IN MEM'RY OF YOU ONE  
AND ALL, I TRIED TO EDUCATE. IN MEM'RY TOO, OF PLEASANT DAYS WE IN THE SCHOOL  
ROOM SPENT; OUR STUDY HOURS, OUR SPORTS AND PLAYS, WHICH SWEET ENJOYMENT  
LENT."***

**ODESSA SCHOOL**

1898

No location was given for this school, but it was published in Williamsport, Pennsylvania

Teacher: Charles A. Rembolt

Students: Nerva Banks, Dora Blair, Erma Blair, Lora Blair, Doris Bortle, George Creger, Inez Dichmann, Gladys Diehnann, Glen Diehnann, Okee Diehnann, Helen Harmon, Ray Jones, Charles King, Frank King, Irvie King, Maud King, Guy March, Noel Oberdorf, Alice Reid, Bruce Reid, Ethel Reid, Glen Reid, Horace Reid, John Reid, Matthew Reid, Claud Salone, Marion Salone, Effie Smith, Jackie Smith, Minnie Smith, Stephen Smith.

Director:; A. Swigart.

**BRANDON MERIT CARD (pictured to the left)**

1906-1907

I purchased this merit card from the Ebay auction site in February 2000.

1906-1907 Martha A. Esch to Kinfred Brandon

**STANBRIDGE EAST, CANADA**

MODEL SCHOOL, 1897

Students:

Grade II academy: Minnie Beatty, Linden Carter, Percis Corey, Mabel Hall, Leslie Phelps, Alma Thompson, Alma Thompson

Grade III model: Frank Anderson, Lillian Corey, Meynard Guthrie, Kate Knight, John Sime, Retta Tucker

Grade II model: Gladys Hibbard, Lillie Holloway, Leslie Martindale, George Phelps, John Phelps, Ethel Wood

Grade I model: Pearl Beatty, Malcolm Harris, Annie Holloway, Charlie Holloway, Annie Kidd, Wilfred Knight, Fred Laraway, Grace Perry, Clarence Tucker

The lister wrote me that he was familiar with this school and that he believed it had burned down in the 1930's or 1940's. He recalled that the Fred Laraway who was a student in 1897 drove a school bus in the late 1940's or 1950's. The lister also had a dance card belonging to Gladys Hibbard who was a student in 1897. The dance card was for the year 1908.

**BRUCEVILLE, SACRAMENTO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA**

CARROLL SCHOOL DISTRICT, 1900

Teacher: Stanley R. Gye

Students:

First grade:

Leder Anderson, Adam Backer, Jacob Backer, Frank Danischus



Second grade:

Alexis Backer, Lena Danischus, Bertha Sprock, Paul Walther

Third grade:

Edna Anderson, Georgie Strong

Fourth grade:

Harry Lava (?)

Fifth grade:

Orra (?) Bryant, Amelia Sprock

Sixth grade:

Belle Elis, Fred Olson, Gladys Owen, Charlie Walther

Eighth grade:

Mary Bradford, Henry Bryant, Eva Morse, Willie Owen, Anna Sprock, Dora Strong

Ninth grade:

Fred Redding, Hojo (?) Sprock

#### DAVIS CERTIFICATE: WELD COUNTY, COLORADO

This record comes from a teacher's certificate sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000.

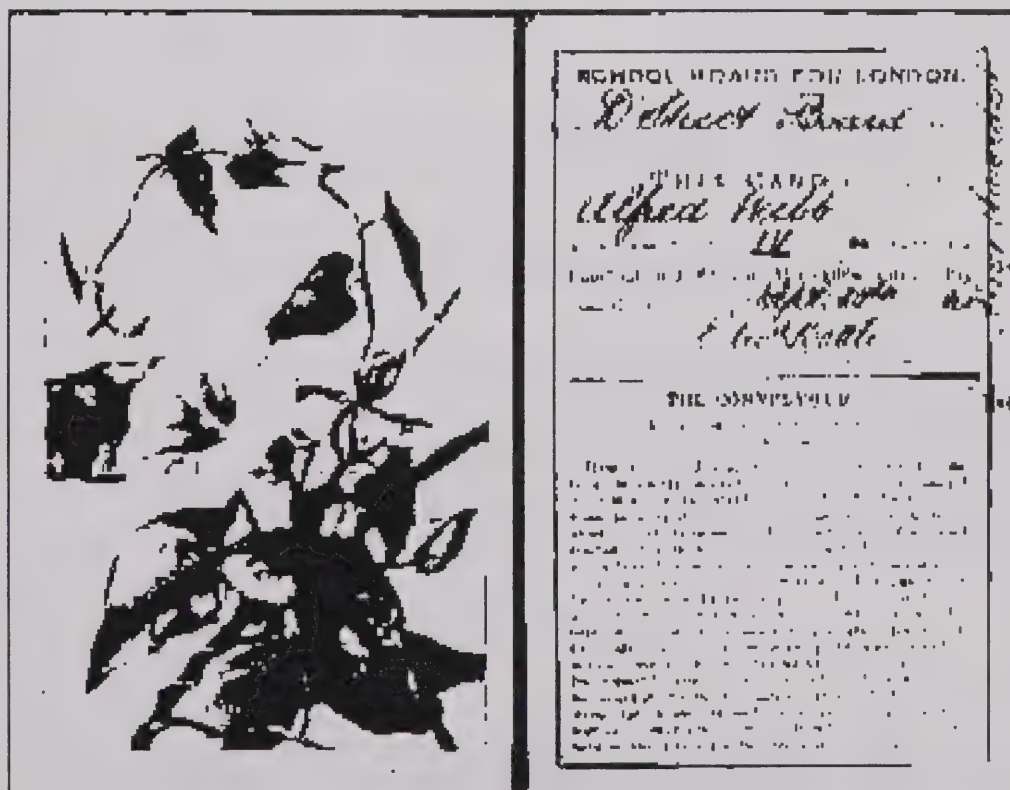
Margaret May Davis was granted a Class 2 teaching certificate on December 17, 1909, in Greeley, Weld County, Colorado.

#### MEMORY LIKE IVY CLINGS TO OLDEN TIMES AND WAYS AND THINGS

#### WEBB MERIT CARD: LONDON, ENGLAND (pictured below)

This merit card was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

London Discreet Board School. This card is awarded to Alfred Webb a scholar in the IV standard for punctual and regular attendance during the school quarter ended September 30, 1882. Edward Bottle, head teacher.



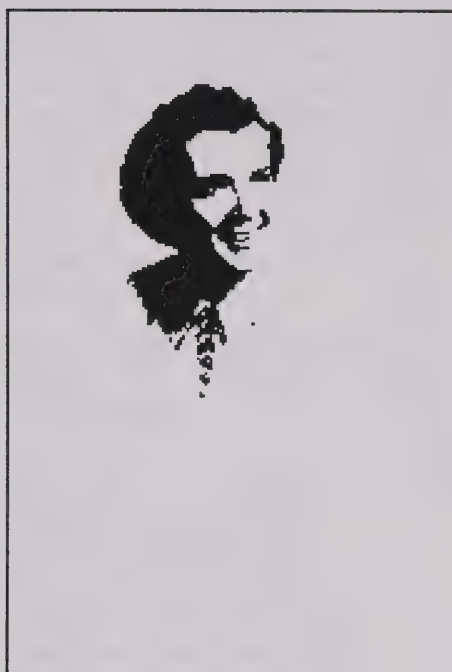




**GRAYSVILLE, CATOOSA COUNTY, GEORGIA**  
GRAYSVILLE SCHOOL, 1952

Teacher: Marie East (pictured on this page)

Students: Billy Anderson, Lesley Anderson, Linda Atchley, Jerry Catlin, Gordon Cavin, Waldine Croson, Helen Farrow, James Farrow, Kenneth Friel, David Graham, Hoyt Graham, Ray Hagan, Judith Hanley, Billy Hawkins, Barbara Holden, Billy Holden, Roland Lawrence, Judy Martin, Richard Martin, James Pierce, C.E. Prescott, Alice Putnam, Jack Reavely, Bud Rhodes, Delores Self, Rebecca Self, Elma Jean Smith, Evelyn Swafford, Gordon Sylar, Joyce Walker, Cecil Williams



**CHALLISCREEK, CUSTER COUNTY, IDAHO**  
DISTRICT 6, 1897

Teacher: W.H. Bascom

Students: Frank Baxter, Lee Baxter, Ralph Baxter, Fredrick Funkhouse, Earl Millick, Pearl Millick, Nettie Potter, Daniel Stephens, Evan Stephens, John Stephens, Thomas Stephens, Willie Stephens, Etta Sullivan, Willie Sullivan

*BOOKS, SCHOOLS, EDUCATION ARE THE SCAFFOLDING BY MEANS OF WHICH GOD BUILDS UP THE HUMAN SOUL.*

**MT. CARROLL TOWNSHIP, CARROLL COUNTY, ILLINOIS**

HICKORY GROVE SCHOOL, 1909

Teacher: Morton Swango

Students: Glen Ashby, Wayne Ashby, Ethel Benson, Gusty Benson, Mamie Benson, Neva Bird, Allen Bowers, Margaret Bowers, Evaline Fulrath, Vernon Fulrath, Lizzie Heinze, Conrad Helso, Blanche Merchant, Esther Merchant, Harold Merchant, Bennie Myers, Emeline Myers,

Lucille Newell, Florence Poorman, Ada Ritenour, Irvie Ritenour, Ruth Ritenour, Irvie Rush, Jimmie Rush, Bert Schmalling, Irene Schmalling, Ralph Schmalling, Bertha Sensenbaugh, Lena Sensenbaugh, Bennie Storm, Theodore Storm, Walter Storm, Teddy Turney, Joy Walson

**STEPHENSON COUNTY, ILLINOIS**

PLEASANT HILL, DISTRICT 3; NOVEMBER 14, 1898-JUNE 14, 1901

Teacher: Sydney D. Confer

Students: Anna Askey, Martin Baldwin, Beulah Barmore, Glenn Barmore, Myrtle Barmore, Roy Barmore, Verl Barmore, Zella Barmore, Maud Bitterly, Elsie Cahoon, Geneva Cahoon, Jennings Cahoon, Ruth Cahoon, Susie Cahoon, Clatey Dreibelbis, Otto Dreibelbis, Wright Dreibelbis, Emma Eberhardt, Jennie Eberhardt, Michael Fahr, Glenn Geiter, Berniece Gingrich, Sarah Gingrich, Charles Goodland, Floyd Kurtz, Edna Laborde, George Laborde, Gertie Laborde, James McCall, Mary McCall, Pearl McCall, Willie McCall, Edith Marean, John Miller, Ester Moesky, Charles Noeske, Julia Noeske, Drucie Rote, Glea Rote, Bruce Shaw, George Sherbondy, Mellie Sherbondy, Arthur Smetzler, Guy Swartz, Francis H. Van Slick, Lloyd Wagner, Maud Wagner, Grace Zimmerman

**MONROE TOWNSHIP, ADAMS COUNTY, INDIANA**  
DISTRICT 8, 1900

Teacher: Menno S. Liechty

Students: Rose Beer, Amanda Breuchy, Daniel Breuchy, Edwin Breuchy, Levina Burkhalter, Martha R. Burkhalter, Mary Burkhalter, Noah Burkhalter, Christina Habegger, Eli Habegger, Esther Habegger, Karl



Habegger, Menno Habegger, Robert Habegger, Bertha Hostetter, Allie Lehman, Bertha Lehman, Caroline Lehman, Elda Lehman, Ida Lehman, Levi Lehman, Mollie Lehman, Omer Lehman, Rufus Lehman, David O. Liechty, Reuben Liechty, Robert Liechty, Rufina Liechty, Clinton Luginbill, Cora Luginbill, Elmer Luginbill, Nellie Luginbill, Susan Luginbill, Wilbert Luginbill, Andrew Neuenschwander, Frank Nusbaum, Solvester Nusbaum, Harvey Nussbaumer, Wilbert Nussbaumer, Edna Ryf, Millie Ryf, Otilia Ryf, Walter Ryf, Abe Sprunger, Adolph Sprunger, Andy Sprunger, Calvin Sprunger, Dora Sprunger, Elda Sprunger, Elmer Sprunger, Freddie Sprunger, George Sprunger, Hermina Sprunger, Hiligunda Sprunger, Hiram Sprunger, Ida Sprunger, Joel Sprunger, Oscar Sprunger, Millie Sprunger, Tobias Sprunger, Walter Sprunger, Zilla Sprunger

Director Emanuel Sprunger, County superintendent  
Irvin Brandyberry, Trustee J.J. Soldner

**JEFFERSON TOWNSHIP, ALLEN COUNTY, INDIANA** (pictured on this page)  
BUTLER SCHOOL, DISTRICT 10, 1910

Teacher: Charles L. Miller

Students: Florence Converset, Frances Converset, Florence Giant, Albert Goral, Lucille Goral, Marie Goral, Arthur Favory, John Favory, Marion Favory, Pearl Favory, Russel Favory, Ethel Geradot, Harry Geradot, Mildred Holmes, Florence Maple, Frank Maple, Clara Martin, Elmer Martin, Erma Rose, Morse Rose, Harley Urbine, Harold Urbine, Myrtle Urbine, Clara Weileman, Freda Weileman, Herman Weileman

Officers:

Trustee: Frank E. Lomont

Director: Louis Urbine

County Supt.: Henry G. Felger

**"EDUCATION IS THE CHIEF DEFENSE OF NATIONS"**

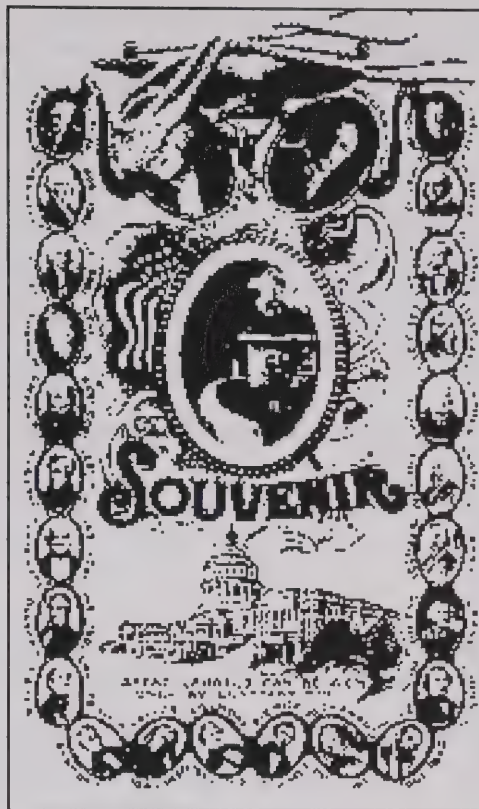
**MILLER LICENSE: CARROLL COUNTY, INDIANA**  
This certificate was sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000.

Mr. F.P. Miller was granted a teacher's license in Carroll County, Indiana, on April 25, 1874.

**FRANKLIN TOWNSHIP, DEKALB COUNTY, INDIANA**  
DUTCH GAP SCHOOL, DISTRICT 3, 1899

Teacher: Nellie Newcomer

Students: Carl Baxter, Howard Baxter, Ralph Baxter, Freddie Bennett, Duglus Bowers, Edward Bowers,







Golden Bowers, Lulu Bowers, Cladie Fee, Orlie Fee, Dessie Gall, Earle Hamman, Marion Jackman, Pearl Knepp, Burley Little, Charley Mottinger, Danna Mottinger, Willie Mottinger, Ira Rufner, Minnie Rufner, Nathan Rufner, Oscar Rufner, Edward Sweigart, Floyd Tinsman, Stanley Tinsman, Ellis Wills

#### **GRANT COUNTY, INDIANA**

WALNUT SCHOOL, 1908

Students: Bernice Brittenham, Gladys Brittenham, Gertrude Brock, Homer Brock, Macy Brock, Mary Brock, Charlie Burris, Hazel Bush, Willie Cochran, Lloyd Dollier, Mae Dollier, Harley Foy, May Foy, Ora Foy, Rosa Foy, Lona Gillespie, Earl Goodwin, Ivy Goodwin, Vera Goodwin, Delight Helms, Lona Helms, Chester Hinecker, George Hinecker, Mabel Hinecker, Edith Hults, Letha Hults, Bertha Jinecker, Blanchie Keever, Alta Kizer, Florence Kizer, Hazel Kizer, Iva Leffler, Minnie Leffler, Cordie Love, Effie Love, Rea Lucas, Lottie McIntosh, Theresa McIntosh, Lelah Smith, Hazel Wilson, Naomi Wilson

*"KNOWLEDGE IS THE REWARD OF PERSEVERANCE"*

#### **PLEASANT LAKE, STEUBEN COUNTY, INDIANA**

1905

Teacher: Mildred Lemmon

Students:

Grade one: Maurina Beard, Lila Bork (?), Wava Camp, Robert Chadwick, Edward Champion, Gertrude Dr\_\_\_\_, Alvin Frederick, Lilan Gilbert, Mae Gilbert, Virgil Lemmon, Maria McDougale, Clara Myers, Wilber Myers, Mildred Prince, Thelma Sewa, Eva Stetler

Grade two: Elmer Carr, Mae Clark, Lloyd Gilbert, Van Goodson (?), Gail Huffman, Alma Kemp, Gertrude Logalis (?), Wilham Milam, Chloe Shaffer, Haurer Tuttle (?), Dewey Voso (?)

Principal: B.G. Martin

Trustee: Edward Smith

#### **PRAIRIE TOWNSHIP, TIPTON COUNTY, INDIANA**

HOBACK SCHOOL, DISTRICT 9, 1907

Teacher: Everett Bennett

Students: Orizen Allen, Churchille Barr, Jollie Barr, Lottie Barr, Perry Barr, Rosa Barr, Ruth Barr, Marion Clark, Lloyd Collier, Rachel Collier, Floyd Duncan, Lora Duncan, Stella Duncan, Walter Duncan, Glenn Gibbens, Nellie Gibbens, Ethel Hoback, Anna Jones, Clifford Jones, George Jones, Zola Newloo, Charlie Samuels, Fred Samuels, Ruth Samuels, Basil Smith, Garry Smith, Nelson Smith, Vera Smith, Tony Teter, Nellie Watson, Robert Watson, Gordy Wheatley, Garret Whitead

#### **WABASH COUNTY, INDIANA**

LAGRO TOWNSHIP, SCHOOL 21, 1899

Teacher: Albert Kindley

Students:

Grade one:

Willie Dale, Dora Dare, Lehr Landis, Robert Teague, Florence Vickery

Grade two:

Louis Dale, Gueriviees Dare, Grace Harvey, Iva Hummer, Earl Owen, Ona Owen, Guy Vickery

Grade three:

Nellie Landis, Von Vickery

Grade five:

Ada Dale, Clifford Dale, Leona Harvey, Victor Landis, Ward Landis



Grade six:

Bessie Dale, Lena Dale

Grade seven:

Beatrice Harvey, Warren Landis, Homer Owen, Oren Owen, Hazel Vickery

Superintendent: John W. Lewis

Trustee: Robert Crunkleton

Director: Jesse E. Owen

***"THE GREAT ART OF LEARNING IS TO UNDERTAKE BUT LITTLE AT A TIME"***

**WABASH COUNTY, INDIANA**

LAGROTOWNSHIP, LINCOLNVILLE SCHOOL, NUMBER 21, 1905

Students:

Fifth year:

Mary Bitner, Bernice Billiter, Nathan Bricker, Lula Coble, Willie Dale, Mary Fanning, Carl Giltner, Lehr Landis, Hazel Mathews, Mary Owen, Sherman Pressler, Revere Speicher, Florence Vickery, Wellman Wilson

Sixth year:

Coesslea Akers, Mary Bricker, Herbert Cross, Edgar Hiatt, Pearl Hiatt, Beatrice Holloway, Lucy Holloway, Chester McKinley, Iva Shaffer, Robert Teague

Seventh year:

Milburn Cross, Lewis Dale, Glenn Misner, Ovid Munsell, Dora Sanderson, Charlies Scoby, Georgia Schoby, Edna Scott, Grace Scott, Joe Stevens, Pearl Stevens, Guy Vickery, Carrie Wilson

Trustees: Lewis Conner, H.H. Dare

Director: J. Keleh

**WABASH COUNTY, INDIANA**

LINCOLNVILLE SCHOOL, NUMBER 22, 1905

Teacher: Inez Whitcraft

Students:

Fifth year:

Berniece Billiter, Nathan Bricker, Lula Coble, Harry Dale, Willie Dale, Ruth Lautzenhiser, Hazel Matthews, Mary Owens, Revere Speicher, Edith Teague, Arthur Vickery, Florence Vickery, Grayslon Wilson, Wellman Wilson

Sixth year:

Mary Bitner, Mary Bricker, Herbert Cross, Mary Fanning, Carl Giltner, Edgar Hiatt, Pearl Hiatt, Beatrice Holloway, Lucy Holloway, Lehr Landis, Ralph McKinley, Ruth McKinley, Sherman Presley

Seventh year:

Coesslea Akers, Milburn Cross, Lewis Dale, Hugh McKinley, Glenn Misner, Iva Shaeffer, Joe Stevens, Robert Teague

**CLEVELAND TOWNSHIP, WHITLEY COUNTY, INDIANA**

SCHOOL DISTRICT 7, 1896

Teacher: L. Lincoln Lee

Assistants: Aden Benner, Edwin Hicks

Students: A Grade

Aden Benner, Clarence Brodbeck, Edwin Hicks, Clarence Hill, Gilbert Rose

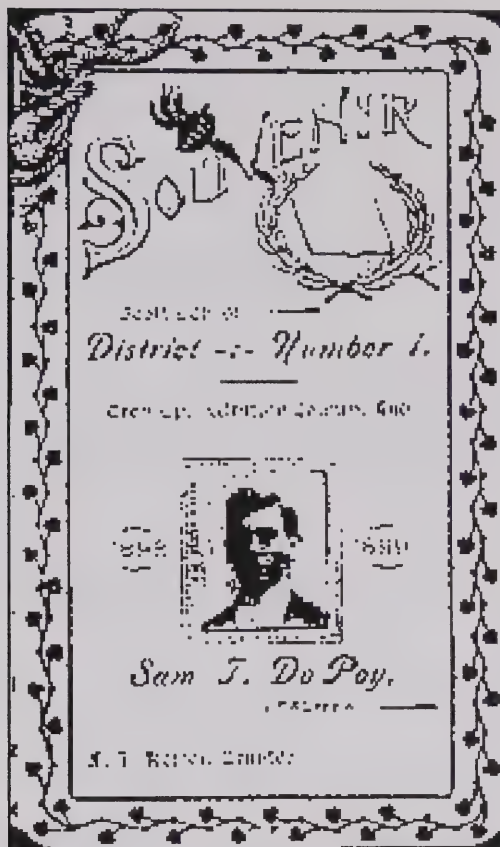
Fifth Reader Grade

Jay Beck, Hermen Fettro, Nellie Hissem, Celesta Hicks, Myrtle Hicks, Blanche Sickafoose, Clara Sickafoose, Ethel Sickafoose, Nellie Smith, Ferner Warner, Allie Yerger

Fourth Reader Grade







Ethel Brodbeck, John Brower, Leola Faudree, John Ginder, Myrtle Hill, Clara Hissem, Harry Howenstine, Bert Jenkins, Harlen Jenkins, Ora Kitt, Violet Lancaster, Turah McEntaffer, Nora Sickafoose, Charles Smith, Marion Warner

#### Third Reader Grade

Floyd Brower, Curtis Bruce, Bessie Faudree, Chloa Henry, Allison Hill, Jessie Hissem, Addie Howenstine, Ethel Jenkins, Lillian Lancaster, Carl Sickafoose, Clifford Sickafoose, Emma Smith

#### Second Reader Grade

Virnie Beck, Ralph Brower, Fay Brck, Charley Bruch, Nancy Hancock, Cressie Henry, Emery Jenkins, Virnie Kitt, Gertie McEntaffer, Amy Sickafoose

#### First Reader Grade

Manard Jewel, Lloyd Kitt, Mabel Pray, Juddy Warner

#### Chart Class

Robert Brower, Merl Cunningham, Merrit Henry, Ralph Hicks, Clark Hissem, Hazel Hulben, Roscoe Kitt, Gilbert Sickafoose, Effie Warner, Lloyd Warner, Dale Williamson

Trustee: John Glassley

County Supt.: G.M. Naber

#### "LEARNING BY STUDY MUST BE WON"

#### TROY TOWNSHIP, WHITLEY COUNTY, INDIANA (pictured to the left)

SCOTT SCHOOL, 1898

Teacher: Sam F. DePoy (pictured)

Students: Gladys Blain, Ruth Blain, Hale Brubaker, Aileen E. Goodrich, Donald Goodrich, Jesse James, Chloe Kiester, Dwight Kiester, Ella Kiester, Maud Kiester, Marvin Martin, Elmer Mohn, Grace Mohn, Jesse Mohn, Nettie Mohn, Ocie Mohn, Bessie Moore, Carrie Moore, Mamie Moore, Mono Moore, Ernie Tinkham, Robert Tinkham, Andrew Vandeford, Bracy Western, Clyde Western, Jay Western, Willie Winter, Ethel Wise, Hazlette Wise

Trustee: F.J. Keiser

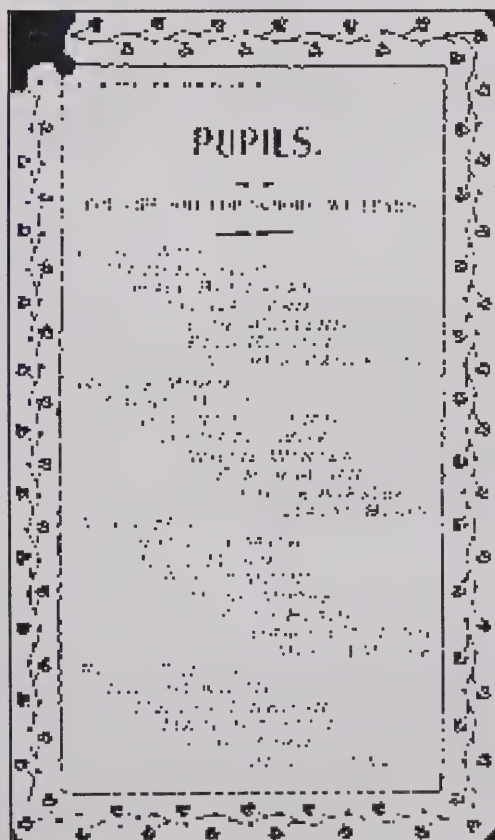
#### PATON TOWNSHIP, GREENE COUNTY, IOWA SCHOOL DISTRICT 1, 1909

Teacher: Lillian Peterson

Students:

Advanced grade: Clifford Anderson, Elin Anderson, Leroy Anderson, Ruth Burgh, Carl Carlson, Pearl Selim

Fifth grade: Paul Burgh, Martin Carlson, Bennie





Merkel, Frede Merkel, George Selim  
Third grade: Edia Anderson, Donald Carlson, Alfred Merkel, Paul Selim  
Second grade: Ruby Anderson  
First grade: Elmer Anderson, Mabel Anderson, Hilmar Carlson

County superintendent: A.J. Oblinger  
School board: President S. Burgoon, Secretary G.F. Rider, Director Gust Burgh

**SOUTH TOWNSHIP, ST. CHARLES COUNTY, IOWA**  
SUMMIT SCHOOL DISTRICT 3, 1908, Fall Term

Teacher: Beulah Buchanan  
Students: Bertha Arnold, Florance Arnold, Lorin Arnold, Mattie Arnold, Ruth Arnold, Butler Bird, Kenneth Bird, Claude Brown, Gail Brown, George Brown, Mary Brown, Charles Clarke, John Clarke, Willie Clarke, Alvin Gentry, Arlie Grey, Arthur Hellar?, Everett Keltner?, Fern Landers, Bertha Lyons, Blanche Lyons, Lucile Ray, Fern Wilson, Ray Wilson, Hazel Winship, Mabel \_\_\_\_.

Director: Charles Winship

**LEXINGTON TOWNSHIP, CLARK COUNTY, KANSAS**  
ZANE PUBLIC SCHOOL, DISTRICT 41, 1907

Teacher: Faye Wilson  
Students: Sadie Denney, Will Denney, Arthur Gilchrist, Bennie Zane, Crawford Zane, Kenneth Zane, Ley Zane, Ralph Zane, Roscoe Zane

School board: D.B. Denney, C.C. Tenner, Ben Zane

**DOUGLAS COUNTY, KANSAS**  
COLOMBIA SCHOOL, DISTRICT 67; MARCH 20, 1917

Teacher: Alice W. McGuffey  
Students: Alde Brohammer, Lillian Brohammer, Everelle Bond, Murry Bond, Francis Curtis, Ray Curtis, George Culberson, Laurel Culberson, Bertha Dietz, Gustave Dietz, Lenna Dietz, Lizzie Dietz, Minnie Dietz, Victor Dietz, Nettie Flory, Myrtle Jacobs, Charles Jones, Charley Koser, Solon Markley, George Roser, Willie Roser

**ELLINWOOD, KANSAS**  
SCHOOL DISTRICT 57, 1902

Teacher: Emma A. Willms  
Students: Isaiah Baxter, August Galyard, Elizabeth Galyard, Henry Galyard, Marie Galyard, Albert Herold, Arthur Herold, Charley Herold, Lizzie Herold, Reinhold Herold, Emma Koelsch, Hettie Koelsch, Willie Lichesky, Albert Mellis, Mela(?) Mellis, Otto Mellis, Anna Rehme, Emma Rehme, Selma Rehme, Clara Remmert, Dinnie Remmert, George Remmert, Lydia Remmert, Alexander Stroh, Lizzie Stroh, Lydia Stroh

*"AH ME! THOSE JOYOUS DAYS ARE GONE! I LITTLE DREAMT TILL THEY HAD FLOWN. HOW FLEETING WERE THE HOURS."*

**GRINDLEY, KANSAS**  
HARRIS SCHOOL, 1901

Teacher: Katie Dore  
Students: Primary — Ethel Albert, Clara Dreyer, Ida Dreyer, Lizzie Dreyer, Willie Dreyer, Clyde Eppinger, Anna Heritage, Emma Huber, Carnie Johnson, Truman McNish, Fritz Schupbach, Elias Somerhalder

Students: Intermediate — Elmer Fields, Irenia Johnson, Irven Johnson, Lewis McNish, Viola McNish, Florence Marvin, Myra Marvin, Jesse Neibrecht, Mary Schupbach, Samuel Schupbach, Anna Somerhalder, John Somerhalder, Lydia Somerhalder





Students: Advanced—Maude Albert, Lola Chandler, Elmer Dwight, Norman Dwight, Emma Eppinger, William Eppinger, Katie Heritage, Frank Schubach

Director: Philip Albert  
Clerk: George Dwight

**HALSTED, HARVEY COUNTY, KANSAS**  
PLEASANT VALLEY SCHOOL, DISTRICT 47, 1898

Teacher: Orville Grove

Students: Dena Becker, Ida Becker, Lena Becker, Peter Becker, Arthur Berger, Ida Berger, Lydia Berger, Norah Berger, Rudolph Berger, Samuel Berger, Tillie Berger, Arthur Flory, Vivien Flory, Carl Haury, Ella Haury, Irma Haury, Laura Haury, Stella Haury, Cornelius Koehn, Mary Koehn, Simon Koehn, Albert Kuehny, Henry Kuehny, Menno Kuehny, Sarah Kuehny, Ella Penner, Lizzie Penner, Hilda Ruth, Ida Ruth, Edna Schowalter, Elma Schowalter, Emil Schowalter, Henry Schowalter, Paul Schowalter, Charles Schimnowski, Cornelius Unruh, Lena Unruh



**KINGMAN COUNTY, KANSAS**  
LONE STAR SCHOOL, DISTRICT 13;  
SEPTEMBER 9, 1912-APRIL 4, 1913

Teacher: Irene Plush

Students: Herman Cox, Dewey Fornwalt, Eby Fornwalt, Gracie Fornwalt, Cheser Hartley, Ethel Hartley, Roy Hartley, Willie Hartley, Annie Higgins, Floyd Higgins, Stella Higgins, Lee Holmes, Mabel Jones, Harry Keller, Emmet Oak, Brice Plush, Velma Plush

Director E.J. Fornwalt; Clerk J.E. Oak;  
Treasurer S.M. Tennal

**WE FEEL BOTH GLAD AND SAD TO-  
DAY AND SCARCE CAN HIDE A  
RISING TEAR. WE'RE GLAD FOR**

**CHANGES ON LIFE'S WAY YET SAD TO PART FROM SCHOOLMATES DEAR.**

**EMPIRE TOWNSHIP, McPHERSON COUNTY, KANSAS (pictured above)**  
DISTRICT 32, 1909

Teacher: Esther Johnson

Students: Walter Anderson, Martin Beyey, Albin Chindberg, Elmer Chindberg, John Eastham, Nora Eastham, William Eastham, Edith Johnson, Lillie Johnson, Tober Johnson, Verna Johnson, Gladys Pancost

E.S. Eastham, Director; A.C. Pancost, Clerk; H.J. Beyer, Treasurer

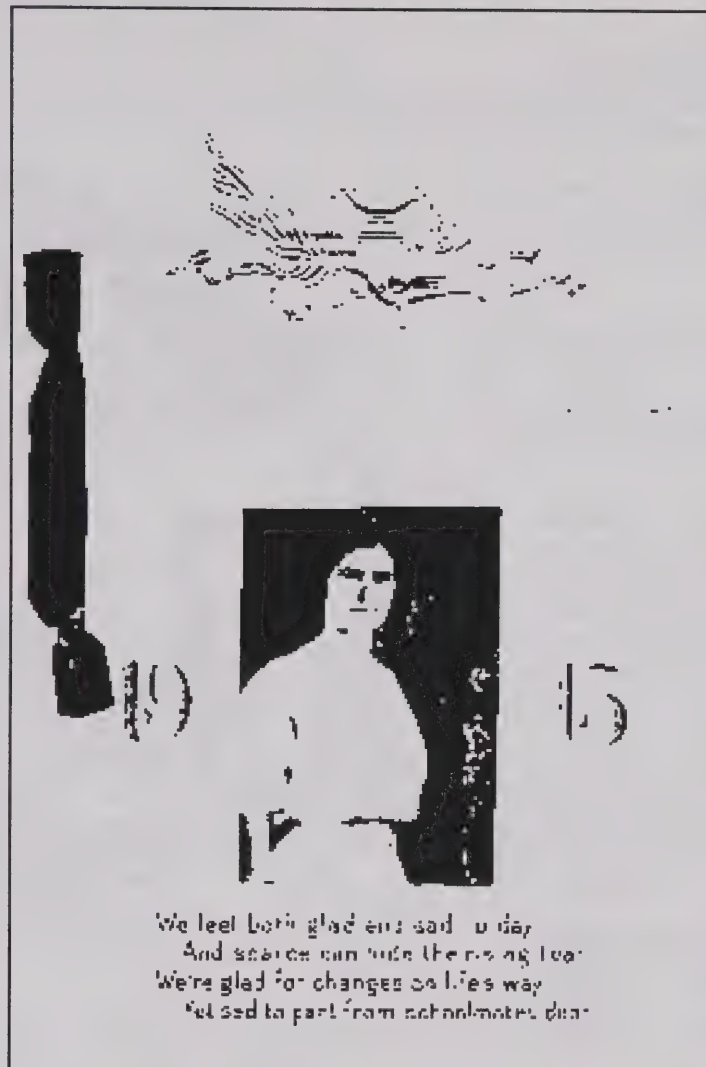


**WALNUT TOWNSHIP, MARSHALL COUNTY, KANSAS**  
**MT. HOPE SCHOOL, DISTRICT**  
**93, 1910**

Teacher: Amy Inez Taylor  
 Students: Lydia Behrens, Lulu Behrens, George Berger, Laura Berger, Edwin Frohberg, Julia Frohberg, Louise Frohberg, Elton Godfreson, Florence Godfreson, Helen Godfreson, John Godfreson, Leamon Hamilton, Andrew Johnson, Robert Johnson, Harold Keefover, Murlin Nider, Norval Nider, Ollie Nider, Carl Peterson, Eddie Peterson, Elmer Peterson, Kurt Pronske, Louis Pronske, Paul Pronske, Lila Roach, Orpha Roach, Virgin Robertson, Wilma Scheibe, Clarence Sherman, Nora Vogler, Gerald Wilson, Johnnie Wilson  
 School Board: Leonard Berger, Christ Peterson, Hugo Vogler

**SUGAR CREEK TOWNSHIP,**  
**MIAMI COUNTY, KANSAS**  
 (pictured to the right)  
**STAR SCHOOL, NUMBER 48,**  
**1915**

Teacher: Carrie Knisely  
 Students: Arthur Brisco, Violet Brisco, Ehtel Caylor, Frank Caylor, Harvey Caylor, Carl Courtney, Viola Courtney, Howe Frisbie, Herschell Gunnels, Marie Gunnels, Ernest Miller, Fred Miller, Glenn Miller, Lucy Peyton, Nettie Peyton, Delmar Shannon, Emmet Shannon, Lytle Shannon, Ada Witter, Ida Witter  
 School board: Clerk M.J. Ketcham, Treasurer John Witter, Director Samuel Gunnals



**"NOT FOR SCHOOL BUT FOR LIFE WE LEARN"**

**MIAMI COUNTY, KANSAS**  
**INDIANAPOLIS SCHOOL, 1916**

Teacher: Iris M. Gilman  
 Students: Carl Bales, Clifford Bales, John Bales, Lawton Bales, Lilla Bales, Jessie Beck, Pearle Beck, Nelson Cowder, Clyde Goetz, Fred Goetz, Nelson Goetz, Carrol Hunt, Allie Hylton, Charley Hylton, Willie Hylton, Amos Johnson, Army Johnson, Archie Johnson, Clarence Johnson, Ernie Johnson, Ellis Johnson, Lola Johnson, Nina Johnson, Vernon Johnson, Clifford Rupe, Wilbur Rupe, Francis Schiefelbusch, Roma Schiefelbusch, Margaret Schiefelbusch, Earl Schiffman, George Schiffman, Elmer Stone, Lela Stone, Minnie Stone, Eva Verdier.

School officers: Director S.W. Stone, Clerk W.P. Cowden, Treasurer Frank Goetz





**GRANDVIEW COUNTY, KANSAS**  
**PLAINE VIEW SCHOOL, DISTRICT 82, 1925**



Teacher: Carl Gutsch  
 Students: Gilbert Chalker, Marie Chalker,  
 Marie Papenhaus, Lawrence Smith

County superintendent: C.F. Grambaugh  
 School board: Director A.E. Johnson,  
 Clerk Hubert Dietrick, Treasurer Charles  
 Stroda

**"THE ROAD CALLED TOIL LEADS  
 TO THE CITY CALLED SUCCESS"**

**SAXMAN, KANSAS**  
**SAXMAN SCHOOL, 1907**

Teacher: Miss Agnes James  
 Students: Norma Baker, Cecil Bleger,  
 Ivy Brush, William Brush, Cecil Chick,  
 Luvina Chick, Anna Cline, William  
 Edgar, Dallas Guttery, Ernestine Guttery,  
 Max Guttery, Verda Johnson, Ora Kelly,  
 Randolph Leonard, Roosevelt Leonard,  
 George Lyons, Louie Lyons, Willie  
 Lyons, Verner McCruin, Gladys Morter,  
 Marie Morter, Maude Rakestraw,  
 Marven Richards, Allie Smith, George  
 Smith, Hazel Smith, Verna Willard,  
 Vivian Willard

**INDEPENDENCE TOWNSHIP, WASH-  
 INGTON COUNTY, KANSAS (pictured  
 to the left)**  
**OLD TRAIL SCHOOL, 1913**

Teacher: Nora Gauby  
 Students: Mayme Brie, Arthur Grefe, Herman Grefe, Lloyd Lohemeyer, Myrtle Lohemeyer, Orrie Mullen, Tracy  
 Mullen, Amanda Nieman, Bertha Nieman, Adolph Rippe, Alma Rippe, Amiel Rippe, Freida Rippe, Hannah  
 Rosenboom, Herman Rosenboom, Peter Rosenboom, Reemt Rosenboom, Adolph Schierkolk, Louis Schierkolk,  
 William Schierkolk.  
 School officers: Director William Schierkolk, Treasurer Ernest Moser, Clerk F.R. Rippe. The name Adolph  
 Schierkolk is written inside in pencil.

**HARMON, MAINE**  
**VILLAGE SCHOOL, SUMMER TERM 1899**

Teacher: Bernice Bartlett  
 Students: Freddie Bangs, Blinn Booker, Bertie E. Cooley, Justin Cooley, Nellie Cooley, Arnold Davis, Elmer  
 Davis, Grace Davis, Merlun C. French, Clarence D. Heal, Ivan Jordan, Charlie Kimball, Roy W. Leighton, John  
 Libby Jr., Inis N. Libby, Albert Newmarch, Florence Perkins, Carl T. Rhoades, Nellie E. Smith, Lela Tibbetts, Iona  
 E. Tibbetts, Clare Turner, Henry Trne, Willie C. Bryant

School Board: Amos Heald, Scott Merrill, Eugene Staples



DISTRICT 7 SCHOOL, September 7 - November 7, 1905

Students: Lennie E. Avery, Alice M. Bowen, Mary E. Bowen, M. Evelyn Fall, Florence M. Kimball, Zephia E. Kimball, George W. Knight, Winnie Knight, Henrietta Miller, Ruth M. Miller, C. Earle Packard, Libbie F. Packard, Irene M. Packard, Joseph Packard, Warren B. Page, Burnis M. Porter, Orman I. Porter, Percy M. Porter, Axelle B. Rogers, Florian O. Rogers, Isabel V. Rogers

M.E. SUNDAY SCHOOL, BUSY BEE CLASS 27, 1905

Students: John Clarkson, Earl Connor, Edward Connor, Alfred Dick, William George, James Love, James Richmond, Alvin Ternent

## 1901-1902

Teachers in the school: Martha Babbitt, Francis L. Bain, Caroline Close, Bertha L. Cogswell, Joseph A. Coolidge, Gertrude Crook, Mary L. Cunningham, Esther S. Dodge, Agnes Goerwitz, Katherine James, Jeannie B. Kenrick, Maud A. Lawson, Henrietta E. McIntire, Mary Moulton, Lillian Rogers, Caroline A. Sawyer, Emma A. Scudder, Florence W. Smith, Martha R. Smith, Annie F. Stratton, Mabel Watson.

Headmasters: Grace L. Deering, Ray Greene Huling, Edwin L. Sargent, Delia Stickney

290





**HOLLISTON, MASSACHUSETTS (pictured below)**  
**SCHOOL DISTRICT 8**

Alden Leland was paid \$35 for teaching school in the townhouse in Holliston, firewood included. Dated February 18, 1830.

**"GREAT LAURELS CAN BE WON ONLY BY CONSTANT TOIL"**

**DEERFIELD TWP., MECOSTA COUNTY, MICHIGAN**  
**BELL SCHOOL, DISTRICT 2, 1914**

Teacher: Gertrude M. Jameson

Students: Gleason Gilmore, Leonard Gilmore, Cleo Groom, Layton Groom, Leona Haist, Lyle Haist, Bertha Hall, Jessie Hall, Mary Hall, Sarah Hall, Vesta Hunkins, Ernest Jameson, Milo Keating, Gail McDowell, Paul McDowell, Russel McDowell, Freda Reed, Harry Reed

School officers: Henry Davison, Dir.; Elmore Keating, Mod.; John P. Jameson, Treas.

**MONTCALM TOWNSHIP, MONTCALM COUNTY, MICHIGAN**  
**DANISH SETTLEMENT SCHOOL, 1904**

Teacher: Elmer G. Benton

Students: Sophia Anderson, Iva Christensen, Clyde Hanson, Helen Jensen, Neva Johnson, Valmor Johnson, Lydia Jorgensen, Martin Jorgensen, Alma Larsen, Carrie Larsen, Effa Larsen, Iva Larsen, Eva Lauritzen, Zura Lauritzen, Elmer Mortensen, Oscar Mortensen, Earl Nelson, Harold Nelson, Ed Nielsen, Iva Nielsen, Earl Olsen, Florence Olsen, Guy Olsen, Morgan Olsen, Alfred Steffensen, Anton Steffenson, Arthur Steffenson, Ida Steffenson, Olga Steffenson.

Graduates: Leonora Johnson, Minnie Larsen, Walter Mortensen

School board: Erastus Christensen, Jacob Nelsen, Peter J. Nielsen.

**CROTON TOWNSHIP, NEWAYGO COUNTY, MICHIGAN**  
**PINE GROVE PUBLIC SCHOOL, DISTRICT 5**  
1908

Teacher: Gracie Mae Hoag

Students:

Chart class

June Griffes

Grade one:

May Ames, Gladys Coats, Milburn Ensley, Carl Galster, Leah Grant, Florence Norwood, George Wonch

*School District 8 in Holliston, Mass. 1830*  
*A teacher was paid in townhouse eight weeks for his*  
*teaching services.*  
*Received February 18, 1830. Amount Payment*  
*in full of the above.*  
*Alden Leland*



Grade two:

Ruby Griffes

Grade three:

Georgia Moore, Florence Wier, Harvey Wier, Harry Wilson, Kline Wonch

no Grade four

Grade five:

Virgil Coats, Milford Ensley, Ray Griffes, Wallace Griffes, Millie Wonch

no Grade six

Grade seven:

Gertrude Bowen, William Edwards,

Clayton Norwood

Grade eight:

Charles Moore

Grade 9:

Harry Moore

School board: George Galster,

Alfred A. Johnson, Louis Norwood

***"EDUCATION IS WEALTH"***

**McPHERSON TOWNSHIP,  
BLUE EARTH COUNTY, MINNE-  
SOTA (pictured to the right)**

**PUBLIC SCHOOL, DISTRICT 148,  
1909**

Teacher: Ruth Hellebo (pictured)

Students: Lydia Abraham, Willie Bruch, Edwin Erdmann, Emil Erdmann, Ewald Erdmann, Armand Flitter, Esther Flitter, Harry Flitter, Walter Flitter, Bertha Glamm, Fritz Glamm, Henry Glamm, Herman Glamm, Martha Glamm, Otto Glamm, Dominic Goebel, Joseph Goebel, Mary Ellen Goebel, Gertrude Schorn, Minnie Schorn, Herman Yunkerberg

Director: Robert Bruch

Clerk: Aug. Abraham

Treasurer: Gottlieb Yunkerberg



**MAPLE GROVE TOWNSHIP, HENNEPIN COUNTY, MINNESOTA**

**SCHOOL DISTRICT 101, 1904**

Teacher: Ida C. Carlson

Students: Sadie Arndt, Vera Arndt, Laura Bingenheimer, Elsie Bonn, Lewis Bonn, Agnes Flanagan, Tim Flanagan, Willie Flanagan, Bertha Keske, Edith Keske, Richard Keske, Ella Krause, Bennie Krifall, Louis Krifall, Raymond Krifall, Edward Lange, Henry Lange, Mamie Lange, Edith Oswald, Elsie Oswald, Emma Oswald, Theodore Oswald, Ella Pittelkow, Alfred Reinking, Bennie Reinking, Fred Reinking, Lillian Reinking, Louis Reinking, Willie Reinking, John Reisdorf, Emma Schlegel, Gustav Schlegel, Herman Schlegel, Sophia Schlegel, Willie Schober, Esther Schmidt,

Robert Schmidt, Peter Stauffacher, Henry Stelter, George Stelter, Gottlieb Unke, Helma Wulkow





Co. Supt.: D.C. MacKenzie

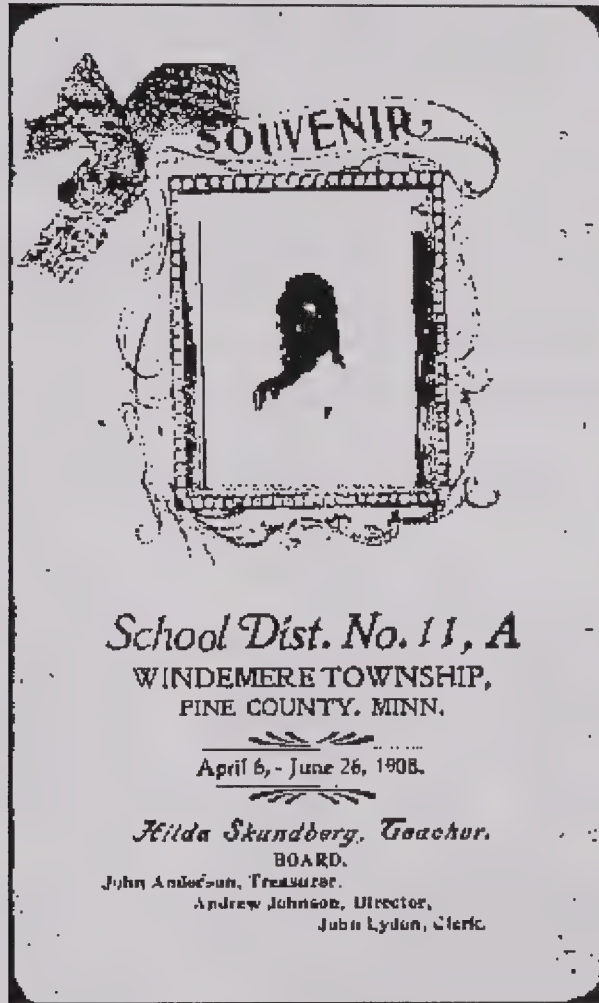
Clerk: J. Bingenheimer

Treasurer: B.F. Miller

Director: Wm. Reinking

Note: A picture of an Alice Cary is on the cover of this school souvenir.

#### MARSHGROVE TOWNSHIP, MARSHALL COUNTY, MINNESOTA



ALLERTH PUBLIC SCHOOL, DISTRICT  
67, 1910

Teacher: Agnes Fosen

Students: Emma Bengtson, Esther Bengtson, Minnie Bengtson, Conrad Bjornerud, Oscar Bjornerud, Emma Brekkestran, Hjalmar Brekkestran, John Brekkestran, Oscar Brekkestran, Elmer Dykeman, Ruth Dykeman, Agnes Green, Hilma Green, Mamie Green, Olger Green, Tena Green, Viola Goplin, Walter Goplin, Iver Haarstad, Louisa Haarstad, Matilda Haarstad, Otto Haarstad, Ragna Haarstad, Sophie Haarstad, Theodore Haarstad, Alice Hanson, Linden Hanson, Myrtle Hanson, Alfred Lind, Arthur Swan, Clara Swan, Elmer Swan, Oscar Swan, Willie Swan, Julia Westlin, Melvin Westlin, Myrtle Westlin, Arnold Windahl, Conrad Windahl, Palma Windahl, William Windahl

*"NOT WHAT YOU READ BUT WHAT  
YOU REMEMBER WILL MAKE YOU  
WISE"*

WINDEMERE TOWNSHIP; PINE  
COUNTY, MINNESOTA (pictured to the  
left)

SCHOOL DISTRICT 11, A; APRIL 6-JUNE  
26, 1908

Teacher: Hilda Skundberg

Students: Clara Anderson, Eddie Ander-  
son, Lizzie Anderson Lynphord Anderson,  
Nels Anderson, Olive Anderson, Philip

Anderson, Philip Gray, Eugene Mossberg, Robert Mossberg, Agnus Nelson, Hilmer Nelson, Lawrence Nelson, Jennie Nelson, Richard Nelson, Agnes Skog, John Skog, Laura Skog, Louis Skog, Clara Peterson, Ellen Peterson

Board: John Anderson, Andrew Johnson, John Lyden

#### STEELE COUNTY, MINNESOTA DISTRICT 29

This record comes from a merit card sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

Marianne Melby was commended for her perfect attendance by her teacher Christine Baitol. Grace Randall signed it as the county superintendent. No year is given.



**TOWNSHIP 36-37, CRAWFORD COUNTY, MISSOURI**  
**CLINTON SCHOOL, DISTRICT 3, RANGE 5, 1904**

Teacher: Arthur A. Thurman

Students: Floid Asher, Flora Asher, James Asher, Lora Asher, Nora Asher, Zelma Asher, Frank Basden, Joseph Basden, Oma Basden, Wilber Basden, Mammie Brown, Horace Cason, Elta Clinton, Bessie Goade, Daisy Goade, Osco Goade, Archie Grubb, Bernie Grubb, Bertie Grubb, Ethel Grubb, Ada Haley, Dicia Haley, Ferd Haley, Jasper Haley, Mary Haley, Gertie Hammock, Otto Henson, Guy Jones, Susie Jones, Charlie Lay, Elma Lay, Floid Lay, Flossie Lay, Roy Lay, Russell Lay, Archie Morrison, Dona Morrison, Ferd Morrison, Florence Morrison, Fred Morrison, James Morrison, Gordon Morrison, Lona Morrison, Nona Morrison, Freddie Petty, Ava Roberts, Lute Smith, Earl Thurman, Ollie Thurman, Amy Tomlinson, Ferd Tomlinson, Zelma Tomlinson, Charlie Wycoff, Eva Wycoff, Freddie Wycoff, Lona Wycoff

**BARNES TEACHING CONTRACT: FILLMORE, MISSOURI**

This record comes from a contract sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000.

The lister was selling a number of items relating to Blanche Barnes, beginning with her 6th grade report card in 1904 in Fillmore. A record of her attendance at Southwest Texas Normal School in 1913 and finally a teaching contract in Yuma County, Colorado, for 1919 were also among the items. Blanche would earn \$105 per month. She was to "refrain from dancing and keeping late hours during the school week."

***"THE COMMONSCHOOLS, THE HOPE OF OUR COUNTRY"***

**KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI**

WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL, Advanced Cooking class, February 21, 1919

This list was found in a newspaper article concerning a dinner for the Westport BB team. No newspaper name is available. The American Friends of the Emigrant Institute of Sweden (Moline, Ill.) has an extensive interview with Vendla Johnson in its oral history project archives.

Students: Lois Bennet, Marjorie Bough, Teresa Carry, Lena Cox, Dorothy Demaree, Helen Derrick, Helen Frederickson, Margaret Heinze, Margaret Hudson, Frances Hughs, Vendla Johnson, Leone Lemons, Helen Ludlow, Delphina Morris, Margaret Mowder, Ortense Root, Catherine Smith, Edith Snyder, Zelma Speer, Carol Taylor, Adele Ulber, Lelia Wood, Verona Zimmer

**KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI**  
**WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL,**  
**JUNE 12, 1919, CHORUS LIST**

This list was taken from a Commencement program.







Josephine Ackenhausen, Mary Frances Allen, Rudolph Anderson, Harold Anderson, Loreen Blankinship, May Brandt, Irene Doyle, Blanche Gabriel, Rena Gabrielson, Ruby Goodspeed, Irene Gregory, Stella Grosse, Louise Harford, Edith Huff, Elizabeth Johnson, Gunnard Johnson, Creed Joyce, Howard Joyner, Sophie Lederman, Thomas McMillan, Bertha Nelson, Neville Orr, Velma Rucker, Edith Snyder, Hazel Stephens, Verona Zimmer

Laina Fundis, accompanist

**PIKE COUNTY, MISSOURI (pictured on opposite page)**  
**PRAIRIE LANE SCHOOL, DISTRICT 90, 1929**

Teacher: Mary A. Wilson

Students: Opal Gramley, Doris Keller, Nelle Irene McDowell, Zelma Fern McDowell, Bobby Thompson, Fern Thompson, Lloyd Tribble, Alpha O. Wallace, Eugene P. Wallace

County Superintendent: Miss Annie Ingram

School Board: C.P. McDowell, Elmer Tribble, Frank Wallace

**MONTEVALLO, VERNON COUNTY, MISSOURI**  
**MONTEVALLO VILLAGE SCHOOL, 1916**

Principal: Alice D. Nipps; assistant: Luella Garber

Students: Ella Adams, Mabel Adams, Opal Anderson, Lyle Baker, Marie Baker, Ual Baker, Arnot Baldwin, Hazel Baldwin, Marjorie Baldwin, Mary Baldwin, Sarah Ball, Charles Bond, Dessie Bright, Willard Bright, Henrietta Bullock, Jessie Bullock, Uldrick Bullock, Velma Bullock, Harry Burkhart, Jesse Burkkart, Ben Clark, Perry Clark, Reta Clark, Bertha Closner, Crystal Collins, George Collins, Myrl Collins, Carroll Coulter, Eva Coulter, Guy

Coulter, Irene Coulter, Lucille Coulter, Richard Coulter, Billie Dark, Leatha Dark, Vernon Dark, Melba Lee Davis, Amanda Dickson, Aneta Dickson, Price Dickson, Leo Dodd, Gladys Friott, Bennie Fugate, Martha Fugate, May Fugate, Lloyd Funk, Otis Garber, Clarence Garwood, Maud Humphrey, Jewel Johnston, Charley Majors, Esther Majors, Isaac Majors, Lee Majors, Ruby Majors, Earl May, Arthur Moffat, Ellen Moffat, Fern Moffat, Forrest Moffat, Hazel Moffat, Richard Moffat, Estel Mundy, Ursa Mundy, Winnetta Neer, Inez Nichols, Emery Owens, Lois Owens, Lueseal Owens, Mildred Owens, Robert Owens, Minnie Roark, Taylor Silver, Winnie Silver, Fred Snider, Glenn Snider, Mac Snider, May Snider, Wayne Snider, Wilbur Snider, Claud Starlin, Emmitt Starlin, Hazel Starlin, Joe Starlin, Maud Starlin, Ray Stuermer, Esley Taylor

School Officers: President E.B. Anderson, Vice President J.W. Dickson, Treasurer Edmund Garber, Mrs. S.E. Closner, W.S. Kokendoffer, R.L. Mundy, J.W. Silver, Lizzie L. White





***"MID PLEASURE OR PAIN, IN WEAL OR IN WOE, 'TIS A LAW OF OUR BEING, WE REAP AS WE SOW."***

**LAKE VIEW, WILLOW TOWNSHIP, ANTELOPE COUNTY, NEBRASKA (pictured on page 297)**  
**LAKE VIEW SCHOOL, 1911**

Teacher: Hazel Grant

Students: Claude Allen, Coral Allen, Sterling Carnes, Vernon Carnes, Marie Hauptmann, Perl Hauptmann, Willie Hauptmann, Annie Henry, James Henry, Leo Henry, Lincoln Henry, Herbert Hill, Mamie Kolodziejczak, Steven Kolodziejczak, Teddy Kolodziejczak, George Lienemann, Edward Lippolt, George Lippolt, Lena Lippolt, Cecil McKnight, Earl McKnight, Marcia Miles, Edna Randall, Charlie Waters, George Zais

Director: George Randall

Moderator: August Lieneman

Treasurer: Fred Henry

**LINWOOD TOWNSHIP, BUTLER COUNTY, NEBRASKA**  
**DISTRICT 39, 1913**

Teacher: Tillie Hasik

Students: Annie Bartunek, Mollie Bartunek, James Bohaty, Joseph Bohaty, Louis Boharty, Emma Bohay, Anton Bohuslavsky, Louis Bohuslavsky, Casper Hajek, Eddie Hajek, Arnold Johannes, Emil Johannes, Emma Johannes, Carrie Novak, Emil Novak, Joseph Novak, William Novak, Agnes Rolenc, Emil Rolenc, Frances Rolenc, Joseph Rolenc, Frank Samek, Joseph Samek, Marie Samek, Idelle Townley, Paul Townley, Carrie Zima, Eddie Zima, Louis Zima, Rosa Zima

**CLIFF TOWNSHIP, CUSTER COUNTY, NEBRASKA**  
**CENTER SCHOOL, DISTRICT 195, 1903**

Teacher: Sylvia Cool

Students: Jessie Barrett, Maud Barrett, Melvin Butler, Verna Butler, Guy Fenimore, Kay Fenimore, Lee Fenimore, Opal Fenimore, Edith Harbeson, Edna Harbeson, Ernest Harbeson, Lula Harbeson, Annie Jensen, Christ Jensen, Claus Jensen, Dewey Jensen, Lena Jensen, Serena Jensen, Stella Jensen, Albert Maupin, Bessie Maupin, Clara Maupin, Emma Maupin, Curtis Shaw, Nellie Shaw, Ora Shaw, Hazel Smith, Mabel Smith, Roy Smith, Samuel Smith, Hazel Wardrobe, Lessie Wardrobe, Maggie Wardrobe, Willie Wardrobe

***GOOD INSTRUCTION IS BETTER THAN RICHES.***







**CLIFFTOWNSHIP, CUSTER COUNTY, NEBRASKA**  
CENTER SCHOOL CHRISTMAS CARD, DISTRICT 195, 1907

Teacher: Libbie Leonard

Students: Bennie Beckler, Henry Neve, John Neve, Roy Neve, Henry Schmitz, Irene Schmitz, Alfred Smidt, Bert Smidt, Clarence Smidt, Robert Smidt, Zelda Smidt, Elvie Wardrobe, Hazel Wardrobe, Lee Wardrobe, Lessie Wardrobe, Mabel Wardrobe, Robert Wardrobe, Willie Wardrobe

**MERRILL TEACHING CERTIFICATE: ALBANY, NEW HAMPSHIRE (pictured on this page)**

This record comes from a certificate sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

By virtue of her examination scores Lydia Ann Merrill was certified able to teach primary school in 1851 by the Albany superintendent. The certificate is signed by William Parsons.

**CABLE CONTRACT: BERGEN COUNTY, NEW JERSEY**

MIDLAND, 1910

This contract was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

Henry Cable was given a teacher's contract in Midland, New Jersey, on May 16, 1910. He was to receive \$650 for the year's work.

**MECHLING MERIT CARD: SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK? (pictured on the opposite page)**

This merit card was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. No location is given but the card states that it was published according to the laws of the southern district of New York, so it may have been given out there.

1862, The merit card was presented to Jennie Mechling by Jennie Groff.

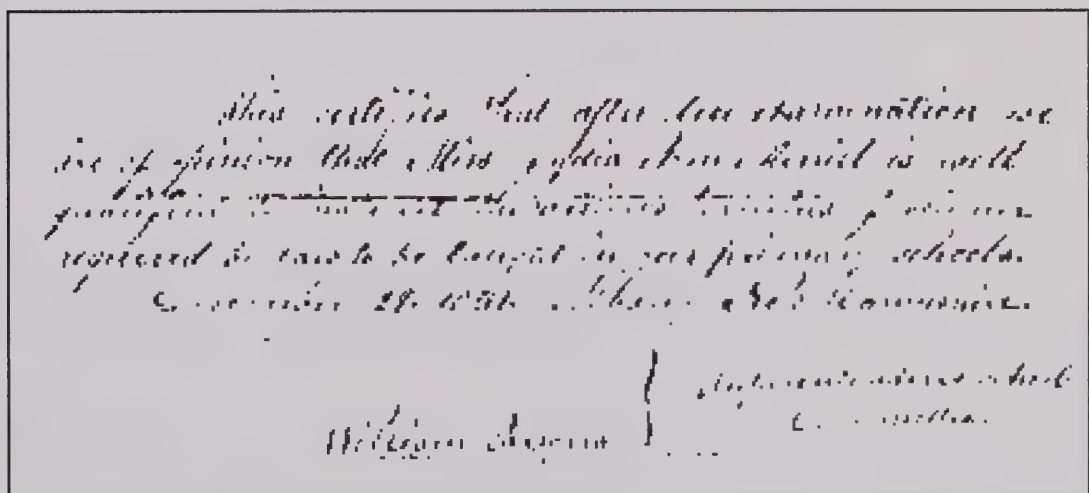
**KINGSBURY, NEW YORK**

1904

Teacher: Elizabeth G. Holmes

Students: Dallas Bancroft, Edna Bancroft, Helen Bancroft, May Boyer, Agnes Harrington, Lucy Harrington, Bernard Knowlton, Bertha Knowlton, Gailon Swanson

Trustee: John Knowlton, Clerk: David Fowler, Collector: John McNamara





**BROOKFIELD, MADISON COUNTY, NEW YORK**  
FIVE CORNERS PUB. SCHOOL, DISTRICT 15, 1905

Teacher: Iva E. Burton

Students: Hobart Baldwin, Irving A. Baldwin, Albert Davis, Stella Davis, Angie M. Langworthy, John C. Stillman, Edwin C. Whitford, Mary E. Witter

Trustee: L.A. Baldwin

Clerk: Orson Whitford

Collector: Joel J. Witter

*"THE NOBLEST LESSON TAUGHT BY LIFE TO EVERY GREAT, HEROIC SOUL WHO SEEKS TO  
CONQUER IN THE STRIFE, IS SELF-CONTROL."*

**NORTHEAST, DUTCHESS COUNTY, NEW YORK**  
MT. RIGA SCHOOL, DISTRICT 3, 1906

Teacher: Mary J. Thomas

Students: Charles Beaujou, Mabel Beaujou, Florence Boyles, Hazel Boyles, Jennie Boyles, Lilah Boyles, Howard Brown, Lois Brown, Marquerite Brown, Marion Brown, Bessie Kaye, Lilah Kaye, John Loucks, Hazel Miller, Pearl Miller, Mary Morton, James Perry, Marion Pulver, Rebecca Gold Saunders, Cora Winters, Lillie Winters, Walter Winters

Trustee: Charles B. Miller

**RUSSELL, ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY, NEW YORK**  
RUSSELL HIGH SCHOOL, DISTRICT 1; SPRING TERM, 1899

Teacher: Carrie Caswell

Students: May Briggs, Florence Burwell, Dorothy Caswell, Claud Conglin, Rollin Conglin, Malcolm Coryer, Norman Coryer, Stanley Curtice, Edgar Derby, Harris Derby, Helen Derby, Mayfred Dodds, Worth Fairbanks, Antit Hurwell, Eva Hurwell, Hazel Kelley, Willie Kelley, Carlos Law, Lena Law, Marion Law, Lillie Reed, Nettie Reed, Darey Rowe, Louise Shaw, Eugene Smith, Helen Smith, Libbie Smith, Charlie Spaulding, Earl Stewart, Ada Stone, Nina Stone, Carl Wetherell

**RUSSELL, ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY, NEW YORK**  
RUSSELL HIGH SCHOOL, DISTRICT ONE, SPRING TERM 1899

Teacher: Carrie Caswell

Students: May Briggs, Anlil Burwell, Eva Burwell, Florence Burwell, Dorothy Caswell, Claud Conglin, Rollin Conglin, Malcolm Coryer, Norman Coryer, Stanley Curtice, Edgar Derby, Harris Derby, Helen Derby, Mayfred Dodds, Worth Fairbanks, Hazel Kelly, Willie Kelly, Carlos Law, Lena Law, Marion Law, Lillie Reed, Nethe Reed, Davey Rowe, Louise Shaw, Eugene Smith, Helen Smith, Lillie Smith, Charlie Spaulding, Earl Stewart, Ada Stone, Nina Stone, Carl Wetherell.

**FREMONT TOWNSHIP, STEUBEN COUNTY, NEW YORK**  
DUTCH STREET SCHOOL, 1896

Teacher: Austin Evans

Students: Albert Canute (present 143 days; absent 6), Clare Conderman, Floyd Conderman, Lisle Conderman, Roy Conderman, Maggie Gesner, Scott Gesner, Charlie Gottschall, George Gottschall, Archie Helmer, Harry King, Flora Myers, Ray Myers, Inez Nipher, John Nipher, Charlie Quick, Maude Razcy, Chester Wise

Trustee: Melvin Nipher

Commissioner: Charles Marlatt





**PUSHETA TOWNSHIP, AUGLAIZE COUNTY, OHIO**  
**PETERSBURG SCHOOL, 1906**

Teacher: Katherine Seifert

Students: Grade 1

Marion Manger, Elizabeth Nuss, Richard Schneider, Philomena Strominger

Grade 2

John Hut, Ida Koenig, Henry Manger, Lauretta Nuss

Grade 3

Theodore Hut, Alexander Koenig, Emma Schneider, Margaret Schneider, Ida Strominger, Katie Strominger

Grade 5

William Koenig, Anna Strominger

Grade 7

Albert Koenig

Grade 8

Ferdinand Hemmert, Rosa Strominger, Theodor Strominger

***"KNOW THEN THIS TRUTH (ENOUGH FOR MAN TO KNOW) VIRTUE ALONE IS HAPPINESS  
BELOW."***



**BELMONT COUNTY, OHIO**

**CHESTNUT RIDGE SCHOOL, WINTER TERM 1890-1891**

Teacher: J.H. Robertson

Students: Angie Baum, Eddie Baum, Nancy Baum, Edward Bourquin, Joseph Bourquin, Louis Bouquin, Elmer E. Delap, John S. Delap, L.L. Delap, W.W. Delap, Benjamin F. English, Newton English, Cora Harmon, Martha Harmon, Henry Hossler, Lizzie Hossler, Mima Hossler, Nellie Hossler, Edward M. Hershey, J. Garfield Hershey, J.W. Hershey, Lucy Hershey, Harvey Himes, Lau Hartenstein, two other Hartenstein children, Frank Kinney, M. Kinney, another Kinney child, Banny Kitzmiller, Flora Kitzmiller, Harry Kitzmiller, Ida Kitzmiller, Osee Kitzmiller, George Laymiller, Samuel Laymiller, H.H. Miller, Rena Miller, Cinda Meiser, Thomas Meiser, Chloe Mottice, Ira Mottice, Irving Mottice, Cenora Sponseller, Katie Sponseller, Lulu Sponseller, Emma Schneider, Jennie Schlemmer, Clark Snyder, Lucy Snyder, Henry Sluss, Ada Yohe, Effie A. Yohe, Art. Zellars, and 3 other children whose names are unreadable.

Directors: Julius Bourquin, Wm.H. Snyder, Henry Sponseller

**ELGIN, OHIO (pictured on this page)**

**CLASS 3, U.B. SUNDAY SCHOOL, CHRISTMAS, 1916**

Teacher: H.M Zimmerman

Students: Willard Alspaugh, Harry Boroff, Vernon Clark, Benjamin Coil, John Coil, Neasley Colvin, Charles Davis, Howard Davis, Clarence Dotson, Harry Dotson, 299









Laura Mae Baker's report card for the year 1926-1927 was inside this school souvenir. At that time Laura was 54 inches tall and weighed 57 pounds. She was absent 10 days during the school year and got good grades. Her father was David Baker.

## WINTER TERM

1888

Mary Boorn	Sheridan Hosmer
Flora Boorn	Perry Lee Hosmer
Bian Gates	Calvin Johnson
Burr Gates	Guy Joiner
George Gates	Calvin Ketchum
Charley Hawthorn	Edward Ketchum
Donna Hawthorn	Charley Knapp
Eva Joiner	Eddie Kelley
Guy Joiner	Sheridan Long
Calvin Ketchum	Earl Morse
Edward Ketchum	Sherman Morse
Charley Knapp	Elwood Mills
Eddie Kelley	Fred Starkey
Sheridan Long	Willie Shedd
Earl Morse	Ernest Wright
Sherman Morse	
Elwood Mills	
Fred Starkey	
Willie Shedd	
Ernest Wright	

CLARIDONTOWNSHIP, GEAUGA COUNTY, OHIO  
(pictured on this page)

SPENCER SCHOOL DISTRICT, 1918

Teacher: Mary Morgret

Students: Carolyn Baptie, Lester Baptie, Charlene Bateman, Lee Clemson, Lillian Clemson, Charlie Drake, Mary Drake,

Emmeline Haueter, Georgie Haueter, Marguerite Haueter, Russell Haueter, Eleanore Johnson, Gladys Johnson, Charlotte Newberry, Ben Simms, Ellen Spencer, Elnora Spencer, Frank Spencer, Ruth Spencer, Eugene Sylvester, Jean Sylvester

School officers: Albert Clemson, Ed. Newberry, Tracy Spencer

GEAUGA COUNTY, OHIO (pictured on this page)  
WINTER TERM, 1883



Students: Charlie Bogue, Ernest Boorn, Flora Boorn, Myrta Boorn, Philip Davis, Bian Gates, Burr Gates, Florence Gates, George Gates, Charley Hawthorn, Donna Hawthorn, Perry Lee Hosmer, Sylvester Hosmer, Carley Johnson, Dora Johnson, Eva Joiner, Guy Joiner, Calvin Ketchum, Edward Ketchum, Charley Knapp, Eddie Kelley, Sheridan Long, Clara Lovelock, Earl Morse, Sherman Morse, Elwood Mills, Fred Starkey, Willie Shedd, Carrie Stratton, Ernest Wright

UNION TOWNSHIP, MERCER COUNTY, OHIO  
GROSS SCHOOL, SEPTEMBER 4, 1904-  
APRIL 21, 1905

Teacher: S.A. Price (pictured on the next page)

Students: Nora Dilbone, Ray Dilbone, Lawrence Duff, Raul Duff, Austin Emans, Effie Emans, Eva Emans, Ida Emans, Walter Emans, Zoie Emans, Gail Fryer, Clyde Goodwin, Emmet Goodwin, Gettys Goodwin, Ira Goodwin, John Goodwin, Nola Goodwin, Robert Goodwin, Dale Hickernell, Dewey Hickernell, Russell Hickernell, Ruth Hickernell, Darlene Kennedy, Ethel Kennedy, Mildred Kennedy, Ray Kennedy, Harry Miller, Mary Miller,



Wesley Miller, Cora Nickols, Frank Nickols, Mary Nickols, Laura Patrick, Gailard Protsman, Hurley Protsman, Earl Rhodes, Ila Ross, Ruby Ross, Sessle Ross, Edna Severns, Grace Snyder, Gail Tomlinson, Olga Tomlinson, Willie Tomlinson, Asa Walcutt, Ora Walcutt

School Officers: Chas. Fryer, Jno. Goodwin  
Teacher S. A. Price is pictured to the right.

***"WISDOM IS THE OLIVE THAT SPRINGETH FROM THE  
HEART, BLOOMETH ON THE TONGUE, AND BEARETH  
FRUIT IN THE ACTIONS."***

**UNION TOWNSHIP, MERCER COUNTY, OHIO (pictured to the right)**

**GROSS SCHOOL, DISTRICT 10, DATE UNLISTED (but many names that appear in the 1904 souvenir are present here)**



Teacher: Merle Roller

Students: Dwight Baltzell, Genevieve Baltzell, Kenneth Baltzell, Hazel Bayman, Merle Dowty, Aussie Emans, Mary Emans, Walter Emans, Zoa Emans, Maurice Freyer, Ira Goodwin, James Goodwin, John Goodwin, Robert Goodwin, Russell Goodwin, Dewey Hickernell, Dick Hickernell, Hays Hickernell, Alice Leonard, Fay Leonard, Harvey Leonard, Mary Miller, Wesley Miller, Amy Nichols, Frank Nichols, Wilbur Nichols, Lynn Quilling, Ellery Raach, Earl Rhodes, Edith Rhodes, Elery Rice, Russell Rice, Lessle Ross, Mary Ross, Ruby Ross, Leroy Selanders, Vaudry Selanders, Grace Snyder, Hazel Snyder, Ira Snyder, Cale Tomlinson, Gertie Tomlinson, Ora Tomlinson

Superintendent: J.L. Clifton

School board: Walter Barber, F.F. Fryer, George Kinkley, W.B. Nichols, A. Preshe

**MIFFLINTOWNSHIP, OHIO**

**CENTER HALL SCHOOL, 1899**

Teacher: C.R. McMeeken

Students: Elmer Au, Harry Au, Pearlie Au, Ralph Hannan, Gracie Hazen, Mary Hazen, Alice Hoover, Clayton Hoover, George Hoover, Ira Hoover, Israel Hoover, Jemima Hoover, Jennie Hoover, Rhea Hout, Trent Hout, Wayne Hout, Chester McBride, Curtis McBride, Grace McBride, Mary McBride, Thomas McBride, Arthur McNaul, Charles McNaul, Ed McNaul, Maggie McNaul, Mary McNaul, Willard McNaul, Hazel Sleek, Charles Smith, Orphas Stober, Jacob Zook, Prudence Zook



***KINDNESS IS THE NOBLEST WEAPON TO CONQUER WITH.***





**SHELBY COUNTY, OHIO**  
**WEST JEFFERSON SCHOOL, 1900**

Teacher: G.M. Galley

Students: James Boyle, Bertha Chaney, Edith Chaney, Estella Childress, Maggie Chaney, Samuel Chaney, Ida Cox, Mary Cox, Mary Delaer, William Delaer, Rachel Fletcher, Chester Ginn, Clyde Ginn, Pearl Ginn, Amanda Hollopeter, James Hollopeter, Josie Hollopeter, Leone Hollopeter, Maggie Hollopeter, May Hollopeter, Telle Hollopeter, Charles Hughes, May Hughes, Charles Jennings, Lee Johnston, James Klase, Joseph Klase, Bertha Marshall, Fay Marshall, George Marshall, Sarah Owen, Theo. Owen, Callie Simons, Cora Slagle, Bessie Snow, Charles Thompson, Inex Willhouse

Directors: Dr. William Gaines, A.H. Ginn, John Snow

**DISMORE TOWNSHIP, SHELBY CO., OHIO (pictured to the left)**

**TWIN OAK SCHOOL, DISTRICT 9, 1908**



Teacher: Alphonso Beery

Students: Clarence Bertsch, Wilbur Bertsch, Donna Boyer, Marie Cowan, Alonzo Fogt, Anna Fogt, Bonnie Fogt, Clara Fogt, Clifford Fogt, Eva Fogt, Hilda Fogt, Leslie Fogt, Melvin Fogt, Mildred Fogt, Rhina Fogt, Wilbur Fogt, Bessie Heiland, Ethel Heiland, Luella Heiland, John Heisler, Norman Heisler, Alma May, Alpha May, Addison Richardson, Blanche Richardson, Harry Richardson, Leonard Richardson, Helen Robison, Elva Schiff, Ida Schiff, Jessie Schiff, Fred Stangel, Luella Warner

School board: Clerk F.G. Gutman, President H.W. Dill, George Kempfer, H.P. Kempfer, Jacob Roeser

***"RISE UP PROUD EAGLE RISE UP TO  
 THE CLOUDS, SPREAD THY BROAD  
 WINGS O'ER THIS FAIR WESTERN  
 WORLD; FLING FROM THY BEAK OUR  
 DEAR BANNER OF OLD, SHOW THAT IT  
 IS STILL FOR FREEDOM UNFURLED."***

**JENNINGS TOWNSHIP, VAN WERT  
 COUNTY, OHIO**  
**CONVERS PUBLIC SCHOOL, DISTRICT 3, 1911**

Teacher: Joseph O. Burnett

Students: Anna Burnett, Edna Burnett, Floyd Burnett, Freddie Burnett, Harold Burnett, Lois Burnett, Marcus H. Burnett, William R. Burnett, John Fissel, Josie Fissel, Louis Fissel, Emma Gilbert, Ethel Gilbert, Jessie Gilbert, Lucile Golliff, Corletta Hance, Oliver Hance, Hester Mark, Hobart Mark, Emery Price, Naomi Price, Foster Priddy, Beal Purdy, Jesse Purdy, Opel Purdy, Lois Wolfe, William Wolfe, Ivy Wright

School board: George Becker, Jno. H. Hagerman, Jos. Mueller, Jas. Sherer, J.W. Weaver  
 Professor J.H. Jones, music director



**JENNINGSTOWNSHIP, VANWERT COUNTY,  
OHIO (pictured to the right)**  
CONVERS PUBLIC SCHOOL, SUB-DISTRICT 3,  
1913

Teacher: Edna L. Mark

Students: Anna Burnett, Edith Burnett, Edna Burnett, Floyd Burnett, Freda Burnett, Harold Burnett, Lois Burnett, Marcus Burnett, John Fissel, Josie Fissel, Lois Fissel, Emma Gilbert, Jessie Gilbert, Lucille Golliff, Coraletta Hance, Oliver Hance, Hester Mark, Hobart Mark, Emery Price, Melvin Price, Naoma Price, Beale Purdy, Jesse Purdy, Kenneth Purdy, Opal Purdy, Carl Stallter, Velma Stallter, Mae Whyman, Lois Wolfe, William Wolfe, Ivy Wright

**LEARNING PASSES FOR WISDOM FOR  
THOSE WHO WANT BOTH**

**DECATUR TOWNSHIP, WASHINGTON  
COUNTY, OHIO**  
MT. LIBERTY SCHOOL, DISTRICT 11, 1909

Teacher: H.L. Fry

Students: Alice Jarvis, Emma Jarvis, Francis Jarvis, Kyle Jarvis, Orlo Jarvis, Pearl Jarvis, Gladys Lucas, Philadelphia Lucas, Campay Metcalf, Donald Metcalf, Millie Metcalf, Alice Taylor, Benjamin Taylor, Linnie Taylor, Pearly Taylor, Ralph Taylor, Winnie Taylor, Ethel Weaver

School board: Donau Blair, Frank Fish, James Rowan, John Welch Jr., John Wier  
Director: Ralph Taylor

**CHESTERTOWNSHIP, WAYNE CO., OHIO  
(pictured to the right)**  
OAK GROVE SCHOOL, DISTRICT 5, 1912

Teacher: C.A. Eckert

Students: Grace Boreman, Guy Boreman, Lena Boreman, Mable Boreman, Oda Boreman, Orlan Boreman, Talmadge Boreman, Camilla Bower, Harvey Bower, Opal Bower, Orlan Bower, Bertha Buchholz, Clara Buchholz, Francis Buchholz, Irene Buchholz, Mary Buchholz, Dyle Ebert, Harold Ebert, Thelma Ettinger, Dempsey Grable, Mary Grable, Orlan Grable, Helen Ickes, John Ickes, Mary Ickes, Olive Ickes, Alice Imhoff, Anna Imhoff, Benjamin Imhoff, Emma Imhoff, Frank Imhoff, Harry Imhoff, Harvey Imhoff, Mary Imhoff, Elmer Martin, Alfred Mason, Ethel Muir, Grace Rutt, Ellen Seib, Ethel Seib, Edith Smith, Edna Smith, John Swinehart







President: I.W. Henderson; Director: A.M. Boreman  
School officers: P.C. Firestone, \_\_ Kesler, C.A. Ogden, Charles Rutt

***"BOOKS, SCHOOLS, EDUCATION ARE THE SCAFFOLDING BY MEANS OF WHICH GOD BUILDS  
UP THE HUMAN SOUL."***

**CANADIAN COUNTY, OKLAHOMA**  
**EUREKA SCHOOL, PRAIRIE TOWNSHIP, DISTRICT 95, 1916**

Teacher: Naomi E. Lanman



Students: Lena Barth, Charley Birlew, Robert Birlew, Elbert Dodson, Thelma Dodson, Claud Essary, Moss Essary, Robert Essary, Archie Ham, Gladys Heitzman, Opal Heitzman, Raleigh Heitzman, Ralph Heitzman, Hubert Henderson, Marie Henderson, Roy Henderson, Alice Hofmann, Clay Jackson, Arva Lorenzen, Ralph Mittendorf, Bessie Potter, Dona Bell Potter, Emma Von Tungeln, Edna Williams  
School board: Director G.G. Chiles, Secretary John Hofmann, Jr. Leader W. Mittendorf

**GRANT COUNTY, OKLAHOMA**  
**TOWNSHIP 25, SCHOOL DISTRICT 119, 1911**

Teacher: Hettie Burlison

Students: Claude Brown, Gertrude Brown, Lester Duvall, Willa Duvall, Joe Mastny, Edgar Meece, Homer Meece, Nora Meece, Roy Meece, Thelma Meece, Jennie Petr, John Petr, Josie Petr, Mary Petr, Davie Rose, Adrain Stockwell, Arminis Stockwell, Charlie Stockwell, Gertrude Stockwell, Goldie Stockwell, Klice Stockwell, Mary Stockwell, Theao Stockwell, Gertrude Winfield, Lee Winfield, Veda Winfield

Treas. J.T. Brown, Clk. J.T. Meece, Dir. P.V. Duvall

**LOVE COUNTY, OKLAHOMA (pictured above)**  
**MARIETTA PUBLIC SCHOOL, DISTRICT 20, 1908**

Teacher: Annie Pearson

Students: first grade

Lily Anglin, Cleta Glazener, Winnie London, Ruby Moore, Ruby Sallee, Myra True

Students: second grade

Velma Autry, Audra Keel, Kaloolah Parker, Bessie Powell

Students: third grade

Addie Bassett, Aria Burch, Stella Greenman, Joannah Rice, Ora Sherwin

Students: fourth grade

Claudine Jordan, Ruby Johnson, Willie Lofton, Mable Monroe, Myrtle Monroe, Grace Scarborough

Students: fifth grade

Rual Askew, Jesse Bevers, Leroy Hagan, Wesley Hays, Guss Jordan, Carl Kisselburg, Fay Thomas

Students: sixth grade

Homa Brooks, Orval Forbis, Wimberly Hays, Lowell Marten, Robert Philips, Harry Wilborn

Students: seventh grade

Ralph King, Josephine Nance, Willie Pendleton

School board: L.F. Butler, F.B. Conrad, W.L. Hagan



***"LET FATE DO HER WORST, THERE ARE MOMENTS OF JOY, BRIGHT DREAMS OF THE PAST,  
WHICH SHE CANNOT DESTROY; WHICH COME IN THE NIGHT TIME OF SORROW AND CARE,  
AND BRING BACK THE FEATURES THAT JOY USED TO WEAR."***

**PATTON TOWNSHIP, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA  
PLEASANT HILL SCHOOL, 1898**

Teacher: J.W. Blair

Students: Frank Auman, C.M. Ella Bodle, Harry T. Crust, J. Earl Crust, Jay E. Crust, Roy R. Crust, Walter R. Crust, Anna S. Decker, John M. Fanning, Stella M. Gross, Alvin E. Kline, C. Howard Kline, J. Frank Kline, Eva A. Marshall, Mabel Marshall, Blanche E. Musser, Maud A. Musser, Willie E. Musser, Alie M. Potter, Bessie E. Potter, George F. Potter, Grace Sellers, Bertha Tressler, Burance B. Yarnel, Charles C. Yarnel, Grace E. Yarnel, Ruth A. Yarnel, W. Isaac Yarnel

President William Glenn, Secretary H.D. Lee, Treasurer George F. Stevenson, County Superintendent C.L. Gramley

School Board: D.W. Geiss, E.J. Neff, Mesh. Williams

**SUGARLOAF TOWNSHIP, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA  
COLESCREEK TOWNSHIP, 1911**

Teacher: S. Lulu Giberson

Students: Mary Cole, Reta Cole, Loreen Getz, Maud Getz, Dewey Hartman, Joseph Hartman, Margaret Hartman, Doretha Hess, Elizabeth Hess, Maud Hess, Zoa Hess, Charles Kearhuff, Hartley Kearhuff, Alison Kemely, Harley Kemely, William Kemely, Elmer Laubauch, Ralph Laubauch, Robert Lewis, Myron Savidge, Margaret Snavely, Myra Snavely, Ruth Snavely, Verna Snavely, Ethel Travelpiece

***ACQUIRE NOT ONLY LEARNING,  
BUT THE HABIT OF LEARNING.***

**FAIRFIELD TWP., CRAWFORD CO.  
PENNSYLVANIA  
SMOCK SCHOOL, 1911**

Teacher: W.A. Graham

Students: Frances Chapin, Lawrence Crawford, Mary Crawford, Hazel Dunn, Arthur Gilmore, Evalyn Grove, Mary Grove, Frank Peterson, Leslie Peterson, Minnie Peterson, Frances Wright.

**DECKARDS, CRAWFORD COUNTY,  
PENNSYLVANIA (pictured to the  
right)**

WAYNE HIGH SCHOOL, 1912

Teacher: Gerald D. Decker

Students: Hazel Allen, Clyde Armburger, Andrew Bean, John Bean, Mabel Bean, Gladys Harry, Gilbert Heath, Glenn Hoffman, Ada Hollabaugh, Savilla Hollabaugh, Mabelle McCracken, Maude McCracken, Earl McDaniel, Ellen McDaniel, Rubie McDaniel, Henry Shoey, Edson Stoyer, Arvilla Yarnell







**CONNEAUT TOWNSHIP, CRAWFORD COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA (pictured below)**  
**VALLEY SCHOOL 9, 1912**

Teacher: Chas. S.S. Dorchester

Students: Albert Harvey, age 11; Ruth Manning, age 11; James Rhoades, age 10; Letha Rhoades, age 12; Lohman Rhoades, age 14; Hazel Snyder, age 14; Beatrice Stanton, age 11; George Stanton, age 7; Henry Stanton, age 9; Clara Terry, age 7; Fay Terry, age 13; Fred Terry, age 16; Archie Warren, age 6; Dorothy Warren, age 7; Herald Warren, age 16; Irene Warren, age 12

**GREENWOOD TOWNSHIP, CRAWFORD COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA**  
**SLAVEN SCHOOL, DISTRICT 9, 1913**

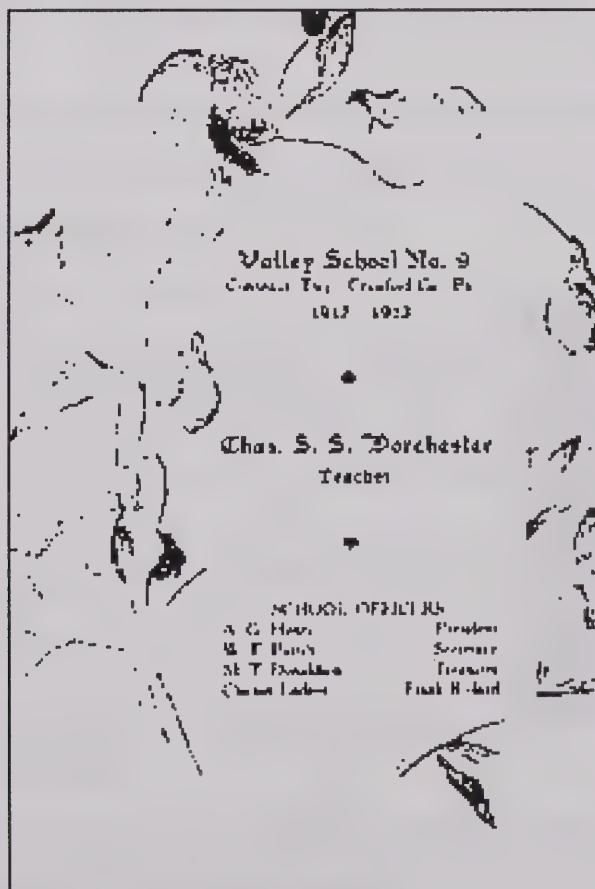
Teacher: Frank E. Williams

Students: Adra Addis, George Addis, Wilbur Addis, Ronald Burchfield, Victor Burchfield, Wallace Keeley, Helen Mumford, Marjorie Mumford, Ruda Mumford, Luella Peterson, Pearl Peterson, Mabel Rath, Harold Seeley, Arvilla Williams, Gladys Williams, Ray Williams, Sadie Williams

School Board: President George H. Williams, Secretary Alex Hamilton, Treasurer Reed Mellers(?), Walter Armour, H.L. Klingensmith.

*"LIFE IS A SCHOOL OF EDUCATION, EACH DAY BRINGS A NEW RECITATION; DEATH ENDS WITH A LONG VACATION, THEN COMES THE HARD EXAMINATION."*

**SOUTH WHITEHALL TOWNSHIP, LEHIGH COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA**  
**KNAPPENBERGER SCHOOL, WINTER TERM 1898**



Teacher: John J. Heilman

Students: Annie Acker, Beulah Acker, Stella Acker, Katie Diehl, John Guth, Claude Hartzell, Eddie Hartzell, Elmer Hartzell, Mabel Hartzell, Robert Hartzell, Sarah Hartzell, Stella Hartzell, Thomas Hartzell, Winnie Hartzell, Lizzie Hoffman, Raymond Hopkins, Katie Kline, Alma Lichtenwalter, Annie Lichtenwalter, Edwin Lichtenwalter, James Lichtenwalter, Laura Lichtenwalter, Lewis Lichtenwalter, Oscar Lichtenwalter, Annie Litzenberger, John Litzenberger, Milton Litzenberger, Seth Litzenberger, Raymond Miler, Eva Mill, Bertha Miller, Charles Miller, Elsie Miller, Eugene Miller, Freddie Miller, Lizzie Miller, Minnie Miller, Morgan Miller, Ida Peters, Edgar Reichard, Mamie Reichard, Stella Reichard, Charles Reichenderfer, Eddie Reichenderfer, George Reichenderfer, Mary Reichenderfer, Minnie Reichenderfer, Mary Reiser, Minerva Reiser, Florence Snyder, Wilson Sterner, Florence Wilt



**HAMILTON TOWNSHIP, MONROE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA**  
SNYDERSVILLE SCHOOL, DISTRICT 13; JUNE 1908

Teacher: M. Luther Lobach

Students:

Primary division:

Grace Adams, Harry Adams, Charlie Baltz, Mary Baltz, Charlie Frantz, Samuel Frantz, Susan Hagerman, Bee Mae Harps, Paul Houck, Louisa Phillips, Mary Reaser, Tommy Reaser, George Smith, Mary Smith, Jennie Wolbert

Intermediate division:

Jennie Bierman, Mabel Frantz, Carrie Hagerman, Harry Hagerman, Florence Harps, Earnest Reaser, Robert Reaser

Advanced division:

Flossie Adams, Lulu Baltz, Mary Hagerman, Amzi Raish, Irene Raish, Walter Reaser

School board: President Edwin Rinker, Secretary Horace Fetherman, Treasurer Frank Baltz

Superintendent: Frank Kochler

**ROSS TOWNSHIP, MONROE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA**  
MEIXSELL'S SCHOOL, DISTRICT 3, 1911

Teacher: Robert E. Correll

Students: Clayton Burger, Ellen Burger, Joseph Fritz, Nora Fritz, Ruth Goranflo, Ruby Goranflo, William Goranflo, Ezra Hawk, Catharine Howell, Roy Howell, Lottie Kleintop, Luther Kleintop, Sterling Kleintop, Luther Koehler, Elwood Meixsell, Emma M. Meixsell, Eugene Meixsell, May Meixsell, Peter Meixsell, Raymond Meixsell, Rosie Meixsell, Russell Meixsell, Thomas Meixsell, William Meixsell, Earl Neal, Nettie Schoch, Stanley Schoch, Stanley Schoch, Susie Schoch, Annie Smith, Beatrice Smith, George Smith, Mary Smith, Sula M. Snyder, Frank Wagner.

School Officers: Jacob Alternose, Alfred Bender, Jacob Bender, J.H. Lessig, Isaiah Mackes

*"OF ALL THE MEMORIES OF THE PAST, SCHOOL MEMORIES ARE THE ONES THAT LAST."*

**OAKLAND TOWNSHIP, PENNSYLVANIA**  
OAKLAND TP. H.S., 1903

Teacher: J.F. Lawrence (pictured to the right)

Students: eighth grade

Matie Arthurs, Mae Baum, Gertrude Beightol, Florence Cramer, Lettie Horn, John Kean, Clifford Neely, Fred Neely, Mabel Neely, Sadie Neely, Clara Thomas, John Weaver, Savilla Weber, Ethel Weikel

Students: junior class

Leroy Ault, Edwin Hill, Frank Mark, Ralph Mitchel, Maggie Runninger, Willis Shaffer, Burt Weikel

Students: senior class

Clarence Dyson, Eugene Homan, James McCleary, Mabel St. Clair, Wilber Schaffer, Enona Weber

Students: post graduates

Fred Homan, Mark Weber

Directors:

President Samuel Prichard, Secy C.J. Weber, John Cauvel, Michael Farr, Gabriel Prichard, James Spangler

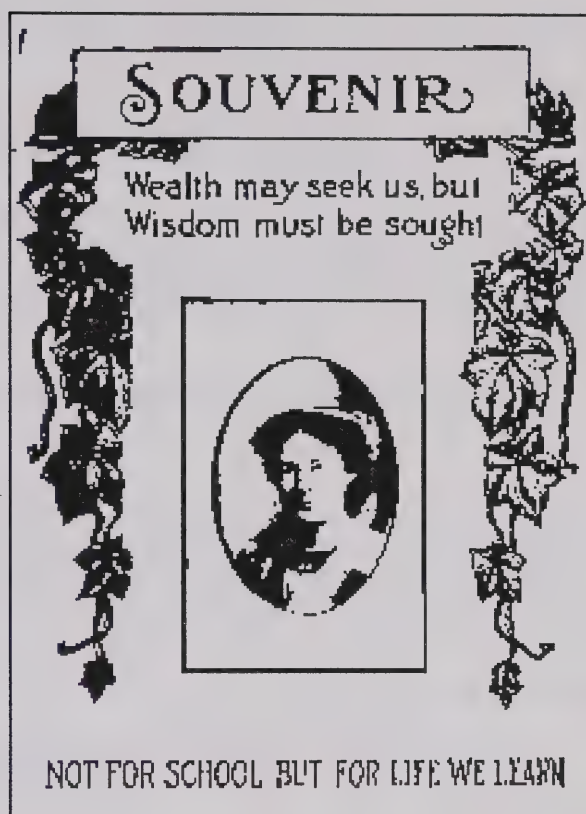


**JACKSON TOWNSHIP, TIOGA COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA (pictured on the next page, top)**

There is no year given, but many of the same names which appear in the 1910 souvenir can be found in this booklet as well, so it must relate to a school year around 1910.







Teacher: Ethel E. Wilson

Students: Beatrice Andrews, Chester Andrews, Elmer Andrews, Herbert Andrews, Howard Andrews, Ormand Andrews, Frank Belknap, Fred Belknap, Jennie Berry, Martin Dickinson, Willie Dickinson, Herman Fish, Leah Fish, Woodford Fish, Jacob Kinner, Agnes Miller, Earl Miller, Harold Miller, Richmond Murdaugh, Earl Seymour, Albert Trowbridge, Frances Updyke, Valeda Updyke

County Supt.: E.A. Retan

School Board: President W.G. Updyke, Secretary T.J. Parsons, Winnie Deming, N.E. Holton, T.M. Woodhouse

**WEALTH MAY SEEK US— BUT  
WISDOM MUST BE SOUGHT**

**JACKSON TOWNSHIP, TIOGA COUNTY,  
PENNSYLVANIA (pictured to the left,  
bottom of page)**  
TROWBRIDGE SCHOOL, APRIL 8, 1910

Teacher: A.F. Johnson

Students: Beatrice Andrews, Carrie Andrews, Chester Andrews, Claude Andrews, Delean Andrews, Howard Andrews, Ormond Andrews, Frank Belknap, Fred Belknap, Leon Belknap, Lois Belknap, Jenny Berry, Andrew Dickinson, Martha Dickinson, Will Dickinson, Berniece Fish, Leah Fish, Rebecca Fish, Woodford Fish, Raymond Goodwin, Harry Huriburt (?), Agnes Miller, Harold Miller, Helen Murdaugh, Jenny Seely, May Seely, John Shields, Albert Trowbridge, George Trowbridge, Minerva Trowbridge, Sarah Trowbridge, Ernest White, Florence White, Irvin White

County superintendent: W.R. Longstreet

**FRENCH CREEK TWP., VENANGO  
COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA**  
CENTER PUBLIC SCHOOL, NUMBER 1,  
1903

Teacher: W.N. Snyder

Students: Frank Brown, Nettie Dutbeld ?, Curtis Gilliland, Floyd Gilliland, Donald Gilliland, Francis Gilliland, Orem Gilliland, Susie Gilliland, Thomas Gilliland, Ada Gould, Alice Gould, Bertha Harlett, Chauncey Harlett, Ethel Harlett, Nellie Harlett, Charley Ohler, Frank Phelps, Nathan Phelps, Maud Wagner, Bessie Williams, Mary Wise





County superintendent: Professor B.V. Riddle

Board of directors: President L.V. Perrin, Secretary J.L. McKinley, Treasurer Jno. Cummings, W.J. Hunt, J.A. Patterson

**POYNTELLE, WAYNE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA**  
COLUMBIAN SCHOOL, AUGUST 4, 1902-MARCH 6, 1903

Teacher: Ethel H. DaVall (pictured to the right)

Students: Milton Davis, Herbert Decker, John Decker, Linda M. Decker, Mary Ellen Decker, Duette Felton, Miles Pennay, Raymond Pennay

Officers: President Charles J. Gelatt; Secretary W.H. DaVall, Jr.; Treasurer H.s. Whitney; Director W.H. DaVall Jr.



**WINDHAM TOWNSHIP, WYOMING COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA**  
DISTRICT 7, 1897

Teacher: Dinah A. Sharpe

Students: Clare Adams, Ellen Byrne, Patrick Carroll, Francis Collins, Josephine Collins, Vincent Collins, Berndetta Corcoran, Marcella Corcoran, Michael Corcoran, Nellie Corcoran, Josephine Collins, Lizzie Hope, Mahala Hope, Peter Hope, Samuel Hope, William Hope, Celia Kilduff, Harry Kilduff, Richard Kilduff, Ella Marra, James Marra, John Marra, Mary Marra, Michael Marra, Patrick Marra, William Marra, Nellie Molloy, Patrick Molloy, Gertrude Myers, Bertha Sharpe

*LIVE TO LEARN AND YOU WILL LEARN TO LIVE.*

**WINDHAM TOWNSHIP, WYOMING COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA**  
SHARP SCHOOL, DISTRICT 7, 1901

Teacher: Mary Martin

Students: James Brennan, Francis Collins, Berndetta Corcoran, Michael Corcoran, Nellie Corcoran, Marcella Corcoran, Peter Corcoran, Agnes Hope, Lizzie Hope, Mahala Hope, Peter Hope, Samuel Hope, Willie Hope, Clara Kinsley, Dominic Kinsley, Ellen Kinsley, Peter Kinsley, Veronica Kinsley, Charles Malloy, Patrick Malloy, Peter Malloy, Annie Marra, James Marra, John Marra, Mary Marra, Willie Marra, and another Marra, initial M. (might be Meggie)







**WINDHAM TOWNSHIP, WYOMING COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA**  
**SHARPETOWN PUBLIC SCHOOL, NO. 7, 1902? 1904?**

Teacher: George A. Robinson

Students: Arthur Adams, John Carroll, Katharine Carroll, Lawrence Carroll, Berndetta Corcoran, Eden Corcoran, Peter Corcoran, Richard Corcoran, William Corcoran, Augustus Malloy, Charles Malloy, James Malloy, Majorie Mallory, Patrick Malloy, Peter Mallory, Charles O'Connor, Anna O'Mara, Loretta O'Mara, Margaret O'Mara, Ned? O'Mara,

**HEIDELBERG TOWNSHIP, YORK COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA (pictured on the opposite page and below)**  
**HOHF'S SCHOOL, 1896**

Teacher: Curtis a. Brillhart

Students: Jennie Becker, John Becker, Paul Becker, Percy Becker, Millard Berkheimer, Minnie Berkheimer, Viola Berkheimer, William Berkheimer, Charles Bollinger, Lyda Bollinger, Charles Deamer, Eva Deamer, Leah Deamer, Rosie Deamer, Ammon Dubbs, Estie Dubbs, Gertie Dubbs, Loyd Dubbs, Herman Garrett, Horatio Garrett, Alta Hamm, Carlton Hamm, Claude Hamm, Clayton Hamm, Emma Hamm, Lyda Hamm, Minnie Hamm, Estie Hetrick, Abraham Hohf, Ella Hohf, Anna Lightner, Clinton Lightner, William Lightner, Alta Luckenbaugh, Claude Luckenbaugh, Phares Luckenbaugh, Elsie Meyers, Emery Meyers, George Meyers, Claude Mummert, Jacob

Mummert, Paul Nace, Sadie Nace, Samuel Pressel, Bessie Rebert, Jonas Rebert, Paul Rebert, George Snyder, Lizzie Stambaugh, Mamie Stouffer, Gertie Stump, Anna Teel, Amy Trone, Curtis Trone, Curvin Trone, Daisy Trone, Ezra Trone, John Trone, Minerva Trone, Percy Trone, Ray Trone, Stanley Trone, Edward Werner, Emma Werner, Edna Wildasin, Emily Wildasin, Harry Wildasin, Mabel Wildasin, Claude Zartman, Melvin Zartman

Directors: Alexander Becker, Frank Heistand, Jacob Luckenbaugh, John Rebert, S.K. Stouffer, William H. Stouffer  
 County Supt.: D.H. Gardner

This souvenir was given to John Trone who was present 113 days of school and absent 7 days.

**"KNOWLEDGE, IN TRUTH, IS  
 THE GREAT SUN IN THE  
 FIRMAMENT"**

<p align="center"><b>1896 &lt; 1897</b></p> <p align="center"><b>HOHF'S SCHOOL</b></p> <p align="center"><i>"Let not these passing days be passed              &amp; little dreamers all they had dreamt,              How standing were the hours."</i></p> <p align="center"><b>NAME</b> <i>John Trone</i></p> <p align="center"><b>DAYS PRESENT</b> <i>113</i> <b>DAYS ABSENT</b> <i>7</i></p> <p align="center"><b>HOHF'S SCHOOL</b></p> <p align="center">Heidelberg Township, York Co., Pa.</p>					
<p align="center">+ Pupils +</p> <table border="0"> <tr> <td>                 Curvin Trone                  Percy Trone                  William Lightner                  Charles Bollinger                  Charles Deamer                  Roy Trone                  Phares Luckenbaugh                  Lyda Hamm                  John Lightner                  Carlton Hamm                  Leah Deamer                  Gertie Dubbs                  John Berkheimer                  Emma Hamm                  Estie Dubbs                  Anna Teel                  George Snyder                  Jennie Becker                  Elsie Meyers                  Minnie Berkheimer                  Sadie Nace                  Paul Nace                  Emery Meyers             </td> <td>                 Claude Mummert                  Claude Luckenbaugh                  John Becker                  Stanley Trone                  William Lightner                  William Lightner                  Lyda Hamm                  George Meyers                  Minnie Hamm                  Eva Deamer                  Edward Werner                  Claude Hamm                  Clinton Lightner                  John Rebert                  Ammon Dubbs                  George Snyder                  John Luckenbaugh                  Anna Lightner                  Minnie Hamm                  Samuel Pressel                  Claude Luckenbaugh                  Jacob Mummert             </td> <td>                 Minnie Hamm                  Mamie Stouffer                  Emily Trone                  Jennie Becker                  Herman Garrett                  Paul Becker                  Clayton Hamm                  William Berkheimer                  John Trone                  Horatio Garrett                  Mabel Wildasin                  Paul Nace                  Curtis Trone                  Edward Werner                  Amy Trone                  Bessie Rebert                  Emma Werner                  Mabel Wildasin                  John Trone                  Sadie Nace                  Minerva Trone             </td> </tr> </table>			Curvin Trone Percy Trone William Lightner Charles Bollinger Charles Deamer Roy Trone Phares Luckenbaugh Lyda Hamm John Lightner Carlton Hamm Leah Deamer Gertie Dubbs John Berkheimer Emma Hamm Estie Dubbs Anna Teel George Snyder Jennie Becker Elsie Meyers Minnie Berkheimer Sadie Nace Paul Nace Emery Meyers	Claude Mummert Claude Luckenbaugh John Becker Stanley Trone William Lightner William Lightner Lyda Hamm George Meyers Minnie Hamm Eva Deamer Edward Werner Claude Hamm Clinton Lightner John Rebert Ammon Dubbs George Snyder John Luckenbaugh Anna Lightner Minnie Hamm Samuel Pressel Claude Luckenbaugh Jacob Mummert	Minnie Hamm Mamie Stouffer Emily Trone Jennie Becker Herman Garrett Paul Becker Clayton Hamm William Berkheimer John Trone Horatio Garrett Mabel Wildasin Paul Nace Curtis Trone Edward Werner Amy Trone Bessie Rebert Emma Werner Mabel Wildasin John Trone Sadie Nace Minerva Trone
Curvin Trone Percy Trone William Lightner Charles Bollinger Charles Deamer Roy Trone Phares Luckenbaugh Lyda Hamm John Lightner Carlton Hamm Leah Deamer Gertie Dubbs John Berkheimer Emma Hamm Estie Dubbs Anna Teel George Snyder Jennie Becker Elsie Meyers Minnie Berkheimer Sadie Nace Paul Nace Emery Meyers	Claude Mummert Claude Luckenbaugh John Becker Stanley Trone William Lightner William Lightner Lyda Hamm George Meyers Minnie Hamm Eva Deamer Edward Werner Claude Hamm Clinton Lightner John Rebert Ammon Dubbs George Snyder John Luckenbaugh Anna Lightner Minnie Hamm Samuel Pressel Claude Luckenbaugh Jacob Mummert	Minnie Hamm Mamie Stouffer Emily Trone Jennie Becker Herman Garrett Paul Becker Clayton Hamm William Berkheimer John Trone Horatio Garrett Mabel Wildasin Paul Nace Curtis Trone Edward Werner Amy Trone Bessie Rebert Emma Werner Mabel Wildasin John Trone Sadie Nace Minerva Trone			
<p align="center">+ Directors +</p> <table border="0"> <tr> <td>                 ALEXANDER BECKER                  S. K. STOUTER                  FRANK HEISTAND             </td> <td>                 JOHN REBERT                  JACOB LUCKENBAUGH                  WILLIAM H. STOUTER             </td> </tr> </table> <p align="center">D. H. GARDNER, Co. Supt.</p> <p align="center"><b>CURTIS A. BRILLHART, Teacher.</b></p>			ALEXANDER BECKER S. K. STOUTER FRANK HEISTAND	JOHN REBERT JACOB LUCKENBAUGH WILLIAM H. STOUTER	
ALEXANDER BECKER S. K. STOUTER FRANK HEISTAND	JOHN REBERT JACOB LUCKENBAUGH WILLIAM H. STOUTER				



ORANGE TOWNSHIP, BLACK  
COUNTY, VERMONT (pictured on  
the right)

MAPLE HILL SCHOOL, DISTRICT  
5, 1902

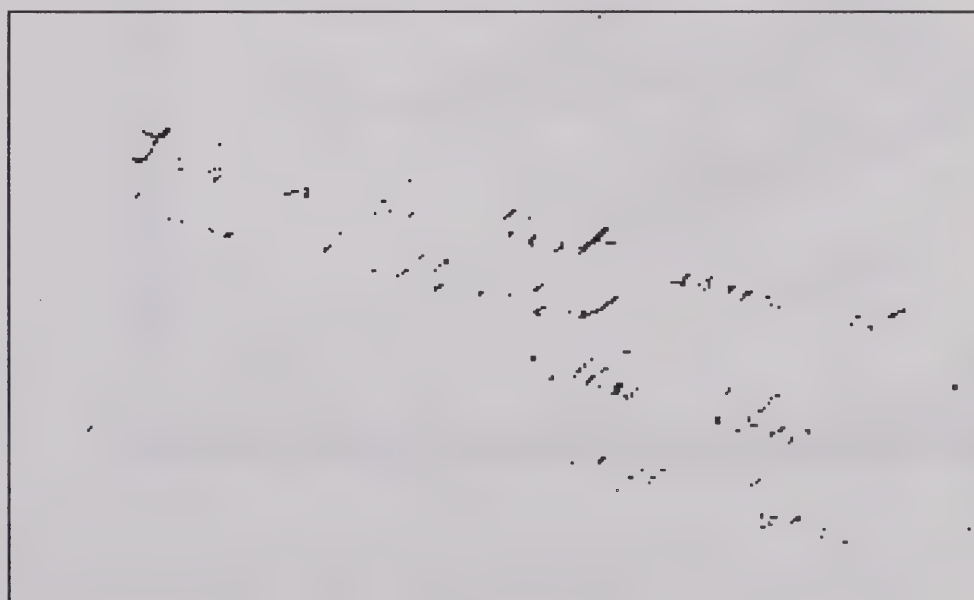
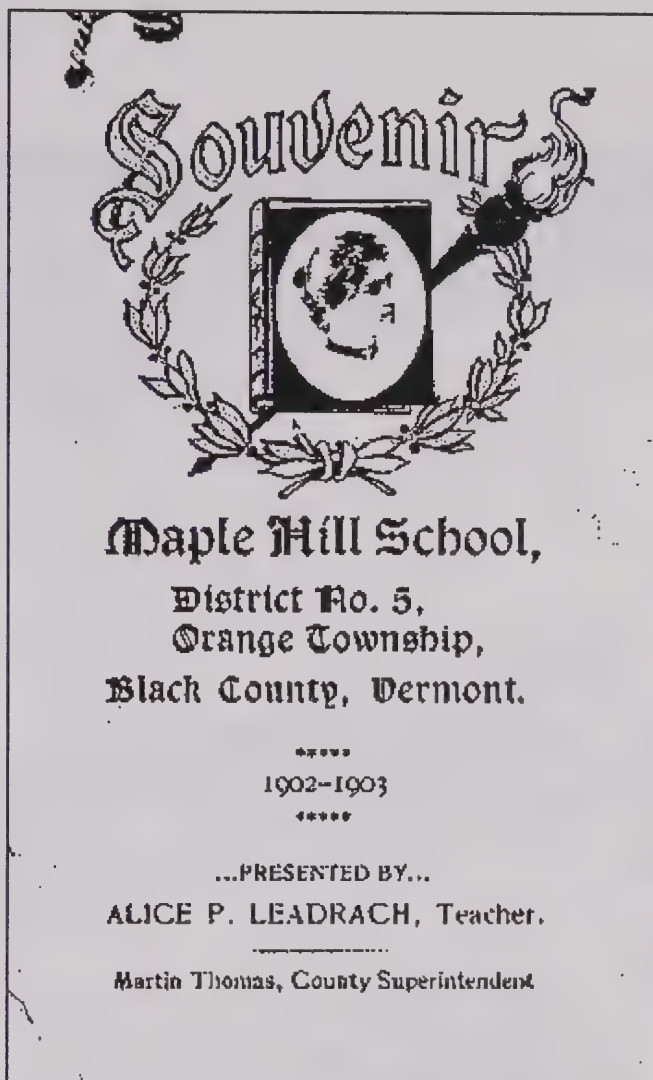
Teacher: Alice P. Leadrach

Students: Harry Agnew, Lloyd  
Agnew, Earl Aysharf, Bessie Bruce,  
Roy Hughes, Cora Justice, Ruth  
Kepford, Ruby Lewis, Ray Parr,  
Beryl Phillips, Willie Phillips, Vernard  
Roderick, George Smith, Laura  
Snyder, Clara Wilson, Winnie \_\_\_\_,  
Hazel \_\_\_\_, & others whose names  
are unreadable.

Supt.: Martin Thomas

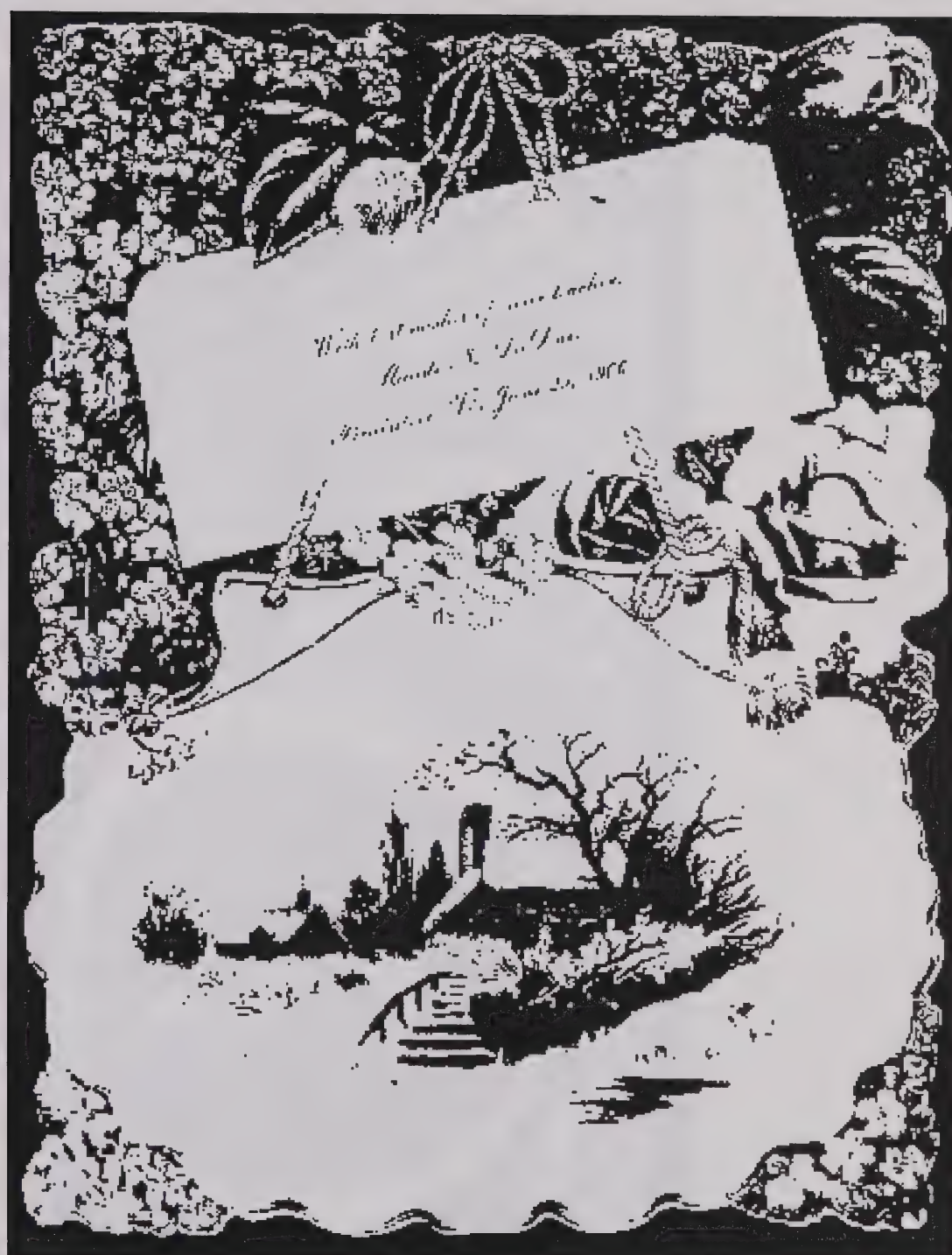
BRAINTREE, VERMONT (pictured  
below and on the next page)

Teacher Maude N. LaDue gave a  
card to Ruthie Cahill on June 25,  
1906. On the back of the card Ruthie  
wrote that at the time she got the  
card she was 7 and in her first term at  
school.











**DUMMERSTON, VERMONT (pictured below)**  
**SOUTH SCHOOL, 1906**

Teacher: Ella L. Pierce

Students: Harold Chase, Ida Chase, Gertrude Hall, Julius Hall, Willie Hall, Ellis Johnson, George Johnson, Helen Redfield, Floyd Whitney





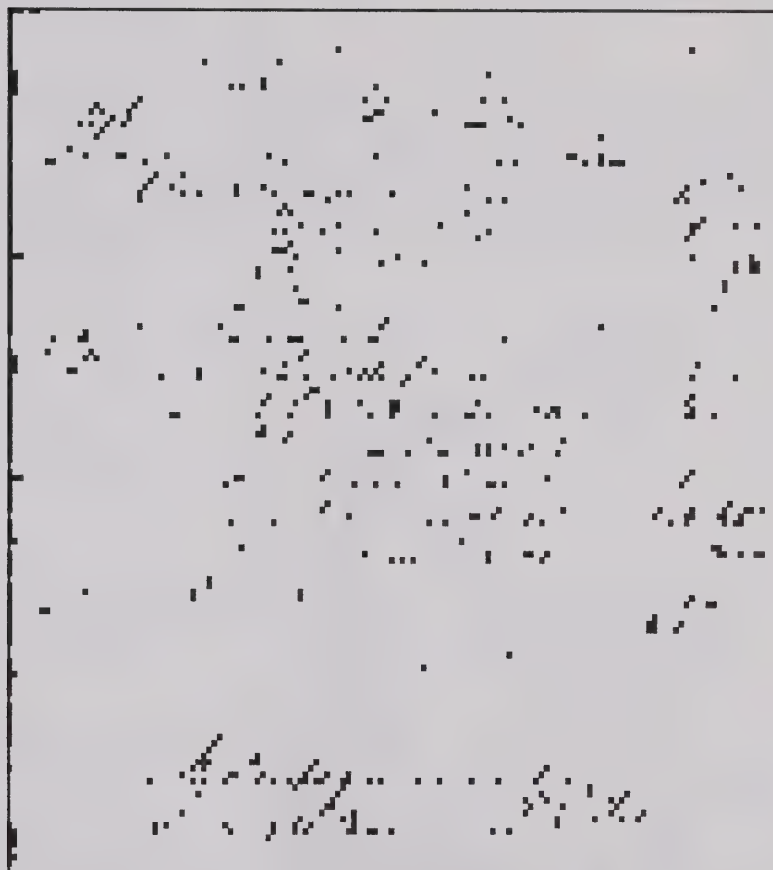


**STANFIELD, DEVIN RECEIPT: HALIFAX COUNTY, VIRGINIA (pictured below)**

This record comes from a receipt which was sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000. It was written by Mark M. Stanfield who owned a plantation in Halifax County in the 1860's. Papers related to slaves and the Civil War were found in the estate as well as this receipt.

Teacher J.C. Devin was to be paid \$63.50 for tuition of Stanfield's three children— Susannah, Robert, and Pattie—

in English, arithmetic, Latin, and primary subjects, 1861-1862. Devin signed his receipt of payment, which was due December 1, on December 29, 1862.



**BRUSHY RUN,  
PENDLETON  
COUNTY, W.V.**  
BRUSHY RUN SCHOOL,  
DISTRICT 20, 1911

Teacher: Charles L.  
Leach

Students: Annie Chloe  
Calhoun, Emma Gladus  
Calhoun, Jessie May  
Calhoun, Leona Cathrine  
Calhoun, William  
Clarence Calhoun, Emma  
Francis Cook, Ira Cook,  
Jessie May Cook, Mary  
Susan Cook, Dessie  
May Kesner, Elmer  
Kesner, Emit Kesner,  
Lena Kesner, Millard  
Kesner, Samuel Kesner,  
Fannie Elizabeth Leach,  
Lester Marshall Leach,  
Eva Lena Mongold,  
Hattie May Mongold

Trustees: W.C. Calhoun,  
Noah Kesner, A.R.  
Ratcliffe

*ADVANCE IN LEARNING AS YOU ADVANCE IN LIFE.*

**PENDLETON COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA**

LAUREL HILL SCHOOL, SUGAR GROVE DISTRICT; OCTOBER 12, 1914 TO MARCH 26, 1915.

Teacher: Charles S. Leach

Students:

Grade one:

Glenna Hoover, William Hoover, Lona Huffman, Earnest Moats, Mertie C. Pitsenbarger, Albert Simmons, Ida Simmons

Grade two:

Sylvester Moats, Theodore R. Pitsenbarger, Clyde Simmons, Gordan Simmons

Grade three:

Zona F. Bowers, Benjamin C. Pitsenbarger, Lester C. Pitsenbarger, William O. Pitsenbarger, Hattie S. Simmons, Rosa B. Simmons, Sallie R. Vint



Grade five:

Florence Hoover, Max Hoover

Grade five, irregular:

Wertie C. Bowers, Estie Moats, Ira Moats, Jennie F. Pitsenbarger, Arthur Rexrode, Clarence Rexrode, Elva Rexrode, Forest Simmons

Grade six, irregular:

James H. Pitsenbarger

Grade seven:

Elizabeth Hoover

#### **WETZEL COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA**

JACKSONBURG P.S., GRANT DISTRICT, 1906

Teachers: Irene Brownfield, Georgia Haught, Annarie Willis

Students: Birdie Baker, Nada Baker, Gay Barney, Ross Beckett, Artie Bland, Marie Bowers, Sedella Bowers, Ollie Connelly, Irma Cooper, Earl Fisher, Minnie Fisher, Bessie Glover, Allen Graham, Sarah Hought, Bryan Lantz, John Loudenslager, Ethel McCarthy, Delpha Mallory, Doris Martin, Meryl Martin, Thomas Morris, Wallace Moore, Retta Ribb, Vernie Shurman, Glade Strickling, Viola Tate, Okey Wayne, Lillie Welch, Adell White, Maud White, Hattie Wilson

Principal: F.L. Shriver

Trustees: C.L. Johnston, L.E. Lantz, J.M. Loveall

#### **CROOK COUNTY, WYOMING**

KIECHBUSH SCHOOL 6, MANHATTAN,  
1908

Teacher: Pearl M. Millett

Students: Leo Boone, Albert Brandenberry, Paul Brandenberry, Vera Brandenberry, Pearl Davis, John Legat, Ethel Thomas, Ivel Thomas, Ives Yunt.

School board: Mrs. Clara Brandon, Mrs. Hannah Calvert, James H. Lincoln

*"THE SCHOOL IS OUT—A LITTLE  
DRAUGHT  
WE'VE DRUNK AT WISDOM'S SPRING.  
MAY DEEPER DRAUGHTS BY US BE  
QUAFFED,  
AND MAY WE TO HER CLING."*







## COMMENCEMENT LISTS

The source of these lists are commencement programs unless otherwise noted.

### INYO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

BIG PINE PUBLIC SCHOOL AND VALLEY SCHOOL, 1902

Teachers: Lillian Shirley, Harriet Russ

Graduates: Emma Gish, Lena Gish, Arthur Peterson, Anna Scott

### FICKLE, INDIANA

WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP SCHOOLS, EIGHTH GRADE COMMENCEMENT, CLOVER LEAF CHURCH, 1915

Teachers: Forest Bailey, Alta Baker, John L. Black, Florence Finnegan, Myrtle Harshman, Minnie J. Huntington, Ray W. Starkey

Graduates: Ada Aitkens, Walter Allen, Clarence Paul Beisel, Inez Brown, Zelda Brown, Richard Carter, Lelah Collins, Willard Curts, Charles Emery, Otto Fickle, Russell Fickle, Wendell Hutchison, Lilly Patchett, Clarence Percy, Paul Roberts, Mamie Smith, Ray Smith, Paul J. Stafford, Violet M. Stinson, Roxie Yount

Township Trustee: Marcus Smith

County Supt.: M.W. Salmon

### KIRKLIN, INDIANA

CLINTON TOWNSHIP SCHOOLS, EIGHTH GRADE COMMENCEMENT, ELIZAVILLE BAPTIST CHURCH, 1907

Teachers: Roy Fulwider, Bert Miller, Cecil G. Pall, Delia Pogue, A. Frank Smith, Frank Stephenson, Adaline Wood, Waldo Wood

Graduates: May Burgess, Ethel Caldwell, Jay Campbell, Harry Ferguson, Fern Gibbons, Clair Hollingsworth, Richard Inman, Carl Kiser, William B. Long, Ina Meenach, Earl McDonald, Fern Wiley

### ODON, INDIANA

1900

Graduates: William Garfield Freed (deceased), Gertrude Eness Gaither, Maude Viola Hayes, Clara Bell Hubbard, Lillie Pearl Love, Fannie Ethel O'Dell, Letha Grace O'Dell.

### IOWA CITY, IOWA

IOWA CITY HIGH SCHOOL, JUNE 13, 1902

Graduates: Mary Modestas Barrow, Mayme Bevington, Beatty, Daisy Bligh, Effie Clare Blum, Mable Bowen, Richard Glenn Bowen, Graham Bradley, Alice Dvorsky, Leroy Elliott, Ralph Earl Emmons, A. Leroy Emmons, Mabel Luella Emmons, Verna Orella Emmons, Ray Files, Anne Winslow Felkner, Adelaide W. Goodrell, Anna Frances Gordon, Margaret Hartsock, Albert Vincent Hennessy, Mary Ellen Hennessy, Burton Howell, Adelaide May Katzenmeyer, George Keppler, Anna Henrietta Lorenz, Frederick Main, Mary Alice McVay, Florence Miller, Margaret J. Miller, Florence Mary Mingus, Herbert L. Moon, William Mullin, Ada Lorissa Naylor, Joseph E. Negus, Kirkwood Pritchard, Alice Remley, Thomas Thiel Rider, Adelaide Alice Rittenmeyer, Frederick Seydel, Dayton Stoner, Nellie Stoner, Alice Swisher, Anna Frances R. Wachs, Mabel Washburn.

### MAYETTA, KANSAS

MAYETTA RURAL HIGH SCHOOL, MAY 14, 1936

Students: Majorie R. Anderson, Amos K. Chase, Thomas Leo Cooney, Antoinette R Cummings, Alice M. Dyer, Elsie Mavis Fairbanks, Robert Alan Hanni, Theresa Lucille Hensley, Zella Mae Hewitt, Edward Francis Jones, Evelyn Helena Keesis, Creston C. Kern, Russell L. Kerns, Lester O. Nickels, Lester E. Painter, Arthur E. Ray, Lola Mae Shingleton, Vervyle Edwin Snyder.



**FARWELL, MICHIGAN**

FARWELL H.S., 1898

Graduates: Velma M. Stinchcombe, George F. Townsend, Stanley S. Wait

**BLOOMFIELD, OHIO**

BLOOMFIELD HIGH SCHOOL; JUNE 1, 1893

Commencement was held at the M.E. Church in Bloomfield.

Graduates: Georgia A. Davis, Nina L. Salway

Juniors: Emma Burton, Charles Ferry, Albert M. Griffin, Charles J. Jackson, Gretta Jones, Ora L. Jones, Beccie Milliken, Samuel W. Rex, Mabel Rice, Della Venn, William J. Venn

**BRECKSVILLE, OHIO**

BRECKSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL; MAY 22, 1902

An envelope which contained the commencement program was addressed to Bessie Woodford, Willoughby, Ohio.

Graduates: Harry W. Avery, Alice M. Bowman, Ethel M. Boyd, Ida B. Sherwood, Mary M. Woodford, Augusta Wiese

Supt: R.P. Vaughn; Asst. Supt.: Myrtle McCreery

**GARRETTSVILLE, OHIO**

JUNE 1, 1893

Commencement was held at the Opera House in Garrettsville.

Graduates: Daisy I. Bentley, May E. Bunch, Mae A. Craver, George Daniels, Zella G. Daniels, Mabel E. Derthick, Arthur Hanke, R.M. Manley, Leighton W. Reynolds, Nellie J. Smith, Louisa A. Stowe, Gertrude Thayer, Jessie M. Wheeler

**UNION CITY, PENNSYLVANIA**

1902

Graduates: Della Irene Camp, Mae Ethel Carlson, Samuel Herbert Lyons, Anna Bernedine Maloney, Lottie Bailey Pier, Jennie Wade Shepherd, Helen Adah Sherwood, Mabel Pearl Shreve, Nellie Gertrude Wilson

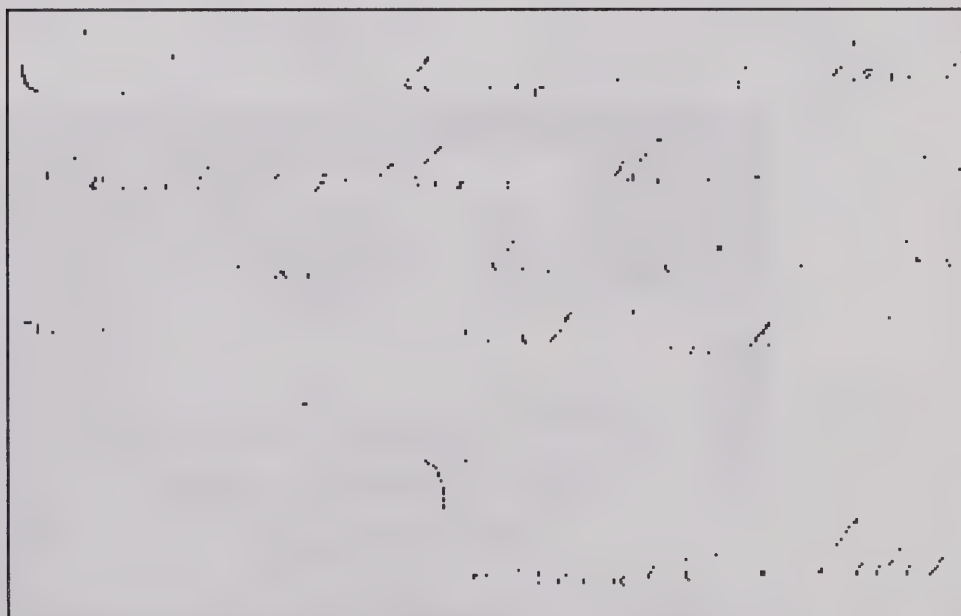
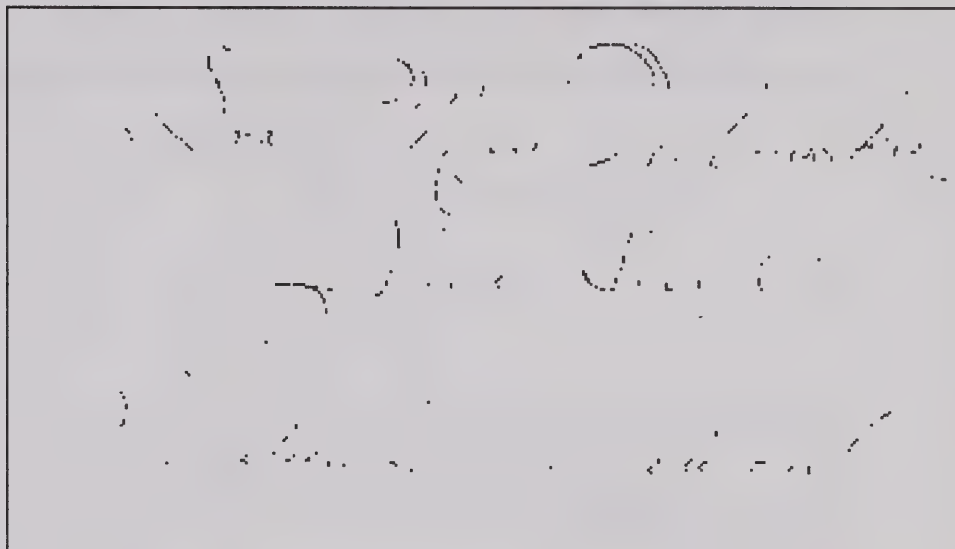
**MRS. M.E. CLARK'S SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES: NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE**

1886

Graduates: Eula Buchanan, Tennessee; Mary Fletcher, Arkansas; Bessie Jackson, Tennessee; Lizzie Johnson, Tennessee; Etta Tullass, Tennessee.







This little card was made by a teacher and given to her students. The two pictures at top were on the front of the card. The bottom picture shows the inside of the card, and the middle picture shows the back of the card. The little card the boy in the picture is holding says, "Center School 1911."



**LETTERS, CONTRACTS, AND PHOTOGRAPHS**  
ORGANIZED BY THE STATE WHERE THE PERSON RECEIVED THE DOCUMENT AND THEN BY THE  
SURNAME OF THE LETTER WRITER OR RECIPIENT

**ALMON CONTRACT: POLK COUNTY, ARKANSAS**  
SCHOOL DISTRICT 55, FLAT CREEK SCHOOL, 1887

This record comes from a teacher's contract sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

M.N. Almon was given a teaching contract by the directors of the school: Pleasant Campbell, Charles M. Miller, and G.B. Howard. Almon was to teach for 3 months beginning 4 July 1887 for \$25 per month. He was also to keep the school open six days a week, to keep the register which was required by law, to give his best interest to the school in school hours, and to be a good influence on his students. This contract was dated 1 June 1887.

**DENSMORE LETTER: BODIE, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA; BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA (pictured below)**

This letter was sold on the Ebay auction site in May of 2000.

2640 Durant Avenue, Berkeley, California  
July 6, 1937

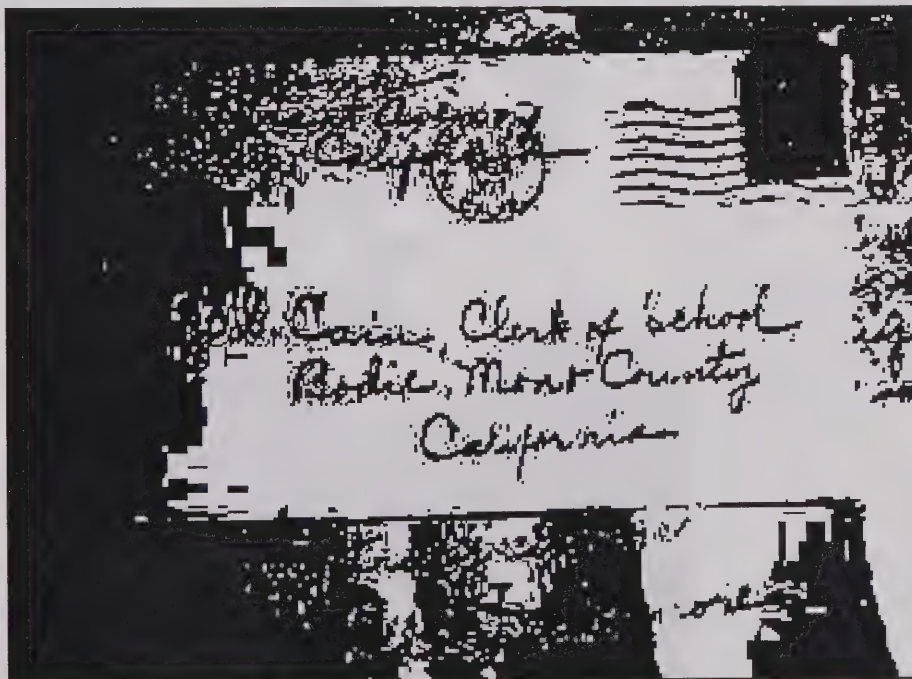
J.S. Cain, Clerk of School  
Bodie, Mono County  
California

Dear Sir,

The California Teachers Association has informed me that you have a vacancy in your school for the coming year. I wish to be considered an applicant for the position.

I like the mountains and would rather teach in a rural school than to teach a grade in a city school. I am an experienced teacher and would enjoy living a couple of years in the mountains. I hold elementary and junior high life credentials in California.

Very truly yours,  
Eda Densmore









top left, Rose Smith at District 7 School, in Lowy (?), Ohio

middle, Eleanor Clarke at Rosedale School in Cleveland, Ohio

bottom, Louise Bent, teacher at Paua, Illinois, in 1924.



**FROM A. DELIA GARVER, PIATT COUNTY, ILLINOIS (pictured on the next page)**

I purchased this teacher's certification of her school roster on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. It is apparently a record of the students that a teacher named A. Delia Garver taught in the Piatt County, Illinois, school and also marks their daily attendance. She had to file this certificate in order to get paid. She had been hired to teach in District 3, Township 17, Range 5 of that county and was to be paid \$80. It is dated March 29, 1871.

SCHEDULE OF A COMMON SCHOOL kept by A. Delia Garver at School House in District No. 5, Township No 17, Range No. 5 of the 3 Principal Meridian, in the County of Piatt and State of Illinois.

Names of scholars	age	total No. Days each scholar attended
Charles Lamb	16	39
Arthur Lamb	14	41
Albert Lamb	11?	42
Edward Lamb	9	35
Mary Lamb	7	30
William Fisher	15	31
Burgess Fisher	13	38
James Fisher	11	41
Charles Fisher	6	42
Effie Fisher	9	42
George Dawson	15	16
Zebba Dawson	7	30
Clara? Dawson	13	25
Nettie Cole	9	4
Emma Graham	9	34
Ruby Graham	7	34
Frank Lucas	14	24
Henry Lucas	10	30
Sarah Lucas	12	23
Emma Lucas	8	34
Anna Newton	15	4
Willie Newton	10	4
Willie Clark	9	35
Edw Clark	6	20

The term commenced February 2<sup>nd</sup> 1872 and closed March 29<sup>th</sup> 1872. Whole number of days taught 41. Grand total No. days attendance 698. Average daily attendance 29½. Teacher's salary per month, \$40.00. Amount due the teacher, \$80.00.

**BAKEHORN CERTIFICATE: MIAMI COUNTY, INDIANA**

1889

This certificate was sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000.

Jesse Bakehorn of Reserve, Indiana, was denied a teaching certificate on April 27, 1889, because his scores were too low on the teaching examinations. W. Woodring drew a red line through the certificate at Peru, Indiana, on that date. His scores were:

Orthography	94	History	45	Reading	50
Physiology	50	Writing	80	Arithmetic	75
Geography	57	English Grammar	56	Essay	75
Theory and Practice in teaching	50				









**JEWELL CERTIFICATE: BUTLER COUNTY, IOWA**

1893

This record comes from a teacher's certificate sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

Miss Allie Jewell passed her teacher's examination and was certified qualified to teach in the public schools. The certificate is dated October 4, 1893, Butler County, Iowa. Part of her exam scores were shown: Orthography 96, Reading 93, Writing 88. She was granted a first class certificate.

**NICHOLSON CERTIFICATE: WINESHIEM?, IOWA**

1870

This certificate was sold on the Ebay auction site in May of 2000.

Elsie Nicholson was granted a second class teaching certificate in 1870 in Winesheim?, Iowa.

**FROM FRANCES A. COMINGS TO CHARLES PARKER, KEOKUK, IOWA (pictured on the next page)**

I purchased this letter and others written by Frances Comings from the Ebay auction site in the Fall of 1999. They and others written during the Civil War were brought to an antique dealer in a trunk by a woman who said she needed \$75 for them. Frances Comings did marry Charles Parker, who worked for the L.S. and M.S. railroad in Chicago, and had children. They lived in Ohio for a time.

KEOKUK PUBLIC SCHOOLS  
W.W. Jamieson, Superintendent  
CENTRAL SCHOOL  
Keokuk, Iowa, October 12<sup>th</sup> 1875

Mr. Farley D. Charker,

"Dear Sir"! I wish you could peep in upon us this morning, and see me throned upon the rostrum, in this uppermost room of the old Central, while boys and girls by tens and twenties stand toasting themselves by the ruddy fires, (in soft coal stoves) and talking perhaps of their next lesson, but more probably of the last new dress, or bean, they had, or some direful injury inflicted upon them by some old maid teacher. It is a busy cheery scene, and I feel more at home here, than I should mending your — overcoats — or making your bread and "sass". This is a sad perversion of the purpose for which this half sheet was intended. It should have informed some fond parent that "John" or "Jane" was growing idle, careless and mischievous, and in consequent imminent danger of being summarily dealt with by existing powers unless some influence at home should interfere, and arrest the merited doom. And who would have thought that one of these same old maids would thus have purloined it for the sake of writing a Ry (railroad) man and telling him how he loved her, and she liked him somewhat! I feel tolerably sure there was a letter for me at the store this morning but I could not increase my already long walk by going after it. Isn't it a calamitous Providence that the horses should all get the "epigooty" again this fall? Mr. Cox has housed his "Nell" for the present, and in consequence, I have to walk all the time, and find myself much more tired, when night comes, than when I rode most of the time. It was well I wrote you as early in the day on Sunday as I did, for had I deferred my letter till the still more gloomy afternoon, I would not have contained one semblance of cheerfulness, as I cried myself nearly sick when the long day wore on toward evening. By way of revenge on me for such weakness, I had a headache all yesterday, and inflamed eyes even yet. Don't scold, for I protest I could not help it, I felt so keenly the sadness of the time. I wrote your mother in the evening, but not a very cheery letter I fear. It is time for classes to be called, and I must lay down the pen to take up the chalk and explain some hard old problems in Algebra. Then follows Geometry, and then I resign my charge to the musical genius Mr. Harding. I held his baby ten minutes for him last night! Till next time adieu. Franc.





Keokuk Public Schools.

W. W. JAMIESON, Superintendent.

CENTRAL SCHOOL,

Keokuk, Iowa, October 10, 1875.

My dear Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th inst., and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Yours truly,  
W. W. Jamieson.

This certificate was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

325



**FROMSGT. E.D. STEINKRAUSS TO MISS MARY LAFFIN: CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS (pictured)**

This postcard was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The front of the postcard contained a line drawing of the Eglise Saint-Rouen in Rouen, France. It was free franked, APO canceled, and stamped and signed by the U.S. Army examiner. The postmark is dated December 9, 1944. The card was addressed to Miss Mary Laffin, Webster School, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

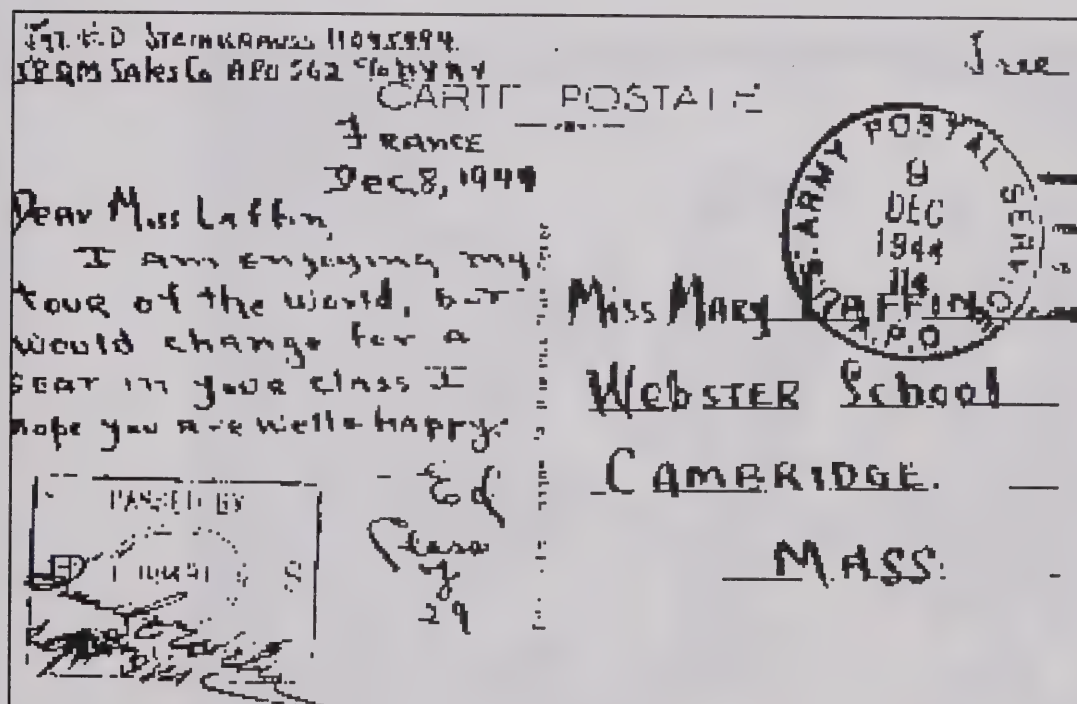
Sgt. E.D. Steinkrauss 11045994  
58 RM Sales Co. APO 562 c/o HVRV

France  
Dec. 8, 1944

Dear Miss Laffin,

I am enjoying my tour of the world,  
but I would change for a seat in your class.  
I hope you are well and happy.

Ed  
Class of 29



**TO MRS. JOHNSON FROM MRS. ED MORIN, WOLF POINT, MONTANA**

This letter and note were sold on the Ebay auction site along with the beaded buckskin bag referred to in the letter in February of 2000. The lister stated that the bag was made by an Assiniboine Sioux.

February 14, 1938

Dear Mrs. Johnson,

No doubt you will be surprised to get his note, I am Reginald's mother, I have reason to believe you were interested in my boy. And I just wanted to thank you for being good to him while he went to school to you last year. He was taken to Warm Springs\* last night. And I've been feeling blue, and I wished I could talk to someone who would be interested and understand. I guess you have heard by now, that he was expelled from this school in Nov. And from Poplar in December. But rather than to see him idle and without an education, I thought it was best to send him there. He was willing to go. And I was to take him to the school on Monday to see you before he left but they came after him on such short notice I didn't have time. You gave him a pretty



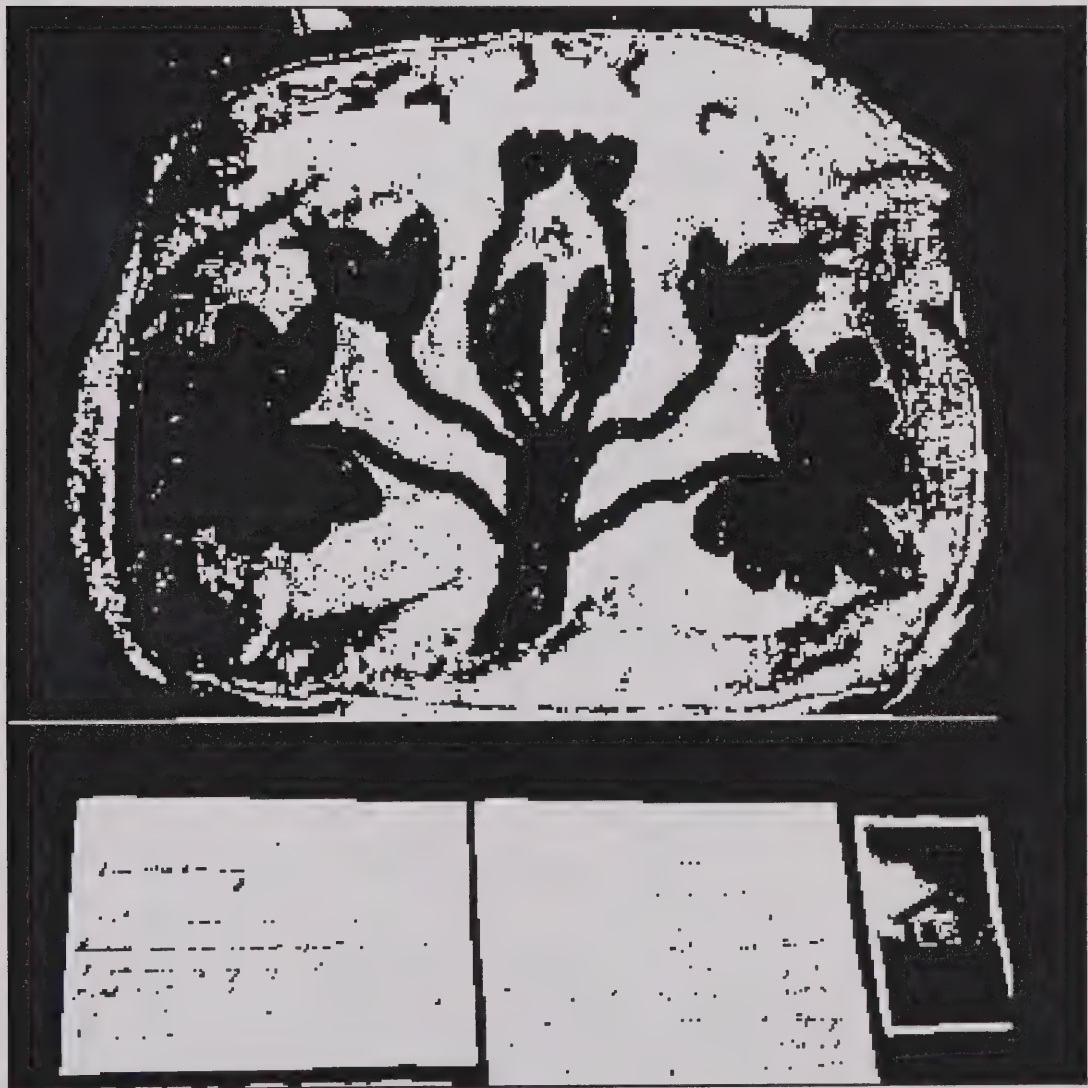


red Valentine box last year. He just gave it to Elva before he left, and Christmas, he was tickled to get that Christmas card from you from St. Cloud I think, and I hope and pray that in the very near future, he will be able to get out as normal, and be like other boys. It was hard for him here. Last week I let him go to the show. Some white boy hit him with his mittens in the face, and called him goofy. He was hurt about that he says to me, mama, I'd like to go away where they wont make fun of me. Some days he was sullen, wouldn't answer when I talked to him other times he was happy all day long. Play the phonograph and dance. He loved music. Perhaps you noticed that he has the mind of a small child Reginald will be 15 on his next birthday April 15. Mrs. Johnson I don't even know you when I see you, but I hope you forgive me for bothering you with this letter and just had to talk to someone again I thank you with all my heart for trying to help my boy. I only wish there were more people in this world like you. I know you must be a Christian woman. (We enjoyed watching the bulb grow last year it budded but never bloomed) Sincerely Mrs. Jamie (Jennie?) Morin.

Dear Mrs. Johnson,

Am sending this little gift with sincere appreciation for your kindness and your efforts in trying to educate my boy, Reginald, while he was your pupil. I intended to give you something last year before school was out, i finally had a friend make this for you. Sincerely Mrs. Jamie (Jennie?) Morin

\*a mental institution located near Butte, Montana





**MERRILL CERTIFICATE: ALBANY, NEW HAMPSHIRE**  
1851

This record comes from a teacher's certificate granted to Miss Lydia Ann Merrill which stated that she was qualified to teach the various branches of the sciences. William Parsons, superintending school committee, signed it; it was dated December 29, 1851.

**TO ALLIE BULL, LEWIS, NEW YORK**

Postmarked: Keene, New York

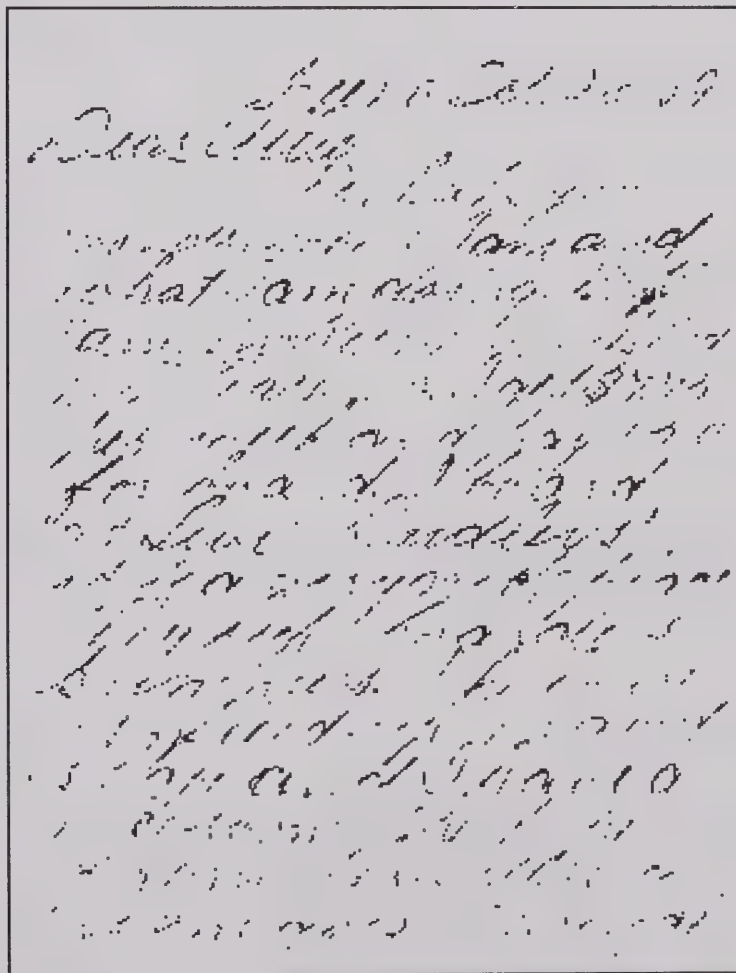
I purchased this letter from the Ebay auction site in February of 2000.

Keene, Oct. 26/89

Dear Allie,

Perhaps you wonder where I am and what I am doing. Well I am in Keene on Alstred hill teaching. I get \$7.75 per week and pay 1.50 for board. I board at Levi Dudleys' it is a very nice place they keep boarders summers. The house is fixed up in good shape and I have a nice room. The pipe from the sitting room goes through it. I had twenty scholars the first day and there are more to come. It is an advanced school. I have classes in Algebra, Grammar, Physiology, Civil Government, and a class in Arithmetic that will go through the book besides all the other classes. It is a nice school the scholars are all well behaved there is not one bad or ugly scholar that I know of. Well I do not know as I have anything more to write. Let me here from you soon.

Benj.







The letter from which this quote came was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

...As I am writing this at school and have a bad boy by the name of Ernest Quackenbush at my side, you must excuse mistakes. This boy manages to let his arm slip every two minutes and hit me, so the writing will not be perfect...

The lister stated that Demarest wrote about his studies and the rigorous assignment of being a teacher as well as about trapping rabbits and foxes. The letter also mentions that a woodchuck ran off with one of his traps and that he was doing a Fall yard cleaning.

This teaching contract was sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000.

John Patterson and Robert Brander signed a contract for Mrs. May Best Erickson to teach school in Bottineau's Peabody School, school district 8. It is dated 16 September 1918. She was to receive \$85 per month for teaching a 9 month school and performing all janitorial services necessary. She was to live in the "teacherage" rent free.

[illegible]



**DUFF CERTIFICATE: PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA**

This record comes from a certificate sold on the Ebay auction site in April of 2000. It is dated October 27<sup>th</sup> 1860.

Miss Kate Duff took an examination on October 17<sup>th</sup> 1857 given by the board of directors of the schools in the 18<sup>th</sup> section, third school division of Philadelphia schools which was given for "Assistant teachers of grammar, secondary and primary schools. Kate's scores were

Reading 60	Defining 60	History 75	Mensuration 10
Writing 90	Grammar 71	Constitution 55	Algebra 95
Orthography 93	Geography 83	Arithmetic 95	
General Average of 72.			

**TO JOHN W. McANALLY, BEDFORD COUNTY, TENNESSEE**

The following two contracts were sold on the Ebay auction site with a collection of 40 documents related to the teaching career of John W. McAnally. The lister stated that the earliest document was dated 1827 and the last 1863.

October 15, 1853?

This is to certify that we the undersigned the citizens of Bedford County Tennessee in District No 5 \_\_\_ and a school \_\_\_ having procured a house for the business do send forth to J.W. McAnally a competent instructor to the \_\_\_ commissioners for the purpose of teaching the said school in witness our hands and seals.

Names	No. children
John Rogers	8
Abijah Young	5
Robert R. Falk	2
William Falk	1
Mrs. Sarah Davis	3
Johnathan Williams	5
Mrs. ___ McAnally	1

John was to be paid \$1.00 per month, per scholar with no deduction for their absences.

**FOR JOHN W. McANALLY, BEDFORD COUNTY, TENNESSEE**

Tennessee Bedford County 1841?

I propose teaching the public school at 14 \_\_\_ I am the choice of the people for \$33.33½ per month. I will endeavor to advance each and all in the role of principal of proper instruction as far as possible.

John W. McAnally

We the undersigned entered our names for the purposes of obtaining an instructor for the benefit of our children. We present the name of J.W. McAnally as our choice who we \_\_\_ and will discharge the duties of an instructor we think advancing our children to a proper course of instruction. We would be pleased to hear of him employed to teach the public school at Mt. Harmon? Given our names in testimony whereof.

Names	No. Children
___ Rees	2
W.B. Rees Jr.	1
Francis Bartlett	5
M.F. Wilson	2

**FROM EULA DEMENTRA BURNS INGRAM TO ROBERTA BURNS HOFMANN, SAN ANGELO, TEXAS**

My Great Aunt Eula Dementra Burns Ingram wrote me this letter May 5, 1976, from San Angelo, Texas. At the time she wrote this letter, Eula was 85 years old and had such bad eyesight that her words were written an inch high, but her mind was very sharp. She is pictured here with the children of one of her schools. Eula told me she began teaching when she was 15 years old in a subscription school. She eventually earned her Masters degree and taught for a total of 50 years.





....In regards to my teaching. I spent 26 years in the Rural schools in Paris Tx. The first 5 I ta taught alone. Some times all grades were not represented. I combined geography English & spelling classes. The schools were not strictly graded then We advanced mainly by readers & history. It took some managing to get all the lessons in. Some times a smart pupil would hear the primaries read to help me out. In my arithmetic classes I would send the advanced classes to put problems on the black board, while I heard 2 or 3 lower classes recite. My first yr. I enrolled only 17 pupils. The largest enrollment of (1) teacher school was 98. It was in a tenant farming district, and there was a change of residents in January. However I had about 65 the last half of 8 mos. Some times the the school term was short because children had to work in the field. I could have taught in the Paris schools but I was dedicated to the country children. The last 14 years I was in the town system on Bob account. I struggled until I received my masters....

**TO MISS BERNIECE PIERSON FROM HARVEY BURBANK, DANVILLE, VERMONT**

I purchased this letter from the Ebay auction site in February of 2000.

CALEDONIA SOUTH CENTRAL  
SUPERVISION UNION  
HARVEY BURBANK, Union Superintendent  
Danville, Vermont, July 4, 1925

Miss Berniece Pierson,  
Topsham, Vt.

Dear Miss Pierson:

Supt. D.B. Locke suggests that you may not yet have taken a school for next year.

Mr. D.F. McPhee, Groton, Vt. RFD#1, has a vacancy in the South Part school in Peacham. The school has about a dozen pupils, it is in a good neighborhood. They pay \$16 and state aid.

I would be glad to have you write him if you would consider the place.

H.E. Rewick, St. Johnsbury, RD#1, and Mrs. Mildred Hemingway Lower Waterford, Vt. have rural vacancies at \$15 and state aid.

Yours respectfully,  
Harvey Burbank

**TO NELLIE CONNER, PULASKI, IOWA COUNTY, WISCONSIN (pictured on the next page)**

This contract was sold on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000.

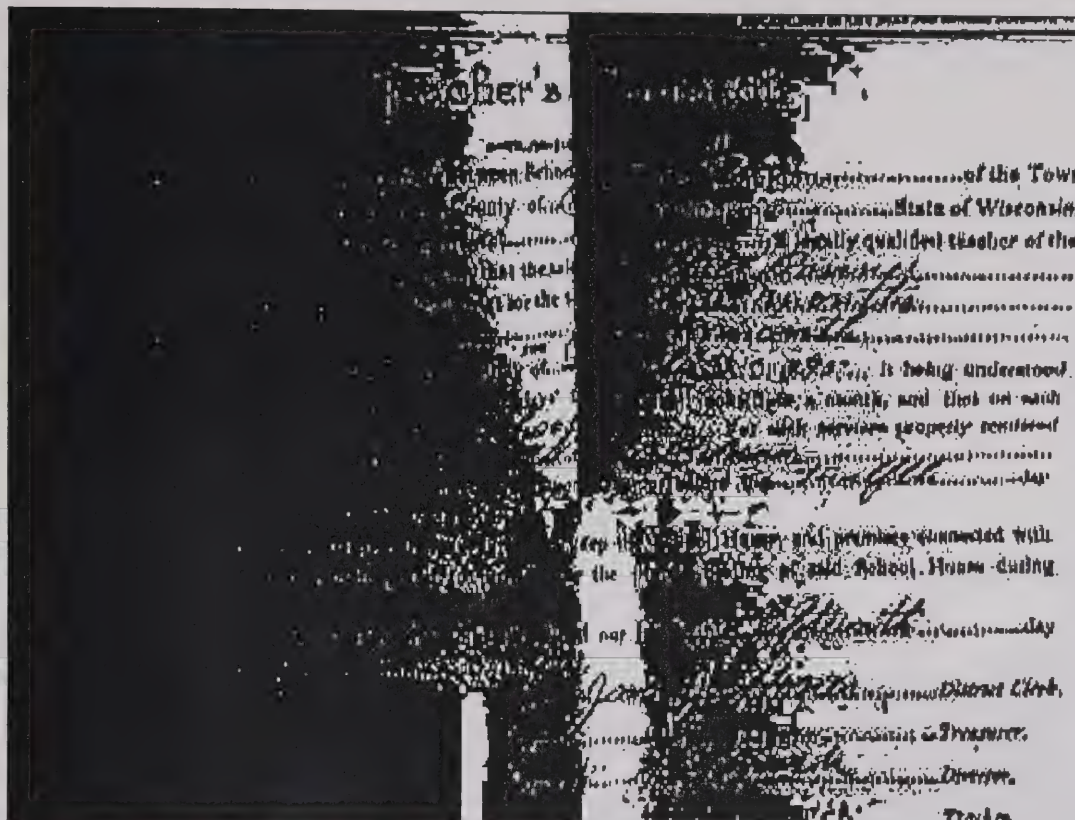
It is hereby contracted and agreed between School District No 2 of the town of Pulaski County of Iowa state of Wisconsin that Nellie Conner a legally qualified teacher in the town of Clyde that the said Nellie Conner is to teach the Common School of said District for the term of 3 months for the sum of \$30 per month commencing on the 12th day of December 1895, it being understood and agreed that 20 days teaching shall constitute a month and that on each Saturday shall be a \_\_\_ school. For such services properly rendered the said District is to pay the said Nellie Conner the amount that may be due according to this \_\_\_ on or before the 12th day of March 1896. And the said School District hereby agrees to keep the School House and premises connected with it in good repair and condition and to provide for the proper heating of said School House during the said term. In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our hands this 15th day of January AD 1896.

Jno. J. Honer district clerk

Nellie's teacher's certificate, dated March 25, 1895, stated that Nellie was 23 years old and had taught 9 school sessions. It also said that she had attended 5 days of teachers' institutes within the last year. She held a grade three certificate perhaps because of youth or because of her test scores which follow.

Orthoepy?	71	Arithmetic	64	U.S. Constitution	88
Orthography	71	English Grammar	71		
Reading	72	Geography	77	Physiology	25
Penmanship	70	U.S. History	71	Theory of Teaching	78





**TO JULIANE TUBENBACHER FROM HER FORMER STUDENTS, TEGETHOFFHAI, SNOBTINSMARH (pictured to the right)**

I purchased this letter from the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. It comes from a collection of materials relating to Juliane Tubenbacher, a German teacher. The lot of materials was purchased from an Austrian. Juliane had a British boyfriend before WWII who was crazy about her. He even set up an opportunity for her to teach in England, but she did not reciprocate his feelings, and she did not go to England. She taught in a social democrat school in Austria and later for the Nazis. There were many letters and photographs in the lot of materials about her as well as a dried flower she picked in 1945 and a picture of the field where she picked it. She survived the war. Juliane taught English. This letter was written to her by a group of her former students who wanted to wish her a Merry Christmas.

Dear Mrs. Tuebenbacher!

Many greetings, merry Christmas and a happy new year! We often think and speak of you—I should like you would come back again! Dorros Melanie Witnr

I wish you merry Christmas and a happy new year!  
Strauss Ewall







Dear Mrs. Tuebenbacher! The quiet class will write a letter and write a short sentence. We never will forget you. When you come again to Leibnitz, you must visit us.

Schocher

Dears Mrs. Tuebenbacher!

How are you? I hope you are well? The English lesson at you were always beautiful. I never will forget you.

Martschinbo  
T.

Hillibald Orning

I send many greetings to you and wish you a marry Christmas and a happy new year! I hope you are well.

Leibnitram 7.12.1943

Kaiser Josef

Many kind regards and a marry Christmas

Heinz Mricky

Similar sentiments follow for another page and a half.



Teacher's sample; year of 1912-1913; taken by F.H. Mason, North Clarendon, Vermont  
left to right, back row: Mrs. Lena E. Moore, Arthur Nailor, Powel Smith, Gertrude Lashaway,  
Suzanna Knoble, Nellie Pecue, Louise Trombly, Arthur Gratton. Second row: Marie  
Trombly, Beatrice Lashaway, \_\_, \_\_, Frank Smith, Charles Bombard. Third row: Rennie  
Spring, \_\_, Eldridge Moore, Helena Butler, Marian Hunt, George Bombard. Fourth row:  
Leslie Soothcage, Les Dion?, Anthony Youscage







Livingstone School, 1910, teacher Miss Clark



Above: Adrena, Bob, and Mary Burns with their cousin Carlene Broyles, ca. 1926 in Paris, Texas. The Burns children were born to John Adrian Burns and his wife Sara Lane. (A Bible record and interview about this family are elsewhere in this book.)

### TO THE PARENT

This Report shows the Teacher's Estimate of your child's work. Encourage Home Study. Notice the kind of literature your child reads. Encourage wholesome reading.

This card will be sent you each six weeks. If your child is falling under with the teacher NOW.

Let us work together for the good of your child. Visit the schools.

NAME OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN.

1st Period  
Mrs. Sarah A. Burns  
2nd Period  
3rd Period  
4th Period  
5th Period  
6th Period

Assigned to \_\_\_\_\_ Grade.  
Mrs. E. J. Sanders, Teacher  
Superintendent





# **Dallas County Elementary Schools**

Name of School *Greenwood Elementary School*

Name of Child *James Lee Green*

Grade *5* 1932-1933

	FIRST TERM				SECOND TERM			
Turnly	1	1	1		1	1	1	
Absent	3	2			4	6		
Department								
Reading	76	77	77	78	88	88	88	88
Writing	76	76	76	76	91	92	93	93
Arithmetic	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76
English	80	88	88	88	81	81	81	81
Spelling	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	72
History	74	74	74	74	74	74	74	74
Geography	83	86	86	86	74	74	74	74
Chorus								
Drawing	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76
Music	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76

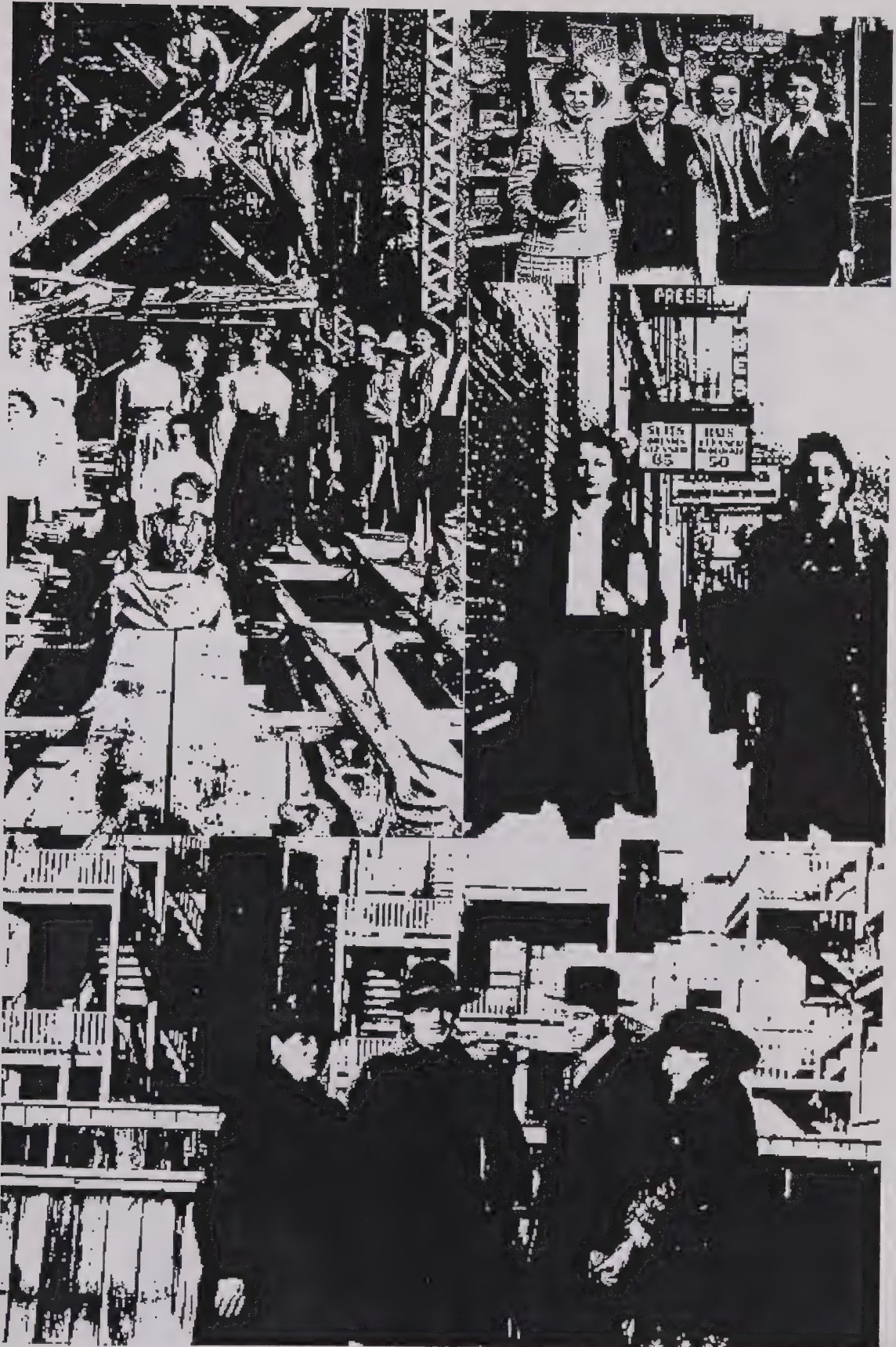
Note: 75-80—A; 81-85—B; 86-90—C; 91-95—D; 96-100—E; Below











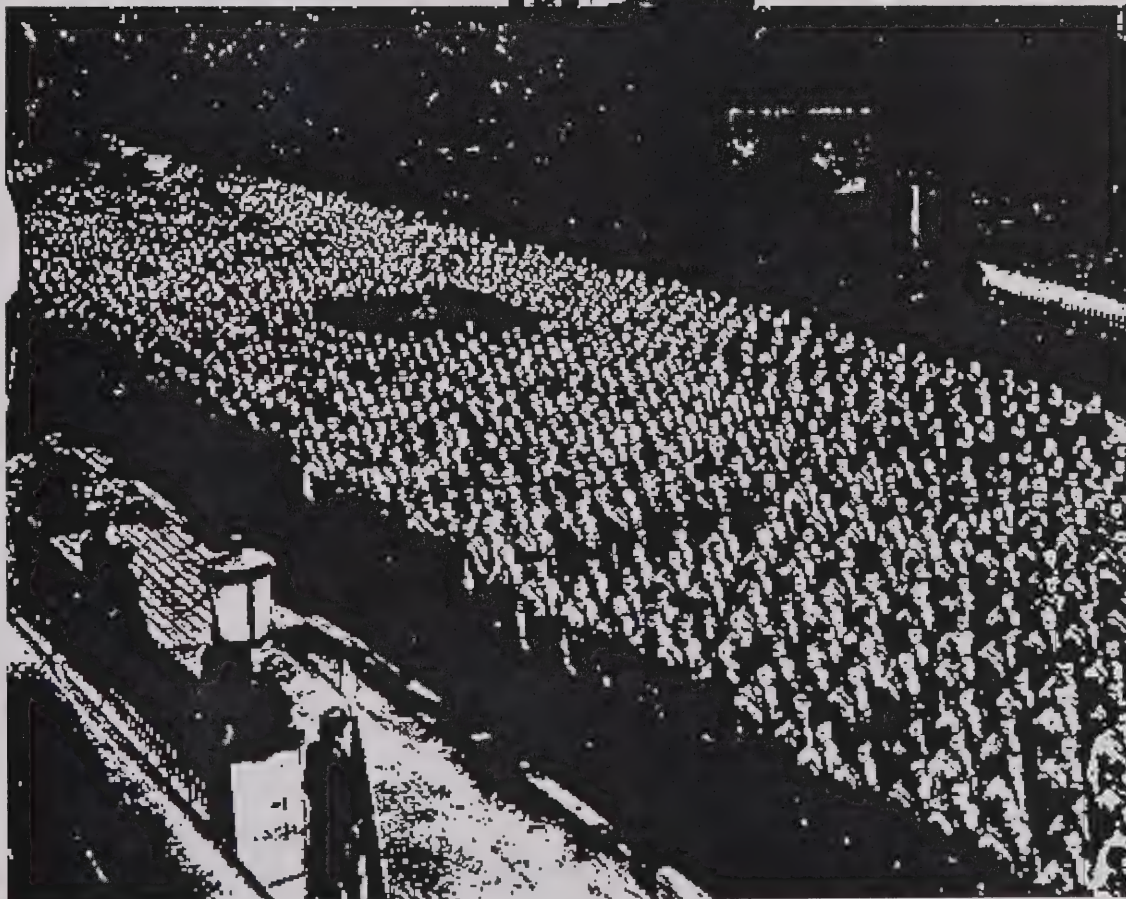




TOWN

TOWN

TOWN







# TOWN

## (MOSTLY) NAZI RECORDS

ORGANIZED BY SURNAME

### ADAMCRYK, STANISLAUS: PRISONER CAMP LETTER

Adamcryk was in block 21 of Dachau. His prisoner's number was 60390. On April 11, 1944, he wrote his mother that he was well and had gotten the package and letter that she had sent him. He said her packages and letters were what kept him going. The addressee on his letter was Johan Adamcyrk of Sockdorf.

### AICHINGER, JOSEF: PRAYER CARD

Aichinger was an infantryman who died at age 26 on December 27, 1916, in Rumania. He was shot in the head.

### BABEL, ALFONS: PRAYER CARD

Babel was born in Schonthal on May 29, 1926, and was killed in action near St. Lo (France) on July 15, 1944.

### BATIUK, STEFANIA: *ARBEITSBUCH*

Batiuk was born November 24, 1908, in Gaje Wielkie in Galizien. She was Ukranian. Her *arbeitsbuch* was stamped in the Nazi office in Tarnopol, December 31, 1942.

### BAUER, KARL: PRAYER CARD

Bauer was a member of the artillery corps. He was killed at age 24 on the Eastern front on September 6, 1943.

### BAUER, LEOPOLD: *WEHRPASS*

Bauer was born July 26, 1918.

### BAUER, LUDWIG: PRAYER CARD

Bauer was born in Wiebelsberg, on October 10, 1920. He was a panzer officer who was killed on May 8, 1945, in Czechoslovakia.

### BAUERNFEIND, KARL: PRAYER CARD

Bauernfeind was an NCO killed at age 28 on June 28, 1944, during heavy fighting in the East.

### BAUMGARTNER, FRANZ: PRAYER CARD

Baumgartner was in the SS. He was killed at age 20 on September 13, 1939, in battle near Roda (Poland).

### BECKER, ANTON: PRAYER CARD

Becker was an infantry man who was shot through the heart on January 31, 1942, at age 20. He was killed in combat at Presnezovo near Moscow.

### BEILHACK, VALENTIN: PRAYER CARD

Beilhack died at age 19 in a field hospital in the Caucasus on October 15, 1942.

### BENONI, EDWARD: PRAYER CARD

Benoni was born on June 25, 1918, at Denderleeuw, Belgium. He was killed in action December 4, 1921, at the Eastern front.

### BICKEL, KONSTANTIN: PRAYER CARD

Bickel was born January 4, 1912, and was killed at Origoriopol, Russia, on March 5, 1944.

### BITZER, GOTTLIEB: *LUFTSCHUTZ-DIENSTBUCH*

Bitzer was born on September 25, 1905, in Wurttemberg. His record book was issued November 28, 1941. He received a war service cross with swords.

### BOHR, LEO: PRAYER CARD

Bohr was killed at age 19 on March 22, 1944. He was buried in the hospital cemetery at Kowel.



BRAUN, JAKOB: GERMAN DEATH NOTICE

Braun was born on October 6, 1917 in Meyerode, which was then a part of Germany but became a part of Belgium when that territory was ceded to them in 1919 as war reparations. Jacob Braun was a teacher in civilian life who taught at a school in St. Vith and was called to arms and passed his army instruction in Holland. He was wounded in the thigh on the 3<sup>rd</sup> March 1943 and died from this injury 4 days later. He was an NCO in a Grenadier Regiment and was awarded a second class Iron Cross.

BRECHT, GEORG: *ARBEITSBUCH*

Brecht's *arbeitsbuch* was issued May 19, 1936, at Darmstadt. He was a butcher who died in action November 16, 1941.

BRECHT, GEORG: *WEHRPASS*

Brecht was born in February of 1917 in Darmstadt. His *wehrpass* was issued on June 21, 1937.

BUCHNER, JOHANN: PRAYER CARD

Buchner was born December 13, 1920. He was in an artillery regiment. He was injured near Dramburg in Pommern February 2, 1945, and died March 25.

BRUNNER, ALFRED: PRAYER CARD

Brunner was killed at age 19 on September 25, 1943, at Kiev. He was Hermann's brother.

BRUNNER, HERMANN: PRAYER CARD

Brunner was killed at age 21 on September 5, 1943, in the East. He was Alfred's brother.

BUCHER, FRANZ PAUL: PRAYER CARD

Bucher was born December 12, 1911, and was killed on May 21, 1942, at Saratow (the Eastern front).

CIESLARCZYK, EMIL: *ARBEITSBUCH*

Cieslarczyk was born January 4, 1907. He registered to work in Berlin January 13, 1936. He was an employee of Daimler-Benz.

DASER, FRITZ: PRAYER CARD

Daser was killed at age 18 in the Ukraine on August 5, 1941.

DECHNER, DZIOBBA: *AHNENPASS*

The *ahnenpass* for Josephine Dechner, who was born February 22, 1932, gives the names of her parents, grandparents and great-grandparents. Her parents' page was not shown in the listing.

Her parents were Johannes Dechner and Josephine Sudbrock.

Her grandfather was Paul Dziobba (Shoemaker), born in Schwente on August 1, 1860, and baptized on August 5, 1860, in Flatow. He was a Catholic. His parents were Johann Dziobba and Johanna Koziolk. Paul died in Fastrow on August 15, 1914.

Her grandmother Dziobba was Emma Theresa Bohefeldt. Emma was born in Fastrow on October 12, 1862, and was baptized October 14, 1862, in Fastrow. Her parents were Rudolf Bohnfeldt (a tailor) and Ann Koplin. Emma died on December 11, 1939, in Berlin. She married Paul on October 29, 1889.

DEHNE, BRUNO: *WEHRPASS*

Dehne was born January 4, 1907. He entered the army in 1941 and was in Infantry Regiment 173, then served in a local defense organization. He was trained in espionage and sabotage.

DEICHL, GEORG: PRAYER CARD

Deichl was an NCO in a grenadier regiment who was killed in the East on November 17, 1943.

DEMBINSKA, JOSEFA: *ARBEITSBUCH*

Dembinska was born March 9, 1920. Her *arbeitsbuch* was issued in Sosnowitz December 22, 1944.

DIETZ, HELMUT: *ARBEITSBUCH*

Dietz registered to work in Chemnitz on July 1, 1936, and worked until 1939.





ECKBAUER, JOHANN: PRAYER CARD

Eckbauer was killed on April 14, 1945, at age 24.

EGGENSCHWANDTNER, FRANZ: PRAYER CARD

Eggenschwandtner was in a panzer regiment. He was killed at age 23 on August 29, 1944, in Debowo (Pruetzen).

ESLER, OSKAR FURT: *QUITTUNGSKARTE*

Esler was born on July 5, 1896, in Freiberg. His card was issued March 7, 1941.

FENZL, JOSEF: PRAYER CARD

Fenzl was killed at age 24 on June 19, 1916.

FRANK, JOHANN: PRAYER CARD

Frank was an army radio operator attached to his battalion staff who was killed at age 20 on September 9, 1941, in the East.

FRIEDRICH, WALTHER: *WEHRPASS*

Friedrich was born August 16, 1897, in Herne. His *wehrpass* was issued on January 9, 1937. He served in France, Belgium, and Holland.

FRITZ, ANNA: *ARBEITSBUCH*

Fritz was born March 16, 1923. Her *kennkarte* was approved March 17, 1942 by the *burgermeister* in Mansfield.

FRUCHTL, MICHL: PRAYER CARD

Fruchtl was a cannoneer who died at age 18 on February 13, 1945, in the West.

FURTHNER, JOSEF: PRAYER CARD

Furthner was a pioneer (combat engineer) in the grenadiers who died at Stalingrad.

GALLER, ERICH: PRAYER CARD

Galler died north of Paris at age 30 on November 12, 1943. He is buried in the soldiers' cemetery at Porte de Ifry Cemetery, Paris.

GEIGER, MAX: PRAYER CARD

Geiger was a lance corporal in the grenadiers. He died at age 20 in a war hospital on August 31, 1943.

GEIGER, PETER: PRAYER CARD

Geiger was born August 29, 1917. He was from Deggendorf. He died July 31, 1944, age 26. He received an Iron Cross.

GIGLBERGER, HANS: PRAYER CARD

Giglberger was a corporal in the grenadiers who died in the West December 16, 1944.

GIGLER, TONI: PRAYER CARD

Gigler was a sergeant and, in his civilian life, a theologian. He participated in the Balkan and Russian campaigns and was killed in action in Russia at age 26 years, 7 months.

GIGLMAYR, FRANZ: PRAYER CARD

Giglmayr was a pioneer (combat engineer) who died at age 19 on March 12, 1945, near Wien.

GILCH, ERNST: PRAYER CARD

Gilch was an infantryman who was killed at Wogilew-Sumarkowa, Russia, at age 25 on December 3, 1943.

GOHERING, LUISE: PASSPORT

Gohering was born December 14, 1906. Her passport was issued in Berlin on August 10, 1930, when she was given a Polish visa to pass thru Pommern to go to the free cit of Gdansk.



GRUBAL, FRANZ: PRAYER CARD

Grubal died at Stalingrad at age 33 on September 28, 1942. He was buried in Stalingrad.

HAAS, TONI: PHOTO ALBUM AND RECORDS

Haas was a WWII German Panzer lieutenant. His album was sold with 90 photographs, some letters, and some cards in it. He was at Normandy on D-Day, at Saarbrücken during the Battle of the Bulge. He served in the SA as a troop leader, was stationed in Vienna from March 1933 to November 1938. His wartime service started in Berlin in December 1939, where he was assigned to the 562<sup>nd</sup> Panzer Training Regiment. He received two iron crosses and the War Order of German Cross in gold. He was wounded 3 times: in Czycheski, Poland, on 5 July 1941, at Normandy on 7 June 1944, and at Saarbrücken, Germany, during the Battle of the Bulge on 2 January 1945. He was hospitalized in Stuttgart twice. It is possible he was a POW at Camp Jackson, in the US. He also rode horses and motorcycles, had a glider and a Volkswagen.

HACKL, GEORG: PRAYER CARD

Hackl was killed at age 21 on October 18, 1942, at Stalingrad.

HAGER, SEBASTIAN: PRAYER CARD

Hager was killed at age 26½ on October 10, 1942, near Beli, Russia.

HAHN, ERNST (?) GOTTLIEB: *WEHRPASS*

Hahn was born March 3, 1919. He was in Battalion 127.

HANGWEIRER, AUGUST: PRAYER CARD

Hangweirer was killed at age 22 in the Soviet Union on March 25, 1942.

HANLING, JOSEF FRANZ: *WEHRPASS*

A *wehrpass* was issued to Hanling on September 14, 1940, in Weiden, Germany.

HAUPT, RUDOLF: *LUFTWAFFE* PILOT'S LICENSE

Haupt was born on February 4, 1921. His *luftwaffe* pilot's license was issued in Danzig on December 14, 1942. He was promoted twice, the second time to *Feldwebel*. He was trained to fly night flights (called *blind flights*) on a number of different planes.

HEESE, ERWIN: *WEHRPASS*

Heese was born June 21, 1925; He was an Infantry Pioneer and was killed in action October 21, 1944.

HEID, WILFRIED: *WEHRPASS*

Heid was a member of the MG 34 Machine Gun Squad. He received the Iron Cross 2<sup>nd</sup> class on December 1943. He served in Belgium, then went to the Channel, and then to Italy where he was wounded in October of 1944. He died on October 11<sup>th</sup>.

HEYMANN, SIEGFRIED: PRAYER CARD

Heymann was born March 7, 1917, and was killed near Briansk on October 9, 1941.

HEYNE, MARGARETE: IDENTITY CARD

Heyne was born September 1, 1904. She was a professional singer in a choir; her work identity card was issued on November 19, 1928.

HOHLUVEG, JOHANN: MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE

Johann Louis Wilhelm Hohluveg, who was born October 30, 1871, married Wilhemine Johanna Christine Wolfrum, who was born October 21, 1870, on October 12, 1907. The city where they married appears to be Hirachberg.

HOLLER, ANDREAS: PRAYER CARD

Holler was an artillery corporal until his death in a Russian POW camp in September of 1944.

HOSELMAIER, GREGOR: PRAYER CARD

Hoselmaier was a corporal in the grenadiers who died January 4, 1944, of heavy wounds acquired in the East.





HUMER, FELIX: PRAYER CARD

Humer was killed at age 21 on March 19, 1943, at the Eastern front.

HUNGERLE, PIUS: PRAYER CARD

Hungerle was a member of the infantry. He was born on June 20, 1919, and was killed on January 28, 1943.

HUNUMANN, HELGA: SWIMMER'S IDENTITY CARD

Hunumann was born February 23, 1926. She completed swim training November 1, 1937.

HUSSAL, GUSTAV: HITLER YOUTH LEADER APPLICATION

Hussal was born in Hamburg March 3, 1927, and applied to be a Hitler Youth Leader at age 11.

INHOFFER-STRUM, BABETTE: *ARBEITSBUCH*

Inhofer-Strum was born in Munich July 9, 1899.

ISSLAND, ELSE: GROUP YOUTH LEADER IDENTITY CARD

Issland was born March 16, 1904. Her identity card was issued February 9, 1934.

JANOWSKI, ZBIGNIEW: SERVICE CARD

Janowski was Polish. He was issued a service card as a railroad employee on August 4, 1944.

JARCRYK, ALFRED: *ARBEITSBUCH*

Jarczyk was born in Kattowitz, Poland, in 1907. He had been a foreman in a coal mine in Poland. In 1941 he went to Berlin to work in excavation, but after a month in Berlin, he went to work for Scherl news publisher.

JOHN, HERBERT: HITLER YOUTH RECORD

John was born on August 30, 1921. In 1935 when he joined the Hitler Youth, his address was given as Klandorfer Str. 27, Marienwerder (Bez. Potsdam), he joined the SS in 1939. Many records regarding him including his SS identity book, his Hitler Youth identity book, his Arbeitsbuch, etc., were sold as a package deal on the Ebay auction site.

JUNG, JOHAN: PRAYER CARD

Jung was in a panzer regiment. He was killed at age 39½ on September 23, 1944.

KALACZYNISKI, STANISLAUS: SERVICE CARD

Kalachzynski was born November 23, 1893, in Poland. He was issued a railroad identity card on March 23, 1944.

KALINODA, ROSALINDA: BORDER MONEY EXCHANGE BOOK

Kalinoda was born September 27, 1880, in Rossberg. Her border money exchange book, which was issued April 29, 1938, allowed her to exchange 3 Reichsmarks a day.

KECHT, VALENTIN: PRAYER CARD

Kecht died at age 20 3/4 from his injuries sustained in Russia on October 3, 1941.

KIPPER, IGNAZ: PRAYER CARD

Kipper was a grenadier who was killed September 13, 1943.

KLEIN, ALOIS: PRAYER CARD

Klein was a corporal in a mountaintop signal regiment. He was born on July 29, 1917, and was killed September 29, 1942, in the Caucasus.

KOHLER, ALFONS: PRAYER CARD

Kohler was in the 5<sup>th</sup> company of the 321<sup>st</sup> grenadier regiment. He was killed in action November 25, 1942.

KOPPL, RUDOLF: PRAYER CARD

Koppl died at age 25 on April 17, 1946, in a prison camp in Kowel (Ukraine).



KOWALSKI, FRANZ: *ARBEITSBUCH*

Kowalski was born November 7, 1880. He registered for work in Thorn (Torun, Poland) February 15, 1941, where he was an air traffic controller.

KOWALSKI, STANISLAW: *ARBEITSBUCH*

Kowalski registered to work in Sosnowitz on February 1, 1941. He worked in a glass factory.

KRAPLER, GERHARD: *LEISTUNGSBUCH* (pictured)

Krapler was born June 18, 1923. He won the Nazi Youth Sport Medal October 6, 1938.

KRASZYNSKI, IGNAS: *ARBEITSBUCH*

Kraszynski was born October 8, 1908, in Michalin. He was an employee of the Nazi railroad.

KRAUS, JOSEF: PRAYER CARD

Kraus was a private in a panzer regiment. He died on December 27, 1941, from serious wounds sustained in Russia. He was 20.

KRAUSE, LUISE: WORK RELEASE

Krause was born Luise Spice on March 20, 1922. She requested release from work because she was getting married. The work release was granted on May 26, 1941.

KRIEGL, GEORG: PRAYER CARD

Kriegl was killed at age 47 during a bombing near Ida Oberstein on March 17, 1945.

KUHNRIICH, ELSA CHARLOTTE: PASSPORT

Kuhnrich was born February 1, 1911. Her passport was issued to Glauchau on June 14, 1938, and was renewed until December 13, 1943. Her passport shows she was in and out of the country many times during that period.

KULIG, LUDWIG: PRAYER CARD

Kulig was born September 14, 1920. He was in the luftwaffe and was killed in the West January 15, 1945.

KUPPERS, PETER HEINRICH: PRAYER CARD

Kuppers was a grenadier. He was born April 14, 1924, and was killed on August 13, 1943, in the East. He was the son of Elizabeth Eggerath and Ebeleute (?) Hubert Kuppers.

KUSTERLE, JOSEF: PRAYER CARD

Kusterle was a medic in a mountain troops regiment which fought in Yugoslavia, Greece, Crete, and Russia. He was killed at age 27 on January 14, 1943, on the Ladoga Lakes.

LARREN, LEOPOLD: *ARBEITSBUCH*

Larren was born November 21, 1909, in Ohligs, Germany. This arbeitsbuch was issued January 30, 1936, at Solingen where he worked from 1927-1935 as a foreman in a factory that made steel knives.

LAUEFFS, HORST: *ARBEITSBUCH*

Laueffs, age 14, worked for a Berlin publisher, Scherl, in 1943.

LEHNER, LUDWIG: PRAYER CARD

Lehner was an artillery corporal who was killed on September 16, 1941, in Russia.

LINDA, FRANZ: SERVICE IDENTITY CARD

Linda was born May 5, 1904. His service identity card was issued in Thorn (Torun, Poland) on May 24, 1940, by the Germany Artillery Kaserne in Thorn. His last renewal was in 1945.

LIPS, WILHELM: *WEHRPASS*

Lips was born on August 28, 1896. He was a WWI veteran who served in Infantry Regiment 62 from 1916-1917. He was in the army until 1919. He won the Front Kämpfer Medal.





LOFFLER, JOSEF: PRAYER CARD

Loffler was a marine infantryman who died "heroically for his beloved homeland" from serious wounds acquired "during the difficult fighting on Dersel Island" on April 10, 1945, at age 43. He is buried in the heroes cemetery in Denburg.

LOREK, IDA: *ARBEITSBUCH*

Lorek was born June 26, 1905, in Leipzig. She did kitchen work.

MAHLING, KARL: *WEHRPASS*

Mahling was born August 1, 1908, in Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin. He never served but was a mechanic placed on Luftwaffe Reserve II status.

MALL, LUDWIG: PRAYER CARD

Mall was an NCO in a police grenadier regiment who was killed December 22, 1943, in Narwa, Russia.

MARTENKA, JULIUS: RAILROAD IDENTITY CARD

Martenka was born January 2, 1892, in Poland. His railroad identity card was issued July 12, 1944.

MAURER, LUDWIG: PRAYER CARD

Maurer was killed at age 26 in the East on February 18, 1943. He participated in campaigns in France, the Balkans, and the East. He received the Russian Front medal and the War Service Cross.

MAYR, AUGUST: PRAYER CARD

Mayr was killed in action at the age of 23 in Hungary on November 11, 1944.

MICKLEY, OTTO: *WEHRPASS*

In 1938 Mickley served with the "I./Flake Regiment 21, 10. Batterie." On October 3, 1939, he was part of the invasion force into Poland, then saw service in the Balkans and France. In 1942 he joined the Flying Air Base at Schonwalde. He was with the Second Paratrooper Corps on September 6, 1944. Mickley was with the paratroopers at Normandy, fighting the invading allies. He had training in espionage and anti-sabotage in Berlin in 1941.

MINKLAW, LUNTFOR: CIVIL IDENTITY CARD

Minklaw was born February 10, 1894. His *kennkarte* was issued June 6, 1940, and stamped in Berlin.

MITTANK, EMIL: *WEHRPASS*

Mittank was born October 16, 1904. He served in Italy.

MOSKWA, KAZIMIERZ: TRAIN PASS

Moskwa was issued a railroad pass as a railroad employee in Warsaw on August 8, 1940.

MUHLBAUER, ANTON: PRAYER CARD

Muhlbauer was born on June 12, 1914. He was ordained a priest in Dillingen on February 18, 1940. He was killed in the East on January 25, 1944.

MULLAU, ERICH: TRAVEL PASS

Mullau was granted a travel pass to see a show which was taking place in March of 1939 in the Prag-Czech Republik.

NAGLER, MICHEAL: PRAYER CARD

Nagler was killed on May 1, 1944.

NAUNBAUM, PAUL: DRIVER'S LICENSE

Naunbaum was born June 8, 1919, in Frankjrkarmtz, Germany. His license was stamped by the police in Oberpullendorf April 27, 1942.

NOTHAFT, PETER: PRAYER CARD

Nothافت was born in Mossling on May 26, 1922, and was killed in the Karpathen on August 7, 1944.



NOY, OTTO: PRAYER CARD

Noy was a pilot who had been awarded 2 Iron Crosses and a gold flying clasp. He was born in Oberhausen on November 9, 1920, and was killed May 7, 1944.

OOGÉ, GASTON: PRAYER CARD

Ooge was born in 1913 and was killed in action at the East front in 1944.

OTTO, HERMANN: IDENTITY CARD

Otto was born March 7, 1909. He was issued an identity card as a soccer player in Gittersee-by-Dresden on August 8, 1937.

PAURITSCH, PROBST, RAINER AHNENPASS

This *ahnenpass* belonged to Johanna Pauritsch of Graz, Germany, who was born June 8, 1921. Her ancestry was recorded back 5 generations. The following is what I could read from the record.

Father: Mathias Pauritsch, born May (?) 24, 1896.

Grandfather: Mathias Pauritsch who married Maria Premoc in 1883.

Mother: Johanna Rainier who was born October 31, 1896.

Grandfather: Anton Rainer who married Johanna Probst in 1884.

Great grandfather: An\_\_ Probst who married Elizabeth Riegler in 1873.

Great, great grandfather: Mathias Probst who married Regina Medusr.

Great grandfather: Anton Rainer who married Johanna Schlack in 1864.

Great, great grandfather: Mathias Rainer who married Maria Milverin.

Great, great grandfather: Johann Schlack who married Maria Pricuxer.

PEGER, VERNA: ARBEITSBUCH

Peger was born October 16, 1897. She registered to work in Chemnitz April 8, 1936.

PIECZAK, JOSEF: CONCENTRATION CAMP LETTER

Pieczak wrote his wife in Ostrowiec a letter dated 25 August 1940. He was an inmate in the Sachsenhausen Concentration Camp near Berlin.

PITARQUE, JOACHIM: ARBEITSBUCH

Pitarque was a French citizen, born August 2, 1922. He registered to work in Kolberg on September 27, 1943. He was work help in Szczecin from September 22, 1943-November 11, 1944.

PIWONSKI, CZESLAW: KENNKARTE

Piwonski's work card was stamped in occupied Poland (Warsaw) on September 10, 1942.

PREYER, FRANZ: WEHRSTAMMBUCH

Preyer was born July 25, 1900, in Gross Schweinbarth, Austria. His personnel file was issued in 1939. He enlisted in Infantry Regiment 134.

PROSCH, JOSEF: PRAYER CARD

Prosch was in a field artillery unit. He died at age 22 in an enemy attack in Norway. He was wounded October 3, 1940, and was buried in Bodo, Norway, on October 28<sup>th</sup>.

PURSCH, JOSEF: PRAYER CARD

Pursch was a lance corporal in a mountain artillery regiment. He was killed at age 22, on May 19, 1942, on a transport from serious wounds acquired in Russia.

RASTER, SEPP: PRAYER CARD

Raster was killed in Ostkarpathen at age 18½ on September 10, 1944.

REGER, ALFONS: PRAYER CARD

Reger was killed in the East on January 10, 1944.





REID, ALOIS: PRAYER CARD

Reid was an infantryman who died at age 24 on August 1, 1917, in the East. He was shot in the head.

REID, FRANZ: PRAYER CARD

Reid was a grenadier in the army, a farmer's son from Tiefenbach. He was killed in the East at age 18.

REINER, HEINRICH: PRAYER CARD

Reiner was killed at age 32 on May 29, 1944 in the West.

REINFARTH, WILHELM: *WEHRPASS*

Reinfarth was born May 5, 1903. He was a *wachtmeister* in a flak regiment and served in the Poland campaign.

RODL, MAX: DEATH NOTICE

Rodl was born on July 11, 1920, in Bodenmais, and was killed on February 28, 1943, in the East.

RUBENBAUER, FRANZ XAVER: PRAYER CARD

Rubenbauer was born August 13, 1915, and killed in action at Stalingrad on January 15, 1943.

RYSCHOV, NIKOLAI: *ARBEITSBUCH*

Ryschov was born in the Ukraine on December 19, 1927. His *arbeitsbuch* was issued in Minden, Germany, on September 11, 1944.

SCHACTNER, KARL: PRAYER CARD

Schactner was killed at age 21 on April 11, 1943, in the battle for Leningrad.

SCHEUER, XAVIER: PRAYER CARD

Scheuer was a grenadier in the panzers who was killed at age 32 on August 13, 1942.

SCHINNERL, FELIX: PRAYER CARD

Schinnerl was killed on July 20, 1944, in the East, 20 days before his brother Hubert was killed. Felix was 38 when he died.

SCHINNERL, HUBERT: PRAYER CARD

Schinnerl was killed at age 20 on August 9, 1944, in Italy. His brother was Felix.

SCHLAG, JOSEF: PRAYER CARD

Schlag died at age 31 in the East on September 11, 1944, from injuries he sustained 2 days before.

SCHMITZER, JOSEF: PRAYER CARD

Schmitzer was killed at age 24 on June 19, 1944, in St. Honorine-de-Chardonnette (France) and was buried in Ranville.

SCHNEIDEMIND, ERNST: *WEHRPASS*

Schneidemind was born October 5, 1898. A WWI veteran, he served through all of 1917 and 1918 in Infantry Regiments 93, 393, and 26. He was in a local defense unit in 1939.

SCHOETZ, AUGUSTIN: PRAYER CARD

Schoetz was killed at age 18½ on February 18, 1943, at Ladogasee, Russia, and is buried there.

SCHULE, KURT: DEATH NOTICE

Schule was a pioneer (combat engineer). A notice was placed in Ludwigburg that he had been killed in September of 1941.

SCHULTZ, FRITZ EMIL RICHARD: *WEHRPASS*

Schultz was born September 4, 1897 in Rarkenbin (?).



SCHULTZ, GEFRAITE: *WEHRPASS*

Schultz was born May 7, 1923, and was the son of Fritz Schultz (above). He was killed in action in Russia on July 27, 1943.

SCHWEIGER, GEORG: PRAYER CARD

Schweiger was born July 17, 1916. He was an infantryman who was killed March 14, 1943, at Stalingrad.

SEHR, JOSEF: PRAYER CARD

Sehr was born in Rublen on August 5, 1913. He was killed at Stalingrad November 2, 1942.

SENKOWSKI, STEFAN: LETTER

Senkowski was a prisoner in Dachau concentration camp. On July 6, 1925, he wrote his wife Janina, who lived in Lodz, Poland, that he had been released by the American army and would soon be home.

SINGHOFER, KARL: PRAYER CARD

Singhofer was a corporal in the grenadiers who died in the East October 28, \_\_\_\_

SOWITZKI, KARL: *ARBEITSBUCH*

Sowitzki was born February 26, 1929. He registered to work in Gladbeck February 17, 1944.

SPICHTINGER, JOSEF: PRAYER CARD

Spichtinger was an infantryman who was killed in an artillery barrage on November 11, 1944, in the East.

SPRINZL, ANTON: *QUITTUNGSKARTE*

Sprinzl was born August 8, 1903. His health plan record was issued January 9, 1943.

STAFFLER, ALOIS: PRAYER CARD

Staffler died at age 26½ on October 16, 1941, in the East.

STANGL, JOSEF: PRAYER CARD

Stangl was killed while fighting for the Kuban bridgehead in Russia in 1943, 3 months after his brother Max was killed.

STANGL, MAX: PRAYER CARD

Stangl served in Belgium, France, and Holland, and died in a field hospital on February 2, 1943. He was the brother of Josef Stangl.

STEFFEN, KARLA: CLUB CARD

Steffen was born September 20, 1904. She was a member of the Helios gymnastic club and residing in Hamburg when her club identity card was issued on August 9, 1937.

STEINBERGER, ANDERL: PRAYER CARD

Steinberger died at age 27 on December 22, 1943, near Dnjeprowka, east of Nikopol, Russia.

STEINHUBER, EDMUND: PRAYER CARD

Steinhuber was a corporal in a luftwaffe flak regiment. He took part in the North African and Eastern campaigns. He was killed at age 25½ on September 11, 1942, in a camp near Neapel (Naples?).

STRIDER, WILHELMINE ANNI: *KENNKARTE*

Strider was born September 10, 1902, in Hamburg. She was employed as a stenographer in Berlin July 5, 1944.

STOCKER, ALOIS: PRAYER CARD

Stocker was an infantry corporal who was killed in the East on October 4, 1942.

STOGMULLER, FRANZ: PRAYER CARD

Stogmuller died at age 25 on October 10, 1944, in Italy.





STUMPFL, KARL: PRAYER CARD

Stumpf was a corporal in a motorized unit. He was killed in Russia on July 2, 1941.

STUMPTNER, FRANZ: PRAYER CARD

Stumptner died at age 21 in Italy on September 23, 1944. He was the brother of Josef.

STUMPTNER, JOSEF: PRAYER CARD

Stumptner died at age 25 in the East on February 6, 1944. He was the brother of Franz.

THALLER, JOSEF: PRAYER CARD

Thaller was a lance corporal in a motor pool who died at age 31 on February 24, 1943, in the Caucasus after being seriously wounded.

THEILEN, RUDOLF BERNHARD LUDWIG

Theilen was born September 2, 1896, in Oldenburg. His father's name was Adolf.

TRESTER, OTTOMAR: *ARBEITSBUCH*

Trester, age 52, worked as a graphic artist for Scherl publishing company.

TWARDON, GERTRUD: *ARBEITSBUCH*

Twardon was born December 13, 1926. She registered to work in Gliwice on March 23, 1943.

UNTERHOLZNER, JOSEF: PRAYER CARD

Unterholzer died at age 30 in the Caucasus on November 10, 1942.

UNTEROFF, F. LUTZ: *WEHRPASS*

Unteroff served in Transportation Regiment 628. He died in 1983.

WAGNER, ALFONS: PRAYER CARD

Wagner was a panzer corporal who was killed in Italy on October 22, 1944.

WALLNER, WOLFGANG: *SOLDBUCH*

Wallner was born January 27, 1900, in Salb, Germany. He entered the service on June 17, 1941, and served in a *Land Schutz kompanie*, battalion 13.

WALTER, ERNST: *WEHRPASS*

Walter was born on June 18, 1911. He served in Hungary and was an *oberwachtmeister* in a Nazi luftwaffe flak regiment.

WCLAV, KOWALCYZK: FORCED LABOR COUPONS

Wclav was born on August 26, 1910. He was issued food and lodging coupons, as he was a Polish forced labor worker, on January 11, 1945.

WEBER, FRIEDA: CIVIL IDENTITY CARD

Weber was born in Seitendorf on June 9, 1905. In 1943 she was living in Krakow, Poland.

WEIGLSBERGER, ALOIS: PRAYER CARD

Weiglsberger was a grenadier who had served in the war since the very beginning of it. He was presented an Iron Cross. He was killed during heavy fighting in the East at age 27 on September 19, 1943.

WEIKL, PEPP: PRAYER CARD

Weikl died at age 28 on September 17, 1942, in the East.

WENDT, F.: *SS WEHRPASS*

Wendt was born in April of 1920 in Scharnhorst. A photograph of him shows him in an SS Panzer Wrap black tunic with a skull collar tab. He entered the SS in January of 1938, serving with the Second SS-Totenkopf Panzer Jaeger Abteilung Dachau, First SS Totenkopf Panzer Jaeger Abteilung 6, Heavy SS Cavalry Panzer Regiment 3, Second SS



Totenkopf Panzer Regiment 3, Staff Company Heavy SS Panzer Unit 503.

Wendt was trained on 98K, P08, machine pistol, light machine gun, Pak 3.7 cm, MG 34, KWK 5 cm and 7.5 cm. He held the SS driver's license and a driving instructor's license for autos, motorcycles, and trucks and was trained as a tank gunner and tank commander. The driver's license was issued in December of 1940. It was valid not only for cars and motorcycles but for armored full track vehicles up to 10 tons.

His awards were Reich Sport Badge in bronze, Rider Sport Badge in bronze, Panzer Kampf Abzeichen in Silver (March 21, 1943), Iron Cross Second Class (November 9, 1941), Danzig Honor Cross and Danzig Honor Pin in October 1939 and September 1940, Czechoslovakian Anschluss Medal (October 1, 1938), Austrian Anschluss Medal, Black Wound Badge (July 21, 1943), Russian Front Medal (August 13, 1942), Silver Wound Badge (July 1, 1944), Iron Cross First Class (August 29, 1944), Gold Wound Badge (September 30, 1944).

He was a member of SS Heimwehr Danzig for the Polish invasion at Danzig. He was wounded on 5 separate occasions by grenade splinters. He was last wounded in Warsaw on September 2, 1944.

**WIRNSHOFER, ANDREAS: PRAYER CARD**

Wirnschofer was born in Walding on April 25, 1914, and was killed on April 28, 1942, in Pawlowo near Juchnow, Russia.

**WITTMAN, MARTIN: PRAYER CARD**

Wittman died at age 23 on July 27, 1941, in Barbarossa, Russia.

**WOJTAS, FRANCISZKA: DEATH CERTIFICATE**

Wojtas was the wife of Martin. She died November 15, 1910.

**ZAHNER, JOSEF: PRAYER CARD**

Zahner was an army grenadier who was killed at age 18½ in Russia on March 4, 1944.

**ZIETHAU, KARL: LUFTSCHUTZ-DIENSTBUCH**

Ziethau was born July 27, 1904, in Hamburg. He served in an air raid protection group, seeing his first service in Hamburg on March 12, 1941.

**ZIMMERMAN, FERDINAND: PRAYER CARD**

Zimmerman was from Cham. He was killed at age 28 in the first campaign of the war in Poland on September 18, 1939.

**ZLESKI, WLADYSLAW: FORCED LABOR WORKER IDENTITY CARD**

Zleski was a Polish forced labor worker, born March 10, 1909. His identity card was issued in Bialystok.

## **GEDENKTAFELS**

A *gedenktafel* was a posterlike collection of photographs and death dates of all the people who died in the war from a certain city. The *gedenktafel* would be posted in a glass box in the town center as a war memorial.

**TOWN OF ALTHEGNENBERG, NEAR MUNICH**

The 6 names with locations beside them appear in the German graves registration.

Fischer, Anton: killed April 24, 1944; Sewastapol

Foltin, Leopold: killed May 8, 194\_\_

Glueck, Johann: killed September 28, 1942; Ladogasee, Russia

Haas, Domin\_\_: killed July 21, 1943

Haunschild, Wilm.: killed September 7, 1945

Holdan, Josef: killed March 18, 1943

Huber, Josef: killed August 7, 1944; Costermano, Italy

Huber, Martin: killed August 14, 1944

Kura, Paul: killed April 24, 1945





Maier, Arno: killed December 9, 1944; Kaschau, Czechoslovakia  
 Raaz, Ernst (luftwaffe): killed August 15, 1944; Champigny-St. Andre, France  
 Salcher, Hans: killed \_\_ 24, 1942  
 Socora, Eduard: killed May 4, 1945  
 Stahl, Alfred: killed August 16, 1941; Ljubjanski-Kbornyi  
 Widemann, Andreas: killed January 28, 1942  
 Worle, Jakob: died May 20, 1946

#### TOWN OF BLOEDESHEIM, NEAR MUNICH

The 3 names with locations beside them appear in the German graves registration.

##### Dead:

Abel, Ludwig: died December 30, 1944  
 Barth, Henriette: died \_\_ 1945  
 Becher, Helmut: died November 5, 1943  
 Florson, Rudolf: died December 8, 1943  
 unreadable name  
 Herzog, Anton Frederick: died October 5, 1943  
 Kerkel (?), Ernst: died May 18, 1943  
 Kraus, Frederick: died July 9, 1941  
 Lang, Hans: died October 13, 1942  
 Metzler, P.: died September 24, 1941; buried in a single, unknown grave  
 Oog, Hans: died \_\_ 1944  
 Oog, Wilhelm: died September 11, 1941  
 Scholl, Ida: died May 18, 1945  
 Stabel, Hermann: died November 19, 1943; Smolensk, Russia  
 Stabel, \_\_: died May 7, 1944  
 Winter, Ludwig: died April 18, 1943; Futa-Pass, Italy  
 Missing:  
 Florson, Jakob: missing February 6, 1945  
 Herzog, Christian: missing March 28, 1944  
 Malo, Gunther: missing September 16, 1943  
 Soroth (?), Fritz: missing January 1945  
 unreadable name

#### TOWN OF FOERNBACH, NEAR MUNICH

The only two soldiers whose graves were registered have a location beside their names.

Gross, Franz: died May 7, 1943; Riga, Latvia  
 Grubl, Michael: died May 16, 1944  
 Hagl, Josef: died July 4, 1944  
 Hartl, Anton: died February 26, 1943  
 Kaltenecker, Joh.: died July 6, 1944  
 Kurzinger, Andr.: died August 1, 1944  
 Moosmaker, Michael: died December 30, 1943  
 Rupprecht, Rudolf: died November 26, 1943; Tscherkassy, Ukraine  
 Reim, Josef: died December 12, 1942  
 Schleibinger, Joh.: October 31, 1943  
 Schneider, Otto: died May 29, 1944  
 Schneider, Theod.: died June 30, 1944  
 Weichselbaumer, Joh.: died July 6, 1944  
 Worl, Johann: died February 9, 1942  
 Wurfbach, Clemens: died March 3, 1945



#### TOWN OF PREM, NEAR MUNICH

This is an incomplete record. I only have 6 of the 21 names on this *gedenktafel*. These are the names of the men who were identified by the German graves registration office.

Dietmar, G.: killed July 15, 1944; Olita, Litauen  
Kleber, F.: killed October 23, 1944; Costermano, Italy  
Kleber, H.: killed November 28, 1944; Andilly, France  
Lutz, K.: killed April 12, 1945; Czestochowa, Poland, as a POW of the Russians  
Lutz, X.: killed November 16, 1941; Ukraine, Mekensia  
Simbeck, L.: killed February 8, 1944; St. Georges d'Aunay, France

#### TOWN OF VENNINGEN, NEAR MUNICH

This is an incomplete record. I have only 7 of the 21 names on this *gedenktafel*. These are the names of the men who were identified by the German graves registration office.

Bamberger, K.: killed October 16, 1944; Nizny Orlik, Slovak Republic  
Gies, L.: killed May 1, 1945; Bischofteinitz, Czech Republic  
Lutz, R.: killed March 24, 1942; Bairak, Ukraine  
Rohr, L.: killed March 19, 1942; Wasilljevschtschina, Russia  
Schneider, H.: killed April 2, 1944; Wiknina, Russia  
Sona, X.: killed March 3, 1945; Futa-Pass, Italy  
Waldschmitt, P.: killed November 25, 1942; Russakopf, Russia

#### THERESIENSTADT, BOHEMIA, GHETTO CONCENTRATION CAMP RECORDS

This records come from the minutes of the court records taken in the ghetto concentration camp of Theresienstadt, Bohemia. The camp was set up by the Nazis and ostensibly policed by a Jewish court. What follows are a sampling of the records found in the minutes which was translated by the lister who was selling them on the Ebay auction site in March of 2000. The date following each record is the date on which it appeared in the court minutes.

Ancelovic, Hermann: 3 days' detention, hurt a female prisoner slightly (December 24, 1943)  
Deutsch, Walter: deported to Auschwitz because of an escape attempt (September 27, 1943)  
Eckstein, Hans: 10 days' detention, stole bread and margarine from another prisoner (February 15, 1944)  
Glassman, Adolf: one week's detention, stole a piece of bread from another prisoner (March 1, 1944)  
Hekscher, Herbert: solitary confinement and withdrawal of hot meals, stole 51 breads from the bread stock room (December 3, 1943)  
Hollender, Moritz: deported to Auschwitz because he committed burglary (September 27, 1943)  
Heumann, Karl: 3 weeks' detention, stole cakes and sugar out of a parcel (January 12, 1944)  
Lazansky, Georg: 1 week's detention, had possession of a cigarette and 5 Reichsmarks (March 21, 1944)  
Mahler, Josef: deported to Auschwitz because he committed burglary (September 27, 1943)  
Mahler, Willie: died in the camp  
Schilling, Herbert Andreas: solitary confinement and withdrawal of hot meals, stole 51 breads from the bread stock (December 3, 1943)  
Schlome, Elly: 14 days' detention, stole a shirt from the clothing room (November 30, 1943)  
Spielamnn, Karl: deported to Auschwitz because of an escape attempt (September 27, 1943)  
Sternberg, Edwin: 3 days' detention, tried to smuggle ½ kg of spinach into the camp (March 11, 1944)  
Suel, Edgar: 3 days' detention, tried to smuggle ½ kg of spinach into the camp (March 11, 1944)





## AHNENPASS

An *Ahnenpass* was a book of ancestors. People who wished to become members of the Nazi party had to prove their pure Aryan descent and have it recorded in the *Ahnenpass*. This particular *Ahnenpass* belonged to a woman named Josephine Ferdinande Dechner. Her *Ahnenpass* shows 15 generations of her ancestry.



### Ahnenpaß

nach dem Mandat des Reichs- und Preuss. Ministers  
des Innern vom 26. 7. 1935

Nr. \_\_\_\_\_

Nachname *Dechner*

Vorname *Josephine Ferdinande*

Beruf \_\_\_\_\_

Wohnort *Rüthen*

Unterschrift \_\_\_\_\_

1	Ahnenträger
* Geburt	<p>Name (Geburtsname) <i>Dechner</i></p> <p>Vorname <i>Josephine Ferdinande</i></p> <p>geboren am <i>22. Febr. 1932</i> in <i>Rüthen</i></p> <p>getauft am <i>28. Febr. 1932</i> in <i>Rüthen</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>kath.</i> Religion, Sohn — Tochter — der Eheleute  <i>Lehrer Johannes Franziskus Dechner</i>  <i>und Josephine Sophia geb. Sudbrock</i></p> <p>Reg.-Nr. <i>9</i> des Standesamts — <i>Warenns</i> — in <i>Rüthen</i></p> <div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> <div> <p>Die Richtigkeit des Eintrags wird auf Grund des <del>des</del> <i>Standes</i> - vorgel. Urhd. -  bezeugt.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Wort unterschrieben - Wort hinzugefügt.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Rüthen</i>, den <i>21. 3. 1940</i></p> <p>Der Standesbeamte - <i>Kreisbuchhalter</i> <i>K. K. K.</i></p> </div> </div>




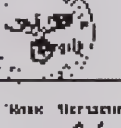

## ANCESTRY CHART OF JOSEPHINE DECHNER


			Viktor Dziobba	Johannes Dziobba Agnes Kroll
		Johann Dzioba	Dorothea Deba	
	Paul Dzioba	Josephine Koziolk	Michael Koziolk Regina Dodzinal	Paul Koziolk Hedwig Hapa
Johannes Dechner	Emma Bohmfeld	Rudolf Bohmfeldt	Ludwig Bohmfeldt	Ferdinand Benhfeld  Rosalia Schonhern Johannes Schonhern
<b>Josephine Dechner</b>		Anna Koplin	Michael Koplin Anna Radke	Johannes Kopelin Anna Maria Frotke Joseph Radke Catharina Schmidt
		Gerhard Sudbrook	Henrich Sudbrook	Christian Verhoff Sutbrock Anna Margarethe
			Gertrude Rohde	Christoph Plummer Rohde Anna Katharina
Josephine Sudbrook	Ferdinand Sudbrook	Sophia Fahle	Joseph Fahle	Anton Fahle Franziska Kopp
			Antonetta Schreve	Fritz Schreve Agnes Risse
	Josephine Wendel	Johann Wendel	Joseph Wendel	Ferdinand Wendel Anna Troist
			Gertrud Nau	Ludwig Nau Maria Schreiner
		Franziska Schaefer	Gerhardus Schaefer	Kaspar Schaefer Franziska Heppe
			Walbrugis Ratte	Franciscus Ratte Elisabeth Jaix

Josephine is descended from tailors, bakers, cashiers, and other middle class people.





20	Heiratsregister VIII (Eater von 18)	
Name <i>Schaefer</i> Geburtsort <i>Gerhard Anton</i> geboren am <i>17. Febr. 1892</i> in <i>Rüthen</i> gestorben am <i>20. Febr. 1892</i> in <i>Rüthen</i> <i>Kath.</i> Religion, Sohn des <i>Herrn</i> <i>Ackermann Kasper Anton Schaefer</i> <i>und Franziska Heppner</i>  des <i>Standesamts</i> <i>Rüthen</i> - in <i>Rüthen</i> die Ehegatten sind nach dem <i>Standesamt</i> - beurkundet <i>Rüthen</i> am <i>17. 3. 1940</i> Der Standesbeamte - <i>Kreuznach</i>		
Name <i>Schaefer</i> Geburtsort <i>Gerhard Anton</i> geboren am <i>24. November 1835</i> in <i>Rüthen</i> gestorben am <i>24. November 1835</i> in <i>Rüthen</i> <i>Kath.</i> Religion, Sohn des <i>Herrn</i> <i>Ackermann Kasper Anton Schaefer</i> <i>und Franziska Heppner</i>  des <i>Standesamts</i> <i>Rüthen</i> - in <i>Rüthen</i> die Ehegatten sind nach dem <i>Standesamt</i> - beurkundet <i>Rüthen</i> am <i>17. 3. 1940</i> Der Standesbeamte - <i>Kreuznach</i>		
Name <i>Schaefer, Anton</i> Geburtsort <i>Ackerwirt</i> geboren am <i>11. März 1875</i> in <i>Rüthen</i> gestorben am <i>11. März 1875</i> in <i>Rüthen</i> <i>Kath.</i> Religion, Sohn des <i>Herrn</i> <i>Ackermann Kasper Anton Schaefer</i> <i>und Franziska Heppner</i>  des <i>Standesamts</i> <i>Rüthen</i> - in <i>Rüthen</i> die Ehegatten sind nach dem <i>Standesamt</i> - beurkundet <i>Rüthen</i> am <i>17. 3. 1940</i> Der Standesbeamte - <i>Kreuznach</i>		

Winter (von 1)		3
Name <i>Sudbrock</i> Geburtsort <i>Josephine Sophia</i> geboren am <i>26. Aug. 1875</i> in <i>Rüthen</i> gestorben am <i>26. Aug. 1875</i> in <i>Rüthen</i> <i>Kath.</i> Religion, Sohn -- Tochter -- der Eheleute <i>Stadtkassen-Rendant Ferdinand Sudbrock</i> <i>und Josephine geb. Verdel</i> Reg. Nr. <i>54</i> des Standesamts -- <i>Wassend</i> -- in <i>Rüthen</i>  die Ehegatten sind nach dem <i>Standesamt</i> - beurkundet <i>Rüthen</i> am <i>21. 3. 1940</i> Der Standesbeamte - <i>Kreuznach</i>		
und der <i>Josephine Sophia</i> geborenen <i>Sudbrock</i> Standesamt <i>Wassend</i> -- in <i>Rüthen</i> Reg. Nr. <i>3</i> <i>Rüthen</i> am <i>21. 3. 1940</i> Der Standesbeamte - <i>Kreuznach</i>	Eheschließung	



# INDEX

## RECORDS FROM THE

## UNITED STATES

Unknown location:	
Abrams Bible record	page 7
Baldwin Bible record	page 7
Braer Bible record	page 10
Daniels Bible record	page 24
Douglas Bible record	page 29
Engel Bible record	page 30
Gane, Knight Bible record	page 35
Hignell, Shann Bible record	page 41
Hill Bible record	page 42
Kinsel, Redfern, Telfer Bible record	page 46
Kniffen Bible record	page 48
Lavf Bible record	page 48
Lewellin Bible record	page 50
Mountz Bible record	page 55
1800 Serrmet? Serrwett? Slave Bible record, Southern U.S.	page 67
1842 Stapleton Bible record	page 69
1831 Thomas Bible record	page 71
Odessa school roster	page 279
1895 funeral card of Thomas C. Mendenhall	page 51
1889 funeral card of Mrs. Georgia Martin	page 51
1899 funeral card of John D. Wardlaw	page 73
1903 funeral card of Tobias Fahner, Crediton	page 31
1906 Merit card	page 279
Arkansas:	
1887 Almon teaching contract, Polk County	page 320
California:	
1850 Dearnaley Bible record	page 25
1937 Densmore letter, Mono County	page 320
1900 Carroll School District roster, Bruceville, Sacramento County	page 279
Bible record, Hastings/Towne families, Wolf County	page 40
1902 Inyo County commencement list	page 317
Colorado:	
1877 Bird Bible record, Denver	page 7
1916 Davis teacher's certificate, Boulder	page 25
1909 Davis teacher's certificate, Greeley, Weld County	page 280
Connecticut:	
1730 Bible record, Curtis, Taylor, Beardsley, Roots, McMillen, New Haven	page 22
1730 hair lock record Curtiss, New Haven	page 22
1821 Shaw Bible record, Stonington, New London	page 67
1710 Pease Bible record, Hartford, Thompsonville and Enfield	page 57
1795 Pease Bible record, Enfield	page 58
1797 Ensign, Hatheway Bible record, Poquonock	page 30
Florida:	
1990 Travel Journal of Albert Hofmann	page 144
1998 Campground Hosting in the Great Smoky Mountains, diary of Albert Hofmann	page 148





Georgia:	
1952 Graysville School roster, Catoosa County	page 281
Idaho:	
1897 Challis Creek, Custer County school roster	page 281
Illinois:	
1871 A. Delia Garver, report of school attendance, Piatt County	page 322
1835 Sutherland Bible record, Chicago	page 70
1909 Hickory Grove School roster, Mt. Carroll Township, Carroll County	page 281
Family chart showing Iliff and Ramp descendants, Marshall County, Illinois	page 82
1883 Diary of Luella Iliff Ramp, Marshall County, Illinois	page 84
1886 Diary of Luella Iliff Ramp, Marshall County, Illinois	page 92
1952 Obituary of Benjamin Ramp, age 102, Marshall County, Illinois	page 99
Family chart Gibbs/ Stinger families, Marshall County, Illinois	page 100
Interview with Ethel Gibbs Ramp, Marshall County, Illinois	page 102
1930 Travel Diary of Ethel Gibbs Ramp (Chicago to California)	page 107
1841 Francisco, Stumpf Bible record, Shelby County	page 33
1898 Pleasant Hill school roster, Stephenson County	page 281
1887 Paul, Matthews Bible record, Tazewell County	page 57
1859 Wilkinson, Young Bible record, Chicago, Joliet, Milwaukee	page 76
1924 Picture of teacher Louise Bent, Paua	page 321
Indiana:	
1900 Monroe Township school roster, Adams County	page 281
1910 Butler School roster, Jefferson Township, Allen County	page 282
1874 Miller teaching certificate, Carroll County	page 282
Family chart showing Wilson descendants, Cass County	page 206
Interview with Laura Wilson Bertram, Cass County	page 209
1899 Dutch Gap School roster, Delkalb County	page 282
1915 Washington Township commencement list, Fickle	page 317
1908 Walnut School roster, Grant County	page 283
1811 Scott, Talbert Bible record, Highland County, Ohio; Hamilton County, Ohio	page 65
Family chart showing Talbert descendants, Hamilton and Wabash Counties	page 174
Interview with Tressa Talbert Schmalzried, Hamilton and Wabash Counties	page 192
Interview with Ethel Gibbs Ramp, Hammond	page 102
1891 funeral card of Mary Hames, Greenfield printing	page 39
1900 Odon commencement list, Odon	page 317
1907 Clinton Township Schools 8 <sup>th</sup> grade commencement roster, Kirklin	page 317
Gibbs/Hofmann family chart	page 23
Travel Journal of Bonnie Jean Gibbs Hofmann, Hammond, Lake County	page 124
Bakehorn Teaching Certificate, Miami County	page 322
Moon/Gibbs/Hall family chart, Hammond, Noblesville	page 205
Interview with Edythe Moon Elliott, Hammond	page 175
1905 Pleasant Lake school roster, Steuben County	page 283
1907 Hoback School roster, Prairie Township, Tipton County	page 283
1899 LaGro Township School 21 roster, Wabash County	page 283
1905 Lincolnville School 21 roster, Wabash County	page 283
1905 Lincolnville School 22 roster, Wabash County	page 284
1887 Paul, Matthews Bible, Warrick County	page 57
1896 Cleveland Township, Whitley County	page 284
1899 Scott School roster, Whitley County	page 285
Family chart Moon/Gibbs families, Hammond, Wabash	page 123
1983 Interview with Edythe Moon Elliott, Hammond	page 175
1983 Interview with Bonnie and Albert Hofmann, Hammond	page 125
1983 Interview with Margaret Moon Gibbs Ottarson, Hammond	page 177
1983 Interview with Rachel Moon Daggy, Hammond	page 183



1990 Travel Journal, Albert Hofmann, Hammond	page 144
1996 Interview with Albert Hofmann, Hammond	page 159
1998 Travel Journal, Albert Hofmann, Hammond	page 148
Iowa:	
1853 McCracken Bible record, Rome	page 50
1893 Nicholson Teaching Certificate	page 324
1893 Jewell teaching certificate, Butler County	page 324
1852 Abel fractur, Burlington, Des Moines County	page 5
1909 Paton Township School roster, Greene County	page 285
1902 Iowa City High School commencement list	page 317
1908 Summit School roster, St. Charles County	page 286
Thomas Bible record, Iowa Falls	page 70
1918 Joseph Klepper funeral card	page 46
Frances Comings letter to Charles Parker, Keokuk	page 324
Kansas:	
1907 Zane Public School roster, Clark County	page 286
1917 Columbia School roster, Douglas County	page 286
1900 Ellinwood School Roster, Ellinwood	page 286
1901 Harris School Roster, Grindley	page 286
1898 Halsted School roster, Harvey County	page 287
Lone Star School, Kingsman County	page 287
1909 Empire Township school roster, McPherson County	page 287
1936 Mayette Rural School Commencement, Mayetta	page 317
1910 Mt. Hope school roster, Walnut Township, Marshall County	page 288
1915 Star School roster, Miami County	page 288
1916 Indianapolis School roster, Miami County	page 288
1925 Plaine View School, Grand View Township, Morris County	page 288
1907 Saxman School Roster, Saxman	page 289
1913 Old Trail School roster, Independence Township, Washington County	page 289
Kentucky:	
1890 Martin teaching certificate, Floyd County	page 325
1826 Burns Bible record, Harrison County	page 14
Maine:	
1899 Village School roster, Harmony	page 289
1805 Leighton, Wright Bible record, Addison, Washington County	page 50
1780 Wood, Porter, Green Bible record, Falmouth, Westbrook, Yarmouth	page 79
1789 Curtis Bible record, New Hanover, N.H. and Saco, Leeds, and Waldo	page 22
1905 District 7 School roster, Penobscot County, North Newburg	page 290
1834 Cary Bible record, Androscoggin, Sagadahoc, and Topsham	page 16
1819 Mitchell, Billings, Tobey, Kendall Bible record, Kittery, York County	page 54
1780 Hodsdon, Warren, Smith, Bradbury Bible record, York County?	page 42
Maryland:	
1905 M.E. Sunday School class roster, Lanaconing	page 290
1845 Kneisley Bible record, Hagerstown, Maryland	page 46
Massachusetts:	
1807 Gardner, Galvin Bible record, Charlestown, Dorchester, Boston; Galveston, Texas	page 36
1849 Haskill, Williams, Guy, Clark, Sturdivant Bible record, Berkshire County, Hinsdale	page 39
1944 Steinkrauss, Laffin postcard, Cambridge	page 326
1797 Hatheway, Ensign Bible record, Dartmouth	page 30
1830 Leland teaching pay receipt, Holliston	page 291
1809 Pease Bible record, Longmeadow and Springfield	page 58





1793 Derby, Smith Bible record, Salem, Essex County	page 27
Family chart showing Proctor and Burns descendants	page 212
Interview with Gladys Proctor Burns, Essex County	page 213
Hastings/Towne Bible record, Watertown, Suffolk County, Norfolk County	page 40
1812 Bosworth, Richardson, Hathaway Bible record, Taunton	page 9
1759 Young, Wilkinson Bible record, Falmouth, Nobleboro, Pittston and Illinois	page 76
1855 Barlow, Bunn Bible record, Worcester, Redditch?	page 13
1614 Peabody, White, Kinley, Lothrop Bible record, England; Hampdon, Essex Counties	page 57
1901 Cooter report card, Cambridge	page 290
Michigan:	
1806 Brower Bible record, Jackson	page 10
1898 Farwell Commencement list	page 318
1848 Cronch/Corey Bible record, Liberty	page 19
1914 Bell School roster, Mecosta County	page 291
1904 Danish Settlement School roster, Montcalm Township, Montcalm County	page 291
1908 Pine Grove School roster, Croton Township, Newaygo County	page 291
Minnesota:	
1909 Public School District 148 roster, McPherson Township, Blue Earth County	page 292
1904 School District 101, Maple Grove Township, Hennepin County	page 292
1910 Allerth Public School roster, Marsh Grove Township, Marshall County	page 293
1908 School District 11 A roster, Windemere Township, Pine County	page 293
Melby, Randall merit card, Steele County	page 293
Missouri:	
1904 Clinton School roster, Crawford County	page 294
1919 Roster of advanced cooking class, Westport High School, Kansas City	page 294
1919 Roster of chorus, Westport High School, Kansas City	page 294
1874 Cullinane, Combron Bible record, St. Louis	page 21
1929 Prairie Lane School, Pike County	page 295
1916 Montevallo Village School, Vernon County	page 295
1919 Barnes Teaching Contract, Fillmore	page 294
Montana:	
Harrington Bible record, Butte, Montana	page 39
1938 Mrs. Ed Morin letter to Mrs. Johnson, Wolf Point	page 326
Nebraska:	
1911 Lake View School roster, Antelope County	page 296
1913 Linwood Township school roster, Butler County	page 296
1903 Center School roster, Cliff Township, Custer County	page 296
1907 Center School roster, Cliff Township, Custer County	page 297
New Hampshire:	
1851 Merrill teaching certificate, Albany	page 328
1789 Curtis Bible record, Leeds, Saco, and Waldo, Maine and New Hanover	page 22
1808 Mitchell account book and family record, New Durham	page 52
1818 Ring, Cram Bible record, Deerfield, Rockingham County	page 60
1850 Eliza Ann Dean's pupil lists, Chesterfield, Keene, Winchester	page 267
1787 Sawyer Bible record, Cheshire County	page 63
New Jersey:	
Cowenhoven, Conover Bible record, Old Tennant, Monmouth County	page 19
Cunningham, Flanagan Bible record, New York and Boonton	page 21
1910 Cable teaching contract, Bergen County	page 21



1799 Stout Bible record	page 70
New York:	
1818 Johnson, Loomis Bible record, Harford, Cortland County	page 44
1892 Cornelius H. Demarest letter, Norwich	page 329
1860 Brune, Ulrich Bible record	page 11
1862 Mechling, Groff Merit card, southern district of NY	page 297
1790 Churchill, Drummond, Gates, Snow Bible record, Attica and Osborn Hollow	page 17
1835 Sutherland Bible record, Orleans	page 70
1764 Worth, Wright Bible record, Cayuga County	page 52
1846 Tompkins Bible record, Albany area	page 72
1860 Bulger Bible record, Albany and Saratoga Counties; County Waterford, Ireland	page 12
1690 Sabine Bible record, England and New York	page 60
1845 Fuller, Young, Fitch, Mead, Shaver, Shaw Bible, Delaware County	page 34
1906 Mt. Riga School roster, Dutchess County	page 298
1791 Slocum Bible record, Dutchess County, Fishkill, Seneca County, Auburn County	page 69
1788 Davenport, Minkler Bible record, Franklin County	page 24
1861 Colonel Ellsworth funeral card, Half Moon	page 30
1860 Thomas Bible record, Herkimer County	page 70
1889 letter to Alice Bull, Keene and Lewis	page 328
1851 Beardsly, Woodruff, Andrews Bible record, Auburn, Cayuga County	page 7
1865 Field, Lovejoy Bible record, Cayuga and Wayne Counties	page 31
1904 School roster, Kingsbury	page 297
1905 Five Corners Public School roster, Brookfield, Madison County	page 298
1846 Cunningham, Flanagan Bible record, New York and Boonton, New Jersey	page 21
1896 Dutch Street School roster, Fremont Township, Steuben County	page 298
1773 Curtiss family birth record, Rochester	page 22
1741 Bevier, Hawes, Hasbrouck, Rosaback, Van Dyck Bible record, Kingston & Rochester	page 9
1806 Pierson Bible record, Saratoga and Livingston	page 58
1899 Russell High School roster, Russell, St. Lawrence County	page 298
1730 Curtis, Taylor, Roots, McMillen, Beardsley Bible record	page 22
1899 Russell High School roster, St. Lawrence County	page 298
1808 Thomson, Davidson Bible record, Hartside, and St. Lawrence County	page 71
1853 Tompkins-Cylpha marriage contract, Pleasantville	page 71
1849 Kibler, Humbert Bible record, Tonawanda, Ellicot Creek, Bareswamp	page 45
1806 Field Bible record, Wayne County	page 31
1866 Kahler Bible record, Arabia and Elmira	page 45
North Carolina:	
1748 Standin, Slack Bible record, Perquimans County	page 67
North Dakota:	
1918 May Erickson teaching contract, Bottineau	page 329
Ohio:	
1887 Miller/Rupp/Carroll Bible record, Cleveland, Bedford, Berlin	page 8
1822 Crowell, Kitterman Bible record, Springfield and Ottawa, Putnam County	page 21
1811 Scott Bible record, Hamilton County, Indiana; Highland County	page 65
1904 funeral card of Fred Hanschal, Leipsic printing	page 39
1890 funeral card of Frank T. Barr, Cumberland printing	page 7
1905 funeral card of Henry Smith, Leipsic printing	page 69
1916 Funeral card of Margaret Strawhacker Miller, Attica	page 51
1906, Petersburg School roster, Auglaize County	page 299
1890-1891 Chestnut Ridge School roster, Belmont County	page 299
1893 Bloomfield High School commencement list, Bloomfield	page 318
1902 Brecksville High School commencement list	page 318
1869 Allen, Powers Bible record	page 7





1916 U.B. Sunday School roster, Elgin	page 299
1927 Havens Corner school roster, Franklin County	page 300
1893 Garrettsville commencement list	page 318
1883 Geauga County school roster	page 301
1916/1924 Determan funeral cards, Leipsic	page 28
1918 Spencer School District roster, Claridon Township, Geauga County	page 301
1845 Monroe, Staggs, Burlingam Bible record, Madison	page 54
1904 Gross School roster, Union Township, Mercer County	page 301
19-- Gross School roster, Union Township, Mercer County	page 302
1899 Center Hall school roster, Mifflin Township (no county given)	page 302
1812 Jacobs, Sarkin Bible record, Mt. Vernon, Chatham	page 43
1846 Oden Bible record, Muskingum County?	page 55
1900 West Jefferson School roster, Shelby County	page 303
1908 Twin Oak School roster, Dismore Township, Shelby County	page 303
1911 Convers Public School roster, Jennings Township, Van Wert County	page 303
1913 Convers Public School roster, Jennings Township, Van Wert County	page 304
1909 Mt. Liberty School, Decatur Township, Washington County	page 304
1912 Oak Grove School roster, Chester Township, Wayne County	page 304
Picture Rose Smith, District 7 School, Lowy	page 321
Picture Eleanor Clarke, Rosedale School, Cleveland	page 321
1868 Coe Bible record	page 19
Oklahoma:	
1916 Eureka School roster, Prairie Township, Canadian County	page 305
1911 School District 119 roster, Township 25, Grant County	page 305
1908 Marietta Public School roster, Love County	page 305
Oregon:	
1826 Burns Bible record, Polk County	page 14
1952 Obituary of Benjamin Ramp, age 102; Brooks	page 99
Pennsylvania:	
1892 J. Willis Hoover funeral card	page 43
1865 Blankenbiller fractur, Berks County	page 5
1879 Kline fractur, Bethel Township, Berks County	page 5
1891 Moyer fractur, Tilden Township, Berks County	page 5
1818 Diedrich(s) Bible, Germany and Bucks County	page 28
1872 Ehert fractur, East Penn Township, Carbon County	page 5
1897 Rex fractur, Lehigh Township, Carbon County	page 5
1875 Sharadin fractur, Berks Borough, Kutztown	page 5
1898 Pleasant Hill School roster, Patton Township, Centre County	page 306
1911 Coles Creek School roster, Sugarloaf Township, Columbia County	page 306
1911 Smock School roster, Fairfield Township, Crawford County	page 306
1912 Valley School 9 roster, Conneaut Township, Crawford County	page 307
1913 Slaven School roster, Greenwood Township, Crawford County	page 307
1911 Koons Funeral notice, Eagleville	page 48
1893 Wagner fractur	page 6
1874 Zingst Bible record, Lebanon County	page 79
1898 Knappenberger School roster, South Whitehall Township, Lehigh County	page 307
1908 Snydersville School roster, Hamilton Township, Monroe County	page 308
1911 Meixsell's School roster, Ross Township, Monroe County	page 308
1827 Haines Bible, Hamburg; Montgomery County; Bernville	page 37
1903 Oakland Township High School roster, Oakland Township (no county given)	page 308
1889 Saylor Bible record, Reading	page 63
1860 Kate Duff teaching certificate, Philadelphia	page 330
1828 Huff Bible record, Germany and Philadelphia	page 43
1894 Holzer Bible record, Philadelphia	page 43



1833 Raub Bible record, Philadelphia	page 60
1838 Gray, Shepard Bible record, Monkton, Vermont; Pennsylvania	page 36
1832 Weimer confirmation record, Sunbury	page 73
1910 Jackson Township school roster, Tioga County	page 309
ca. 1910 Jackson Township school roster, Tioga County	page 308
1903 Center School roster, Frenchcreek Township, Venango County	page 309
1792 Brubaker, Strickler Bible record, Krallville, York County	page 11
1896 Hohf's School roster, York County	page 311
1902 Union City commencement list	page 318
1897 Sharp School roster, Windham Township, Wyoming County	page 310
1901 Sharp School roster, Windham Township, Wyoming County	page 310
1902? 1904? Sharpetown Public School roster, Windham Township Wyoming County	page 311
1845 Kneisly Bible record	page 46

#### Tennessee:

1886 Mrs. M.E. Clark's Select School for Young Ladies commencement roster, Nashville	page 318
1866 Jett Bible Record, Knoxville, Tennessee	page 44
1841? John McAnally's teaching contract	page 330
1853? John McAnally's teaching contract	page 330

#### Texas:

Lane, Slack, Williams Bible Record, Fannin, Hunt, and Lamar Counties	page 48
Burns Bible Record, Lamar County	page 14
1976 Eula Ingram letter, San Angelo, Paris	page 330
Family chart showing Luther and Mann descendants	page 228
Memories of Joseph Bailey Luther	page 229
Family chart showing Lane and Slack descendants, Greenville, Hunt County	page 233
Interview with Jessie Owings McCollam, Greenville, Hunt County	page 234
Slack, Williams Family Chart, Fannin, Hunt, and Lamar Counties	page 232
Burns Report Card	page 334
Interview with Eula Burns Ingram, Lamar County	page 250
Burn, Fulton, Barnes Family Chart	page 248

#### Vermont:

1902 Orange Township, Black County, school roster	page 312
1925 letter to Berniece Pierson from Harvey Burbank, Danville and Topsham	page 331
1906 South School roster, Dummerston	page 314
Gray, Shepard Bible record, Monkton	page 36
1906 Cahill Merit Card, Braintree	page 331
1912 Class Picture, North Clarendon	page 333

#### Virginia:

1835 Fortune, Jackson Bible record	page 31
Campbell Bible record, Bedford and Roanoke County	page 16
Elmore Bible record, Richmond, Virginia	page 29
Mathews, Martz Bible record, Augusta and Rockingham Counties	page 31
1862 Stanfield, Devin teaching receipt, Halifax County	page 315
1720 Brown Bible record, Lucketts	page 10

#### West Virginia:

1805 Gandy Bible record, Preston County	page 34
1906 Jacksonburg, Wetzel County school roster	page 316
1911 Brushy Run School roster, Pendleton County	page 315
1914 Laurel Hill School roster, Pendleton County	page 315





**Wisconsin:**

Heminger, Baker, Roberts Bible record, Birnamwood, Appleton, Cicero, Sarcoxie	page 40
1896 Nellie Conner teaching contract	page 331

**Wyoming:**

1908 Kiechbush School roster, Crook County, Wyoming	page 316
---	----------

**RECORDS FROM CANADA**

1873 Kimpton Bible record, Quebec	page 45
1897 Model School roster, Stanbridge East	page 279

**RECORDS FROM BOHEMIA**

1943 Theresieustadt ghetto camp records	page 352
---	----------

**RECORDS FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM**

1811 Alexander Bible record, Halifax, Yorkshire	page 7
1882 Alfred Webb merit card, London	page 280
1875 Biggerstaff, Porter Bible record	page 8
1860 Bulger Bible record, County Waterford	page 12
1774 Gyde, Budding, Twinning Bible record, Painswick, Gloucestershire	page 37
1886 Peters Bible record, Callington, Falmouth, England	page 58
1715 Sabine Bible record, Axminster, Devonshire, England	page 60
1874 Topping Bible record, Shropshire, England	page 72
1791 Walker, Stevenson, Osbourne, Woodrow, Smith Bible record, Glasgow	page 73

**RECORDS FROM GERMANY**

All of these records come from items sold on the Ebay auction site in February and March of 2000. There were a few prayer cards for soldiers who died in WWI, but the majority of these records are from Nazi Germany. The Nazis were record happy and had a record book or card for all purposes. For example, a *wehrpass* was a record of a person's civilian and military life. A *soldbuch* was a similar record carried by soldiers. A *Leistungsbuch* was a sports performance record. A *quittungskarte* was a record of one's activity in the national health plan. A *Luftschutz-Dienstbuch* was a service record for members of an air raid protection group. A *kennkarte* was a civil identity card. An *arbeitsbuch* was yet another record kept in regards to work/career. And, finally, a *wehrstammbuch* was a personnel record. These records are listed alphabetically, beginning on page 339.

Letter to Juliane Tubenbacher	page 332
-------------------------------	----------

**GEDENKTAFELS**

Town of Althegnenberg, near Munich (16 deaths)	page 350
Town of Bloedesheim, near Munich (16 deaths)	page 351
Town of Foernbach, near Munich (15 deaths)	page 351
Town of Prem, near Munich (6 deaths)	page 352
Town of Venningen, near Munich (7 deaths)	page 352

**AHNENPASS**

Josephine Dechner	page 353
Ancestor chart Josephine Dechner	page 354









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